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THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1886.

A HAZARDOUS EXPERIMENT.

BY LUKE LOVART.

“Ein ganz besond’rer Saft.”—*Faust*.

I.

A DOCTOR has necessarily some strange experiences. To me the most interesting of such experiences have always been those which hover, as it were, on the borderland between the mind and body, so that from first to last it is impossible to be quite sure how much is to be set down to a disordered state of the physical organism ; how much to a morbid mental impression. One of the most curious of such experiences happened to me a good many years ago on this wise.

I was at that time house-surgeon at one of the smaller London hospitals, and was sitting one evening in my cosily-furnished room, enjoying the company of two of my friends whom I will call Whitmore and Radford. They were both medical students in their last year. Whitmore was very clever, but unfortunately in delicate health. In my opinion he read too much and smoked too much. Radford was of a commoner type—a tall, robust fellow, very good at football and all manly exercises, and without any further ambition than to pass his examinations satisfactorily, and thus to become qualified to succeed to his father’s practice in the country.

Of course we were smoking, and, between the puffs, we were engaged in an argument such as most people like—an argument, namely, in which it is impossible for either side to score a decisive victory. This keeps up the interest, and the conversation becomes a kind of verbal game of battledoor and shuttlecock, each disputant keeping it up at his end when his turn comes, and skilfully returning it, until it is at last dropped from mere exhaustion.

It was just at the time when the minds of some people were a good deal exercised on the subject of the alleged miracles associated with the name of Louise Lateau. According to eye-witnesses of credit and acumen, there appeared on the girl's hands and feet and side, at certain times, the stigmata of the Crucifixion. At other times they either disappeared, or at any rate ceased to bleed. This is the account, as I recall it, but nothing for my purpose hinges on the precise accuracy of these details.

Of course, the question we were debating was (1) whether these appearances were what may be called spontaneous, or the result of a mere clever imposture; and (2), if spontaneous, how they could possibly be accounted for on scientific grounds. We were all of us agreed that the age of miracles was over, but beyond this our agreement did not go. Radford, in his blunt, matter-of-fact way, roundly asserted that the whole thing was humbug from beginning to end, and that it was altogether too much to expect any man endued with his proper share of common sense to believe it. I, on the contrary, on the evidence, leaned to the opinion that the manifestations might be genuine, but confessed myself unable to give any rational explanation of them. And Radford was just about to take advantage of this logical inconsistency on my part when Whitmore intervened. He told us a curious circumstance which had come under his own observation, and which certainly seemed to throw some light upon the subject we were discussing. A party of which he was one were assembled one winter at a country house, and were sitting late at night round the fire in a room otherwise not lighted. Amongst the party was Whitmore's cousin, a fair-complexioned girl of seventeen, of very nervous and sensitive disposition. As often happens in such circumstances, the talk took the direction of the awful and the uncanny. The young girl listened with the intensest interest. At last one of the speakers related a story of special and peculiar horror, and, being a man of much dramatic talent, invested it with all the semblance of reality. When the story was at an end, one of the party chanced to look at the girl and gave a cry of astonishment and concern. She was sitting on her chair, pale as death, with the lips parted and the hands tightly clenched. But the ghastliest thing was that her forehead seemed streaked with blood. The candles were hurriedly lighted, and a closer inspection showed that there was no blood actually on the surface of the skin. But just below it there were blood-red streaks, and these streaks were exactly in the lines which the brow assumes when contracted with pain and horror. They did not altogether disappear for a week, during

the whole of which time the girl remained too much disfigured to show herself.¹

"Here," added Whitmore in conclusion, "was, as it seems to me, a clear case of a strong mental impression causing a direct physical effect, the mind stamping suddenly an image of its horror visibly on the flesh. In the same way, why may not the intensified consciousness of the Belgian mystic, directed ecstatically to certain portions of the body, produce the marks described?"

"Yes," I said, "and we all remember, too, the case of the man who was sentenced to be beheaded. They merely grazed his neck with the knife, and poured a few drops of lukewarm water over it, but the poor fellow was taken up dead all the same."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Radford, "but that was merely fright. Of course people can be killed by fright; I never denied that. That's hardly to the point, you know."

"I think it is," said Whitmore. "The point is—as far as our discussions ever have a point—that the imagination can do anything. It can visibly mark and derange any part of the organism, as in the case I have given you, or it can destroy the organism altogether, as in the case just mentioned by Lovart. My uncle says he knew a man who gave himself an aneurism merely by persistently believing he had one, and concentrating his thoughts on the particular spot where he imagined it to be. In time one came, in response, as it were, to his appeal—a real thing created by mind out of matter—and it ultimately killed the man."

"I can't swallow that," said Radford. "I should prefer to doubt your uncle's original diagnosis, especially as the complaint is often difficult to detect in its early stages."

"Well, when you come to practise, Radford," said I, a little oracularly, as became one who had already reached that stage, "you will find that you will have to allow something for the imagination."

"In some cases, everything," remarked Whitmore.

Just at this moment there was a knock at the door, and Jacques, the porter, put in his head.

"Accident, sir," he said.

Jacques was the very type of a cold, cut-and-dried official. I think he prided himself upon his impassibility. If he couldn't be a doctor, he could at least imitate a doctor's manner. Only he overdid it a good deal. We doctors try to be calm; Jacques was stolid. It used to be a saying among us that, if—*per impossibile*—the Prince of Wales had chanced to be brought into the hospital,

¹ A fact.

comatose, Jacques would not have got beyond his invariable formula, "Accident, sir."

Of course I went at once. There is always a certain interest in an accident. It suggests exciting complications, until you know exactly what it is. Whitmore went with me from professional curiosity. Radford, who had no curiosity in such matters, said "Good-night," and went off to a whist party.

When we reached the accident ward, we found the new arrival lying on the bed nearest the door, with a screen between him and the next patient. He was deadly pale, and the silk handkerchief tied round his head was saturated with blood. His pulse was extremely feeble, and he was unconscious.

I made a hasty examination. As far as I could make out, he had received no injury except the one to his head. This in itself did not appear to be dangerous, as the skull was not fractured. But there was a deep cut which had severed an artery, and it was clear to me that there must have been considerable delay in bringing him to the hospital, and that, meanwhile, he had lost a large quantity of blood. Hence his extreme exhaustion. It appeared on inquiry that he had been knocked down by a hansom cab, and had fallen on some sharp object—a broken bottle probably—which had cut his temple deeply.

I stanchd the hemorrhage, bound up his head, and attempted to revive him with stimulants. But it was pretty clear to me, as well as to Whitmore, that all our efforts would prove ineffectual, and yet it seemed very sad that he should die in this way—all the sadder that he was young and handsome, and was evidently a man of refinement and culture, and probably of wealth as well. He was in evening dress, and the make and material of all his clothes, as well as his general appearance, left no doubt on my mind that he was a gentleman.

I searched in his pockets for a clue to his identification, in order that I might send a message at once to his friends. I soon found his card—

MR. LLEWELLYN VAUGHAN,
Llantrissant Hall, —shire.

There was no London address. It was impossible to communicate with his friends in the country, as it was already too late to telegraph. He was entirely in my hands until the morning, and I felt the responsibility keenly.

I exchanged glances with Whitmore. We would willingly have done anything in our power for the poor sufferer, but there was absolutely nothing more to be done. There was no complication in

the case. He was dying from sheer exhaustion, and all the doctors in England could have done no more for him than we had done. So, leaving directions with the nurse to continue administering the stimulants at certain intervals, I left the ward and returned to my room accompanied by Whitmore.

"Sad case," I said.

"I take it," said Whitmore, "that the poor fellow is naturally delicate and nervous and, like myself, a little anæmic—highly-strung organisation, as they say. Not at all the man who could bear any great loss of blood."

"Exactly," I answered, "just my idea of the case."

"Looks a clever fellow," remarked Whitmore. "What a noble forehead—almost Shakespearian—and finely cut mouth too."

"'Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay,' &c.," I said, not heartlessly but rather with an affectation of unconcern to hide the pain I really felt.

"But must he really die?" asked Whitmore, thoughtfully. He seemed to be revolving something in his mind. At last he added, "Is not this just such a case as might be saved by transfusion of blood? No real organic injury, simply exhaustion from loss of blood. Give him a fresh supply at once, and what is to hinder him from rallying?"

"H'm," I muttered cautiously. The same idea had crossed my own mind, but I had hesitated to give it expression. It was a satisfaction to me that Whitmore, whose cleverness in his profession was recognised by all at the hospital, should have thought of it also. Still, I was the responsible person, not he.

"You see," continued Whitmore, "as matters stand, nothing can save him. He must be dead before morning. If the operation were to fail he would be no worse off than he is now, and it might succeed."

"No doubt it has been successful sometimes," I said. "But where find in time anyone to give him what he requires? I must perform the operation, there is no time to send for anyone else. You haven't an ounce of blood to spare, and, besides, I want you to help me. As to tampering with the staff, that would never do."

"Jacques is certainly too dry," said Whitmore, "and I really don't know whom to suggest. If only Radford had not bolted! He'd have done splendidly. It seems such a pity the experiment should not be made, and it would be so interesting, and get you such κῶδος too, if it proved successful."

All these thoughts were in my own mind. I really pitied the poor patient, but I had also a little scientific curiosity to gratify, and I was

decidedly ambitious of a name in my profession. Of course, had not time been everything in a case like this, it would have been my duty to wait until the next day to consult my superiors ; but, as things were, I felt I should be justified in performing the operation myself. Indeed, I had no choice, if it was to be done at all, and I did not distrust my own powers as an operator. I was recognised as possessing both skill and nerve.

"Let's have another look at him," said Whitmore.

We accordingly left my room. As we were crossing the hall to get to the wing in which the accident ward is situated, we overheard part of a conversation between the porter and a stranger. The latter was inquiring whether anyone of the name of Daunton was an inmate, and Jacques, in his usual automatic way, was telling him the days and hours when alone visitors were permitted to see the patients.

I was struck by the appearance of the stranger. He was a man of magnificent physique, over six feet high, and admirably proportioned. His broad shoulders and deep chest gave evidence of almost herculean strength. His face had a healthy hue, as if tanned by exposure to all kinds of weather, but its expression was forbidding. There was a half-sneer on the lips, and the black eyes had a wild devil-may-care look in them. He was very shabbily dressed in a kind of poncho, which was torn and faded, and a soft felt hat with a high crown, the brim of which cast a shadow upon his forehead, and gave all the more effect to the glare of the eyes.

The instant he caught sight of us, he advanced towards us without taking off his hat or giving any other salute.

"I say," he exclaimed, "I can make nothing of your porter. He seems to answer by clockwork. But, I dare say one of you gentlemen can answer my question. I want to know if any one named Daunton is here."

He spoke rudely, almost dictatorially, like one accustomed to carry his point without standing on ceremony. His accent had a certain roughness, and yet it was not the accent of one born and bred in the lower classes. It rather seemed to me to be the accent of a man who had once been a gentleman, but who, by long knocking about the world, and habitual association with men of lower social position than himself, had lost his original refinement.

In either case, I liked neither him nor his manner, and I was just about to refer him to the porter, who, conscious that he had received a slight but determined to bear it stolidly, was evidently waiting for my instructions, when Whitmore plucked at my sleeve and whispered :

"What a capital fellow to supply what we want!"

Of course I knew what he meant. And his exclamation was justified. No doubt that was exactly the physique required. This loafing giant would never miss a few ounces of blood, and the quality of the current in his veins was evidently of the richest. The thought made me more civil to him than I should otherwise have been.

"If," I said, to the evident astonishment of Jacques, to whom red tape was everything—"if you will step into the waiting-room for a minute I will look through the list and tell you if the name you mention is there."

In a few minutes I returned with the information that there was no one in the hospital of the name of Daunton.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" I asked, casting about at the same time how I should broach the subject uppermost in my mind.

The man hesitated and seemed embarrassed.

"You'll think me a precious fool," he said at last, roughly, "and I must say, I'm ashamed of myself. But, as you ask me, why there is one other thing you could do for me, if you didn't mind—you could bleed me."

Whitmore and I, in spite of our professional training, could neither of us repress a little start. The coincidence was so very curious that it came upon us like a shock.

"Of course you'll think it very queer," continued the man. "I know people don't get bled nowadays as they used to be. Fact is, I've too much blood, and it goes to my head. Fancy I see things, you know, and all that, when there isn't anything there."

It seemed to me that, strong as he was, he gave a little shudder as he spoke.

"Now's your chance," whispered Whitmore to me. "Was ever anything so opportune?"

I suppose, when we are in doubt, we all of us cast about at times for something which shall give us, as it were, a hint for our guidance. At any rate, it seemed to me that such a coincidence as this was too marked to be disregarded. It must be accepted as a sign from fate itself.

"Certainly I will bleed you if you wish it," I said. "If it does you no good, it cannot do you any harm. I suppose you don't mind what is done with your blood?"

It was the man's turn to start now.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed almost nervously. "Why should I mind? I don't understand you."

I explained to him briefly how matters stood, that there was a poor fellow under that very roof whose life was ebbing away merely for lack of that whereof he (the new-comer) had a superabundance. But coarse by nature, or second nature, the man seemed to take very little interest in my account.

"Well," he said, "I don't mind, if the job doesn't take too long."

We went upstairs. The patient was to all appearance much the same, but the pulse was, as I knew it must be, weaker.

There was no time to be lost. Assisted by Whitmore and the nurse, I performed the operation. All went well, and the result was most gratifying. The patient's pulse improved almost immediately. He had been lying quite passive from exhaustion, with his left arm under the coverlet. As something of strength returned, he began to move uneasily. His eyes remained closed, but his left hand slowly raised itself, as if he would lift the hand to his lips. The coverlet fell off, and, as it did so, our eyes were dazzled by a magnificent ring which gleamed upon the third finger. In it was set a superb opal, with every variety of hue, surrounded by a circle of small diamonds.

Our volunteer, who up to this time had evinced very little interest in the proceedings in which he had been playing so essential a part, now all at once became strangely animated. He eagerly bent forward, as if to inspect the ring. He even seized the patient's arm, that he might scan the gems more closely. Then a scowl of baffled vindictiveness passed across his features, and a wilder glare came into his eyes.

"Gently! gently! my good sir," I said, as I saw him almost fling the patient's arm away from him. "What's the matter now?"

"Matter, indeed!" he answered fiercely. "I tell you what, it's precious little of my blood he'd have got, if I'd known who he was—curse him."

"Pray, control yourself," I said, in much astonishment.

"Oh, I'll control myself, never fear. There's nothing to be done now. But I'll be even with him yet."

There was something so strange in all this, that—as doctors involuntarily do—I scrutinized the man pathologically. Was he out of his mind? He had spoken of seeing visions, and there was a peculiar restlessness in his eye; and now his talk seemed to be very wild.

"Well," he said, after a pause, during which he had been taking another long look at the patient—"Well, I suppose you don't want me any more, so I'll be off."

He turned to go, muttering to himself as he did so. When he

had left the ward, Whitmore and I felt a sense of relief. The mere presence of the man had seemed to create an uncomfortable, oppressive atmosphere. I even fancied the patient breathed more freely for his absence.

"Well, that's a good riddance," I said. "I only hope I've not done wrong."

"Wrong!" exclaimed Whitmore; "why, you've done famously. Look how much better the poor fellow is already. I call it a triumph of science."

We stayed up a little longer, and before I turned in for the night I satisfied myself that my patient was making decided progress. As I fully hoped that by the morning he would be able to converse, I thought it best to warn the nurse not to tell him the nature of the operation performed upon him. "Should his curiosity," I said, "be aroused by the incision, leave him to imagine that he has merely been bled. He is so weak that any surprise might be injurious to him."

II.

THERE is no need to enter into the details of Mr. Vaughan's convalescence. Suffice it to say that he rapidly recovered his strength, and in a few days was sufficiently well to be moved into his apartments at the West End. He was extremely grateful to me for my care and attention, and begged me to call upon him, which I did. This was the beginning of an intercourse which soon ripened into intimacy.

I found that, as I had from the first suspected, he was a man of exceptionally nervous and sensitive temperament. With this there was combined, as is so often the case, an extraordinarily vivid imagination, so that a mere floating idea or fancy would sometimes seem to affect him with all the force of a fact. Perhaps as a consequence of this, he possessed the poetic faculty to a high degree. I do not profess to be a critic, but anyone of average intelligence and education can judge of force and originality, and I was struck by the power of the poems which Vaughan from time to time read to me. But, as far as I know, none of them was ever given to the public. His fastidious taste was for ever discovering blemishes in them, either wholly imaginary or, at least, greatly exaggerated; and it was often a real trouble to me, after listening to some beautiful composition, to hear him ruthlessly dissect it and finally toss it aside as a thing unworthy of further notice. In vain I used to remind him that absolute perfection is unattainable; that even Homer sometimes nodded; and that flaws had been found in the exquisite word-mosaic of Tennyson.

"True," he would answer, "but I must get a little nearer to perfection than *that*."

I had always intended, when he should have entirely recovered his health, to tell him of the fortunate operation through which alone his life had been preserved ; but the more I studied his temperament, the less inclined did I feel to make the communication. The benefit had been secured ; why run even the slightest risk of impairing it ? Imaginative as he was, he might get some fancy or other into his head, and worry himself about it. This was more especially suggested to me by the discovery that, amongst many other crotchets, he indulged an unreasonable antipathy to vaccination. And the discovery of another of his prepossessions finally decided me to allow the operation to remain a secret as far as he was concerned.

I knew him to be a man not only of considerable wealth, but also of very old family ; and I found that he attached to this latter fact an absurdly exaggerated importance. It was not merely that his aristocratic tastes and sympathies thus received a kind of sanction ; it seemed that he belonged to an old Welsh family which, according to his statement, had never intermarried with any but Welsh families. Thus he belonged to a perfectly pure race—his blood, as he told me, was absolutely unmixed (I could not help wincing a little at his use of this phrase). And he went on to discourse, somewhat in the manner of the late Lord Beaconsfield, on the priceless advantages of purity of race. In such persons there was, he said, a necessary harmony and continuity of development impossible in those of hybrid ancestry. There were no opposing strains of tendency ; no conflicting elements of any kind. The result was, that life to such natures had an exquisite and perfect savour ; for the capacity of enjoyment was without a flaw.

Much of this, I confess, seemed to me very fanciful. My own view is rather that a mixture of races brings with it an accession of power ; there is a healthy variety of elements not necessarily contradictory ; and certainly, if you limit intermarriage too closely, as has been the case in some aristocracies, the result is a distinct enfeeblement of mind and body.

But the discovery of this crotchet finally decided me, as I have already said, to keep secret the operation of which Vaughan had been the subject. It was, of course, known in medical circles, and I had been complimented on my readiness of resource in a case of such emergency. But I had cautiously stipulated that no account of it should be published in other than the medical journals, in which, of course, the full name of the patient is not mentioned. The actual

spectators had been Whitmore, the nurse, and the stranger. The two former had been bound over to secrecy, and I knew that I could trust them implicitly. As to the third he had entirely disappeared, and it was certain that he moved in a very different social sphere from that of Vaughan. Altogether I felt certain that the secret would be kept, however ridiculous it might be to keep it.

It was a natural result of the intimacy that had sprung up between Vaughan and myself that he should tell me, as in time he did, of the most important event in his life. It seemed that he was engaged to a very pretty and graceful girl, descended from ancestors as select as his own. He told me that this girl—her name was Alma Morton—was suited to him in every respect; that, imaginative as he was, he yet could not even in fancy picture to himself one more exactly answering to his ideal. Moreover, she was devotedly attached to him. It was true, as he hinted more than once, that this had not always been the case; that at one time, before he had made her acquaintance, she had been engaged to a man who had turned out a regular ne'er-do-well. In fact, this man had at last been compelled to leave England altogether, to avoid conviction for some offence, the exact nature of which Vaughan did not tell me. Since then he had been leading the life of a desperado in Texas and Mexico. But Alma had given him up entirely, and never so much as mentioned his name. In fact, Vaughan was convinced that the evil character of the man had long since created in her gentle nature a feeling of positive repugnance and loathing towards him. She had become attached to him under a delusion; the delusion had vanished, and her whole and undivided affection was now bestowed on Vaughan.

No wonder that in these circumstances he was happy, and often talked of his happiness. What was poetic fame to him—though I am sure he might have had it—when he had so much to lift his life above the common level? Rich, well born, handsome, healthy, and, above all, in the possession of such a priceless treasure as the heart of a beautiful and tender woman, he might well fancy as he did that the stars had marked him out for special happiness. And yet, in spite of all, I was sometimes astonished to notice that a cloud would occasionally gather on his brow when there seemed nothing in the world to vex him, and would hang there for five minutes at a time. "What is the matter, Vaughan?" I asked him on one such occasion. "Oh, nothing," he said, "nothing; I know no more than you. I'm sure I beg your pardon for being so dull and taciturn. You must add it to the long list of caprices for which the *genus irritabile* is already notorious."

III.

AND now I must pass on to detail the circumstances which made Vaughan's case so remarkable, though I am well aware that the mystery which seems to attach to it is capable, after all, of a very simple and natural explanation.

I was again sitting one night in my room at the hospital, but this time, as it chanced, alone. I had been reading a well-known book by Dr. Abercrombie, which treats of morbid psychology. But I had laid it aside, and, at the moment I refer to, I was sitting in front of the fire, watching the smoke of my pipe as it ascended in thin, grey clouds, but not exactly thinking of it, connecting it rather, in a kind of semi-conscious, dreamy way, with the thoughts which had been suggested by my reading. I thought how vague all human knowledge is, except knowledge of the lowest kind—that is, the merely practical. You may know the precise position of a nerve or muscle, you may even in these latter days localise, or fancy you localise, in the brain the parts on which depend certain specific capacities or functions; but when it comes to thought itself—to the point where matter becomes mind, or mind impinges on matter—what is our fancied knowledge but a wreath of smoke?

Thus dreamily meditating, I did not hear a knock, if such were given, but all at once I seemed to feel a presence in the room, and, looking round, I saw Vaughan standing near the door. He looked very ill. The face, always pale, was now ashen in its hue; the eyes seemed sunk unnaturally deep in their sockets, where they glowed with a strange fire; the mouth was half open, and I fancied I could see the lips quivering with suppressed excitement.

I started up.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear fellow?" I exclaimed. "Has anything happened? Are you ill?"

At first he seemed unable to speak, but he made a motion with his hand as if he would ask me to be silent. Then, at last, his voice, or a voice—for really it sounded quite unlike his—came to him, and he said:

"I have come to ask you a question, Lovart."

"By all means," I answered, trying by a kind of forced cheerfulness in my manner to dissipate the gloom which hung so painfully over him.

He sank into the nearest arm-chair, as it seemed to me, mechanically. Then, resting his left elbow upon the arm of the chair, and his chin upon his hand, he fixed his dark eyes upon me with an intensity of gaze which made me quail before it.

"It is but one question," he said, "but it is all-important. Promise me, on your honour as a gentleman, that you will answer it truly."

I own I hesitated. No man likes to be bound in this way beforehand respecting an unknown question—a doctor, perhaps, least of all men.

He noticed my hesitation, and added, "The question concerns me only. You know I would never ask you to betray a confidence."

Even then I could not guess what was coming, but I yielded to his intense desire.

"Yes," I said ; "on my honour I will answer it truly."

"Well, then"—he hesitated painfully as he spoke—"is it true—can it be true—that, when I was lying helpless and unconscious in this hospital, you made me the subject of a horrible experiment—the transfusion of blood?"

I tried hard not to start as I heard this question—still more, not to appear as if I felt a particle of guilt in the matter. But his manner was so solemn, and the question itself so unexpected, that I felt I was not keeping my countenance as I could have wished.

"Answer," he said, "answer—you promised you would. But, oh, heavens! I see the answer already written on your face. Is it possible?"

I had already recovered myself, and had decided on the line I would take. There should be no mincing of the matter, no trying to extenuate it as a fault, or even a mistake. I had done a good deed, and, for his sake as well as my own, I was determined to assert this fact.

"You are quite right," I said, "in your supposition. No doubt, I did what you say, and you cannot be too thankful to me for it. Let me tell you that you wouldn't be here now but for that. It saved your life."

He waited with the intensest interest for the first words of my answer; then he gave a deep groan, and buried his face in his hands.

"As if," he murmured, "life were worth having on such terms!"

This was too much for me. I was conscious, not only that I had acted in what I did from the highest motives, but also that, at a moment of extreme crisis, I had done exactly the right thing—the only thing in the circumstances. It was provoking enough to meet with no gratitude for having saved a man's life; but to be actually blamed for it was a little too much.

"I don't understand you, Vaughan," I said. "I must tell you plainly that I think it unworthy of you to talk in this way."

"Ah," he said mournfully, "you don't know all yet. Wait till I

have told you. Then you will understand how awful is the kindness you have done me."

I thought it best to let him tell me what he had to say without further interruption. The mere telling would probably relieve his mind and render it more accessible to reason. Besides, I was curious to know how his suspicions had been aroused.

He made an effort as if to collect himself, and then said in the same hollow tone as before :

"It is not more than two hours ago that I had a visit from a man I had often heard of but never seen before—the man to whom Alma was once engaged. Though I had never seen him, I had always hated him. If half what I have heard of him is true, there is not a worse scoundrel on earth than Dredster Rawdon."

I thought I knew what was coming now and nerved myself to bear it without seeming to flinch. After all, what difference could it make in a purely physical operation?

"And," he continued, shuddering as he spoke, "this man—this horror—is the man whose vile, polluted blood you transferred to my veins. So he told me, but I could not and would not believe him. And now you tell me that it is true."

He seemed overwhelmed at the thought, and I could not but feel a kind of sympathy with him in his distress, however unreasonable this distress was.

"Surely you must see," I said soothingly, "that his character is absolutely beside the question. And, after all, what has he done?"

Vaughan shuddered again. "He told me himself that he was a murderer. Think of that! He boasted of it, gloried in it. And now there runs in my veins the blood of a murderer."

This was indeed a blow for me. No doubt it sounded horrible enough, as Vaughan put it. As a matter of taste, one would not have selected a murderer. But, after all, from a scientific point of view it made not the least difference. The man was exceptionally sound and vigorous, and that was all that was wanted. A sickly saint would not have been so much to the purpose.

"My dear fellow," I said, "all this is mere imagination. The man's character makes not the least difference, as your own common sense must tell you. Besides, men do not usually boast of the murders they have really committed. You may be sure it was all mere swagger on the part of your visitor."

"I wish I could think so," said Vaughan, "though, even then, it would be intolerable to have his blood in my veins. But I cannot doubt his statement. The murders he boasted of were com-

mitted in the wilds of Mexico—he could talk safely of them. I had heard of them before on good authority. In fact, I was told of one by an unwilling eye-witness. But there was one murder—perhaps the worst—which he took care not to refer to, as it was committed in England. He was not convicted, it is true, but that was only because he managed to get beyond the reach of justice. Years ago he lived with his uncle, an old man and a bachelor, who had adopted him. But he behaved so shamefully that at last his uncle threatened to disinherit him. The morning after he had uttered this threat the old man was found dead in bed. There was an inquest and a *post mortem* examination. All the organs were perfectly healthy, but the face was purple, and there were marks as of fingers about the throat. Meanwhile Dredster Rawdon had disappeared, together with a large sum of money which his uncle was known to have had in the house. This, as I said, was years ago. Most of the witnesses are dead now, and I suppose he thinks that he is pretty safe. But he has never dared to claim the estate of his uncle.”

All this was told so simply and clearly that I felt sure that there was no imagination here. Vaughan was merely recapitulating the terrible facts. This being so, I saw that they must be accepted, and that the only thing left to do was to convince Vaughan that, as far as he was concerned, they had not the least significance. How, indeed, should they have any?

“Well,” I said, as judicially as I could, “of course I cannot dispute such facts as those you mention. Nor, except so to speak to oblige you, had I the slightest interest in disputing them. You dislike a certain idea, and, as a matter of taste, your dislike is perfectly natural. But in no other point of view are these facts of the slightest importance. It is true I did not know them at the time I performed the operation, but, had I known them, I should have performed it just the same. You were literally dying. Only one thing could save you. I did that one thing with the best possible subject. It is a thousand pities that you allow your common sense to be overridden by a mere figment of the imagination.”

“I know I am imaginative,” he answered, “but this is no figment of the imagination.”

“Oh, yes it is,” I said; “I am a doctor, and you may take my word for it.”

“But as a doctor,” he said, “you must allow that what you have done amounts to inoculation.”

“Yes,” I said, “as regards physical disease; but we are not speaking of that, and the subject was perfectly healthy.”

"Oh, yes," he answered impatiently, "I don't dispute that. But have you never thought of the possibility of transferring moral characteristics in the same way?"

I laughed derisively, thinking it would be well to try to laugh him out of his absurd fancies; but he did not seem to notice my laugh.

"Is it not awful," he continued, "to see how, in hydrophobia, the actual characteristics of a dog are transferred to a human being through the contamination of the blood? The poor fellow goes on all-fours, he barks, he tries to bite—in short, a human being, the shrine of an immortal soul, is changed into a brute."

I did not dispute these symptoms—they are genuine enough—but I did dispute the conclusion he drew from them; and I was just beginning to give the approved scientific explanation when he interrupted me.

"Oh, I know what you are going to say. The virus paralyses certain muscles of the back, so that the patient is unable to hold himself upright. In the same way, certain muscles of the throat and chest are paralysed, so that when he breathes a barking sound is produced. All very plausible—science all over. But, the other day, a lad died, not from the bite of a dog, but a cat. What did the doctor say about him at the inquest? 'He hissed like a cat, and tried to scratch every one who came near him;' *i.e.* he too became a brute, but he assumed the characteristics of the particular brute whose nature had been introduced into his veins. I tell you, Lovart, my fancy, as you call it, is as true as it is horrible. Who shall now answer me this awful question, 'What shall I become?'"

"I will," I exclaimed, passing over without notice that awkward illustration of the cat, which indeed had already struck me, when I read it in the paper, as being beyond my power to explain. "I will. You will become no other than you are now. It is three months since this operation was performed, and until you unluckily heard of it this evening, and it took hold of your imagination in a morbid way, had it produced the slightest effect on you?"

I spoke triumphantly. This was, as it seemed to me, a convincing argument—a *reductio ad absurdum* that could not fail to carry conviction. Judge, then, of my astonishment and disappointment when he answered in a tone as decisive as it was melancholy:

"Yes!"

Still, this could only be the tenacity of a dominant idea tyrannising over him, so I said:

"I should be curious to know how you can prove that."

"If I tell you," he answered, "that since then I have sometimes had feelings which I never had before, you will of course say that this, too, is fancy."

"No doubt of it."

"Though you have yourself noticed and commented on my fits of depression?"

"I may have done so," I answered lightly, "but what of that? Anyone is liable to have an occasional fit of the blues—poets especially."

"I never had them before," he said.

"That only means, you fancy not—you do not remember them—you had not the same reason for noticing them."

"Well," he said, "I will not press the point, as I am sure you would not be convinced. But what do you say to this?"

He drew from his breast pocket a sheet of paper, unfolded it, and handed it to me.

"You know," he said, "something of my poetry. I have read you many pieces. You know my style—weak, imperfect, but at least refined in matter and form. Can you believe that this piece was written by me?"

I glanced at it curiously.

"Why, it is not in your handwriting," I exclaimed. But the words were hardly out of my lips before I saw that I was wrong. The handwriting was indeed his; the form of the letters was the same, but they were large and heavy, and clumsy, instead of being neat and delicate, and regular. But the poem itself! It really seemed incredible that Vaughan could have composed it: The subject too gross to mention—the language full of a sensual and reckless brutality—the whole thing, in short, as unlike the exquisite refinement of Vaughan's lyrics as it is possible to imagine. I was for the moment overwhelmed with astonishment; and looking back upon the whole case, I still think this the most curious episode in it, though, as I shall show almost immediately, even this admits also of a common sense explanation.

"Well?" asked Vaughan, who had been watching my countenance as I read.

I tried for his sake to repress my surprise.

"I must allow," I said with a smile, "that I had no idea you could write anything so Rabelaisian. You are more versatile than I supposed."

He looked pained and indeed shocked.

"I am sorry you have such a low opinion of me, Lovart," he

said, "as to suppose for a single moment that I could possibly, of my own will, and out of my own nature, have composed anything so degraded. It was done about six weeks ago, late one night. I had gone to bed early and had been asleep awhile. Then the moonlight, shining upon me, woke me. I grew restless, and got up and went to the window. You know, you can see across the park from my room. I looked out, fascinated with the beauty of the scene. I felt lifted up towards heaven. Then all at once, in sharpest contrast, something seemed to work in my blood. I seized a pen, and by the light of the moon—that light so pale and pure, think of that, Lovart—these lines—these dreadful lines—were written. Then I went to bed again and to sleep, and forgot all about them. In the morning I was horrified to find them lying on my table. For an instant, like you, I thought it wasn't my handwriting, but it was. I have wanted ever since to show them to you—to ask you how they could possibly be explained—but I have been ashamed to do so. Now you have given me the explanation, and it is right that you should see the result of your action."

No doubt it was a singular mental aberration, but by this time I had found a reason to account for it—a reason which I have very little doubt is the right one.

"What you have told me," I said, "is no doubt curious, but it has nothing to do with the operation performed upon you. You must remember that your head was injured by your accident. It is well known that such cerebral injuries sometimes show their effects, as might be expected, in whimsical vagaries of the mind."

He seemed to catch at the explanation for a moment. Then he shook his head sorrowfully, and said :

"I wish I could think it. But I am sure there was no real injury to my head. It has always felt perfectly clear and right. No ; it is that other awful thing. And, again, I ask : What shall I become ? How can I protect myself against myself ?"

In vain I exhausted all my powers of argument and ridicule. The terrible idea had taken such hold upon his mind that nothing that I could say could dislodge it. He would try, he said, to do me justice. I had intended no evil. On the contrary, I had meant to do the very best for him. But he should never be the same man again, and he would rather have died once for all than die daily in the thoughts of horror that possessed his mind.

All this was extremely painful to me. I could only hope that time would make him more reasonable. Meanwhile, I strongly urged him to leave London—where he was living alone—and to pay

a visit to some of his friends. I hoped he might go and see Alma, whose gentle influence would probably have soothed him. But this he would not hear of. He even said he was no longer worthy of her. But he consented to return home. His father was dead, but his mother and sister lived at the hall. It was a relief to me to know that he would be in the care of those who loved him, and who would, I hoped, in time persuade him that his fears were groundless.

When he had gone, and I thought over the whole matter quietly, I could not help asking myself why Dredster Rawdon had called upon Vaughan, and why, above all, he had thus boasted of being a murderer. Was he not a rival? And was it not more than probable that, having learnt something of the imaginative, impressionable nature of Vaughan, he had made this communication in the most startling way with the very object of producing such a shocking impression on Vaughan's mind as to unhinge it if possible? The more I thought over the matter, the more certain did I become that this was the true explanation of Dredster Rawdon's conduct. It was a difficult thing to suggest this to Vaughan, and yet I felt that anything would be an advantage which should disabuse his mind of the idea that now possessed it, and I resolved to write and put my theory before him as delicately and judiciously as I could.

IV.

SOME weeks passed during which I neither saw nor heard anything of Vaughan. I wrote to him as I had intended, but I received no reply. Then I had to undergo a yet more painful shock than even his last visit had caused me.

This shock occurred to me at breakfast, as I was reading the morning paper. My eye caught the heading—

"MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDY AT THE WEST END."

I don't know that I should have read the account, as I have no special appetite for horrors, had I not noticed that the tragedy, whatever it was, had taken place in the very street in which were Vaughan's rooms. I cast my eye a little way down the column and saw his name. Then, with feelings shocked and agitated more than I can say, I read the account from beginning to end. It ran thus :

"Last night — Street, W., was the scene of a mysterious tragedy which is now awaiting elucidation. It seems that at No. 9 a Welsh gentleman of family and fortune, named Vaughan, has permanent apartments which he occupies when in London. About ten o'clock last night this gentleman received a visitor. Some loud talking was

heard by the landlady proceeding from the room in which the interview took place, but she paid no special attention to it until she was suddenly startled by the report of two pistol shots fired in rapid succession. Calling to her husband for assistance, he and another man entered the room, when a shocking spectacle presented itself. The visitor lay stretched on his face near the door quite dead. By his side lay a revolver, one barrel of which had evidently just been discharged. Lying back in an arm-chair, with his face buried in his hands, at the other end of the room, was Mr. Vaughan, and near him on the table was another revolver, which inspection showed also to have had one barrel recently discharged. At first it was supposed that Mr. Vaughan was wounded, but this proved happily not to be the case. He was, however, so unnerved that he could give no coherent account of the transaction, but kept repeating over and over again, 'I had to do it! I had to do it!' Directly the serious nature of the case was realised, a doctor was called in and the police were sent for. However, as already intimated, the injured man was beyond the reach of medical aid. As Mr. Vaughan could give no connected account of the affair, he was arrested and taken in a cab to the police station on a charge of manslaughter. Hardly had he been removed, however, before a discovery was made which tended to throw some light on the affair, and to point to the conclusion that, in what he had done, Mr. Vaughan had probably only acted in self-defence. It seems that the detective called in to investigate the case at once recognised the dead man as a notorious criminal named Dredster Rawdon, against whom some years ago a warrant was out for the murder and robbery of his uncle, a gentleman of property in Lincolnshire, and who since then has led the life of a cattle stealer and outlaw in some of the wilder parts of America. On his return to England a few months ago the authorities contemplated his arrest, but were deterred by the fact that the principal witnesses who could have proved the murder of his uncle are all dead. What precise motive he had in visiting Mr. Vaughan it is impossible to say with certainty, but probably robbery. It seems pretty clear from a consideration of all the facts that the unhappy man must have drawn his revolver from his pocket and discharged it at Mr. Vaughan, but missed his aim, and that then Mr. Vaughan, in self-defence, shot him before he could discharge a second barrel. Mr. Vaughan will be brought up at Marlborough Street this morning, when, if not discharged, he will doubtless be admitted to bail pending the result of the coroner's inquest."

Such was the account I read with feelings of horror. How

strange it all seemed. Poor Vaughan had certainly the stain of blood upon him now, however justifiably he might have acted. What a tangled web this life of ours is !

I would have gone to him at once, had it been possible. But I was inextricably tied by my professional duties. As soon as I could get out in the afternoon, I went straight to the police station. He had been already released on bail. I hurried to his rooms. He had just started for his home in the country. I tried to glean a few more particulars from the landlord and his wife, but all they knew had already appeared in print.

I wrote to Vaughan that evening, expressing my sincere sympathy with him in this unexpected trial, and asking if I could be of any service. But again I received no answer. So I could only wait for what might happen next.

A day or two later the coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide. At this inquiry Vaughan was unable to be present owing to illness, but he was represented by counsel, who clearly showed that everything tended to prove that his client had acted merely in self-defence. A little later Vaughan surrendered to his bail at the police-court, and was at once discharged, the magistrate remarking that he seemed to have acted as any man of courage would have acted in the circumstances, and that he deserved the sympathy of the public as regarded the melancholy result.

Again, I did not succeed in seeing Vaughan, but about a week later I received from him a letter as nearly as possible to the following effect. It did not begin, as his letters to me usually did, "My dear Lovart." Nor did it end with any phrase of affection, or even with his signature. Without date and without address, it ran thus :

"You at least have a right to know the truth. For the sake of my family, for the sake of my sensitive self, I shrank from revealing it to others, and simply remained silent. But, as a matter of fact, I murdered that man. He came to me coarsely boasting of his former dalliance with Alma, and taunting me with sharing his nature and his blood. This maddened me. I have carried a revolver ever since I discovered what had been done to me at the hospital. I foresaw that I might find life too hard to bear—that I might have to kill myself to save myself. Would that I had done so before this wretch visited me the second time. I had the revolver on the table before me as he thus tortured me. It caught my eye—it was loaded—I knew it. A sudden impulse seized me—a something not myself—the same something that made me write that foul poem. I knew not what I did, but I heard a report, and I saw the monster fall

forward on the floor. As he fell, his revolver (I fancy he always carried one) must have dropped from his pocket, and, falling on the floor, have gone off of itself. But mine was the first shot, his the second. I fired at him, he never fired at me. There was no self-defence. I was in no danger. I did it because it was in my blood to do it. And now I forgive you, but never write to me again. My life is over. I could not ask Alma to become the wife of a murderer. Farewell!"

This appalling letter quite unnerved me. What could I say or do? I was forbidden to write, and I felt that no arguments I could use would have the least effect upon Vaughan in the face of the fact he now disclosed. And yet it was as clear to me as ever that it was all the result of a morbid mental impression. A dominant idea nursed and brooded over had wrought him up to this unhappy climax. I was miserable for my friend, but I could take no blame to myself. I had done the best I could for him; and had not a villain taken advantage of his sensitive temperament, and he himself indulged a wild imagination, all would have been well.

I destroyed his letter, and have quoted it from memory, where it stands out with painful clearness to this day. Then, knowing that it would be useless to write to him, I wrote to his mother, asking for some information respecting him, and giving her a hint as delicately as I could that it was possible he might harbour plans of suicide. In reply she told me that her son had broken off his engagement, and gone abroad. When a year later I wrote again, I was inexpressibly grieved, though hardly astonished, to learn that he was in a lunatic asylum. I paid a visit to the place, intending to see him, but was dissuaded by the Superintendent. "In the first place," he said, "it is hardly safe, as Mr. Vaughan has a strongly-developed homicidal mania. In the second place, the thought of his past life is very painful to him, and any thing or any person that reminds him of it makes him worse." After this I could not press my claim to see him, and in fact I never did see him again. He lingered a year or two, and then died without recovering his reason.

I have never heard what became of Alma.

The whole affair was of course extremely painful to me, and, absolutely blameless as I am in the matter, I have yet never cared to repeat the operation which turned out so unhappily for my poor friend.

NOVELISTS' LAW.

THE notice in the recent life of "George Eliot" by her husband, J. W. Cross, of the impeachment in the *Edinburgh Review* and of the vindication in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of the law on which the plot of "Felix Holt" hinges, suggests the general question of the goodness or badness of the law which other novelists have introduced into their works ; and it may be not uninteresting to pass in review some of the tales of the writers who have imported legal questions into their fictions as an important part of the machinery of them.

The class that has so introduced good law, is, so far as I know—for I do not venture to criticise the Scottish law of the mighty master of fiction who was also Sheriff of Selkirkshire—the peculiar one described by logicians as consisting of a single individual. I refer, of course, to the accomplished lawyer and splendid novelist, whom the great Gibbon has designated as "our immortal Fielding."

In the story which narrates the fortunes of the faulty Captain Booth and of his faultless wife (who gives to the book as its title her name of "Amelia"), the author adduces and reprobates some instances of legal perversity which have been only too tardily corrected by the Legislature.

Betty, Mrs. Booth's maidservant, has stolen and pawned some shifts of her mistress, and she and the pawnbroker are brought before a magistrate. As the justice was going to speak he was interrupted by the girl, who, falling upon her knees to Booth, with many tears begged his forgiveness.

"Indeed, Betty," cries Booth, "you do not deserve forgiveness ; for you know you had very good reasons why you should not have thought of robbing your mistress, particularly at this time. And what further aggravates your crime is that you have robbed the best and kindest mistress in the world. Nay, you are guilty not only of felony but of a felonious breach of trust, for you know very well everything your mistress had was entrusted to your care."

Now it happened, by very great accident, that the justice before whom this girl was brought understood the law. Turning, therefore,

to Booth he said: "Did you say, sir, that this girl was entrusted with the shifts?"

"Yes, sir," said Booth, "she was entrusted with everything."

"And will you swear that the goods stolen," said the justice, "are worth forty shillings?"

"No, indeed, sir!" answered Booth. "Nor that they are worth thirty either."

"Then, sir," cries the justice, "the girl cannot be guilty of felony."

"How, sir," said Booth, "is it not a breach of trust? And is not a breach of trust felony, and the worst felony, too?"

"No, sir," answered the justice, "a breach of trust is no crime in our law unless it be in a servant, and then the Act of Parliament requires the goods taken to be the value of forty shillings."

"So, then, a servant," cries Booth, "may rob his master of thirty-nine shillings whenever he pleases, and he can't be punished?"

"If the goods are under his care he can't," cries the justice.

"I ask your pardon, sir," says Booth, "I do not doubt what you say, but sure this is very extraordinary law."

"Perhaps I think so, too," said the justice; "but it belongs not to my office to make or to mend laws. My business is only to execute them. If, therefore, the case be as you say, I must discharge the girl."

"I hope, however, you will punish the pawnbroker," cries Booth.

"If the girl is discharged," cries the justice, "so must be the pawnbroker, for, if the goods are not stolen he cannot be guilty of receiving them knowing them to be stolen. And, besides, as to his offence, to say the truth I am almost weary of prosecuting it, for such are the difficulties laid in the way in this prosecution, that it is almost impossible to convict anyone on it. And, to speak my opinion plainly, such are the laws, and such the method of proceeding, that one would almost think our laws were rather made for rogues than for the punishment of them."

"Thus ended this examination; the thief and the receiver went about their business, and Booth departed in order to go home to his wife."

Again the Booths are victims of a heartless robbery, but this time of property, which in the eye of the law possesses legal attributes more refined and subtle than those of shifts.

Mrs. Booth's sister, Miss Harris, has instigated the theft in pursuance of her design to deprive Mrs. Booth, by a forged will, of her share of their mother's fortune, the bulk of which had been left to Amelia by the true will.

Booth is, not for the first time in his life, in a sponging-house.

Dr. Harrison, the good clergyman who stands by the Booths in all their trouble, has discovered the forgery by means of the confession of one of her accomplices, Robinson, to whose repentant sick-bed the Doctor had been called in.

Robinson had repaired to the sponging-house to repeat his confession to Booth.

He is followed by Dr. Harrison, accompanied by a justice of the peace and his clerk, a constable with his prisoner Attorney Murphy—the actual forger of the false will—and others. “The first person who ascended the stairs was the Doctor, who no sooner saw Booth than he ran to him and embraced him, crying: ‘My child, I wish you joy with all my heart. Your sufferings are all at an end, and Providence hath done you the justice at last which it will one day or other render to all men. You will hear all presently; but I can now only tell you that your sister is discovered, and the estate is your own.’” Booth was in such confusion that he scarce made any answer; and now appeared the justice and his clerk, and immediately after the constable with his prisoner; the bailiff, and as many more as could possibly crowd upstairs. The Doctor now addressed himself to the sick man, and desired him to repeat the same information before the justice which he had made already, to which Robinson readily consented.

While the clerk was taking down the information, the attorney expressed a very impatient desire to send instantly for his clerk, and expressed so much uneasiness at the confusion in which he had left his papers at home, that a thought suggested itself to the Doctor that if his house was searched some lights and evidence relating to this affair would certainly be found. He, therefore, desired the justice to grant a search-warrant immediately to search his house.

The justice answered that he had no such power; that, if there was any suspicion of stolen goods, he could grant a warrant to search for them.

“How, sir,” said the Doctor, “can you grant a warrant to search a man’s house for a silver teaspoon, and not in a case like this when a man is robbed of his whole estate?”

“Hold, sir,” says the sick man, “I believe I can answer that point; for I can swear he hath several title deeds of the estate now in his possession; which I am sure were stolen from the right owner.”

The justice still hesitated. He said, “Title deeds savoured of reality, and it was not a felony to steal them. If, indeed, they were taken in a box, then it would be a felony to steal the box.”

"Savour of the reality ! savour of the " said the Doctor, expressing his scorn of this legal subtlety with the same energy with which the great Protector declared his contempt for Magna Charta. "I never heard such incomprehensible nonsense. This is impudent as well as childish trifling with the lives and properties of men."

I think all will agree with the good Doctor. Let us now pass on to the numerous class of those novelists who illustrate the proposition which Tommy Trounsem enounced in "*Felix Holt*"—that "you'd better not be meddlin' wi' things belonging to the law, else you'll be caught up in a big wheel and fly to bits."

The earliest of these offenders with whom I am acquainted—he is also the most famous—bears the illustrious name of Smollett. Of a verity this great author in his "*Peregrine Pickle*" went a tremendous legal cropper. Mr. and Mrs. Pickle have three children—Peregrine, the hero, their eldest son ; another son, Gamaliel ; and a daughter, Julia. The mother conceives an unnatural hatred for her firstborn, and forces her weak husband to concur in the measures which she takes against Peregrine. At length the father dies without a will—it is insinuated that he feared that the making of one in favour of his wife and younger son would speedily be followed by his own demise—and then we are told: "His papers being examined, in the presence of many persons of honour and integrity, invited for that purpose, no will was found, or any other deed in favour of the second son, though it appeared by the marriage settlement that the widow was entitled to a jointure of £500 a year. The rest of his papers consisted of East India bonds, South Sea annuities, mortgages, notes, and assignments, to the amount of four-score thousand seven hundred and sixty pounds, exclusive of the house, plate and furniture, horses, equipage, and cattle, with the garden and park adjacent to a very considerable extent."

To the whole of this personal property, amounting to upwards of £80,000, as well as to the real property, Peregrine is represented as succeeding, to the entire exclusion of his mother, brother, and sister. Shortly after his father's death we find him addressing the fair Emilia Gauntlet, his future wife, thus: "Meanwhile, I have £80,000 which shall be laid immediately in your lap."

But according to English law the intestate's widow would have taken one-third of the personal property, and the other two-thirds would have been divided equally amongst his three children, so that Peregrine's £80,000 would have been cut down to less than £20,000.

Smollett cannot plead in extenuation of his mistake that he was

a Scotchman, for Scottish law does not exclude younger children from sharing in their father's personal property. As a doctor of medicine, however, he may shelter himself under the authority of Blackstone, but then he must be content to forego any share in the graceful compliment which Blackstone pays the doctor's profession.

The Vinerian professor, in that passage of the introduction to his celebrated Commentaries in which he is exhorting all the educated classes of society to the study of the law, thus deals with the medical profession. "For the gentlemen of the faculty of physic I must frankly own that I see no special reason why they in particular should apply themselves to the study of the law, unless in common with other gentlemen, and to complete the character of general and extensive knowledge—a character which their profession, beyond others, has remarkably deserved."

So much for Smollett.

Many of my readers will have recently read with much interest the weird story of the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "where more is meant than meets the ear." Early in the tale we find Mr. Utterson, Dr. Jekyll's friend and lawyer, pondering over the singular document which the doctor has committed to the lawyer's keeping.

"The will was holograph, for Mr. Utterson, though he took charge of it now that it was made, had refused to lend the least assistance in the making of it. It provided not only that in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., &c., all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his 'friend and benefactor Edward Hyde;' but that in case of Dr. Jekyll's disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months the said Edward Hyde should step in the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay and free from any burthen or obligation, beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household." The author seems to have had some misgiving as to the character of this instrument, for later on we read: "On the desk among the neat array of papers a large envelope was uppermost, and bore in the doctor's hand the name of Mr. Utterson. The lawyer unsealed it, and several enclosures fell to the floor. The first was a will, drawn in the same eccentric terms as the one which he had returned six months before, to serve as a testament in case of death, and as a deed of gift in case of disappearance."

I must own that I should feel considerable difficulty in framing an instrument which should operate at once as a will, and as a deed of gift in case of the testator's disappearance.

Proof of Dr. Jekyll's death would, I think, have been necessary before the instrument could have been acted on.

If a similar case of a person being able to change himself into two shapes should arise, I would venture to advise such a bi-formal individual to dispose of his property by two separate instruments, one a will and the other a deed of gift.

I now approach the list of female novelists of my second class, not without some trepidation lest I should incur the charge of a want of gallantry. But I console myself by reflecting that ladies cannot be expected to acquaint themselves with a subject so dry and repulsive as that of the law must be to them in all its branches, except of course that now luxuriant one which is laden with the rights of women. I pluck up heart of grace, and begin by respectfully demurring to Mrs. Thackeray-Ritchie's law in her charming tale of "Old Kensington." The legal part of the story is briefly this: Lady Sarah Francis has a niece, Dorothea, the heroine of the tale, and a nephew, George. The nephew has been somewhat wild, and has enlisted in the Army as a private soldier during the Crimean war; he is also in love with Rhoda Parnell, who is not as nice as she might be. Then Lady Sarah comes to die, and her lawyer reads out her will to the assembled family.

"And so in the silence, by Mr. Tapeall's voice, Sarah Francis spoke for the last time in a strange jargon that in her lifetime she had never used. Her house at Kensington, &c., &c., she left to her nephew, George Francis Vanborough. If he should die without issue or a will it was to revert to Dorothea Jane Vanborough."

Then come the tidings that George has died the day *after* his aunt, of wounds received in battle, whilst being carried into camp from the field. It is also discovered that he had made a will, and left all to Rhoda, not knowing of, or indeed expecting, his aunt's bounty. Now Rhoda is not to be allowed to carry off all this spoil from Dorothea, and accordingly one of the soldiers, who brought George's body into camp is made to confess that in fact George had been killed the day *before* his aunt's death, but that they having been promised a reward if they found him alive, had pretended that he only died on his way into camp. Of course, if he died before his aunt he could not inherit from her. Thereupon, our heroine enters into possession of her aunt's fortune. Truth, however, compels me to express my grave doubt whether the time of poor George's death, although it made all the difference to Rhoda, made any to Dorothea, as regards the effect of Lady Sarah's will. In the first place Dorothea was to take if her brother died without issue *or* a will.

Now he did die without issue, therefore it would not matter whether he died with or without a will. Unless, indeed, a suit should be brought either by Rhoda or by Lady Sarah's heir (according as George should have died before or after his aunt), and it should be decided that "or" was to be read "and." I sincerely hope this contention would not have prevailed, because in that case, as the gift over to Dorothea partly depended on her brother dying without a will, and as English law holds a gift over on the death of a prior legatee *without a will* utterly void, I greatly fear that our poor dear Dorothea would have been left out in the cold, whether her brother survived Lady Sarah or not. The accomplished authoress may, however, rest assured that the legal point in question is one of those which lie "*inter apices juris*."

Next comes before us another distinguished name, that of Mrs. Norton, a lady supremely observant of the duty which, as Sydney Smith said, Providence had laid on the daughters of the family of Sheridan, of being both beautiful and witty.

In "Stuart of Dunleath," when Sir Stephen Penrhyn brings home his lovely bride, Eleanor, daughter of Sir John Raymond, the lodge gate is opened by a beautiful young woman followed by a handsome robust child of three or four years old. "The woman hastily unlocked the gate, swung it open, and then throwing her apron over her face, began to sob aloud."

The situation requires no explanation.

Later on we are told: "Eleanor, as she was walking out, on her return after the second season she passed in London, saw Bridget Owen with a baby in her arms."

Time rolls on, Eleanor loses her two only children, is separated from her husband, and dies. "Bridget Owen is now Lady Penrhyn; and her son is legitimated under the Scotch law, and is heir to the Welsh property, and the Scotch property, and the little churchyard at Carrick, which holds the grave of Frederick and Clephane."

Two dangerous pitfalls lurk in this short sentence: one the authoress has escaped, into the other she has, alas! fallen. It will be noted that the eldest son only of Bridget is said to have been legitimated by the subsequent marriage of his parents. This is in strict accordance with Scottish law, according to which only those illegitimate children can be so made legitimate at whose birth there did not exist any "cause or just impediment why" their parents "should not be joined together in holy matrimony." Accordingly Bridget's second child, born after Sir Stephen Penrhyn's marriage with Eleanor Raymond, would not become legitimate.

This rule of Scottish law it was which clouded the title of the successors of Robert II. to the Scottish Crown. Robert II. first king of the fated line of Stuart, long before his accession to the throne, and whilst he was Earl of Strathearn, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Adam Muir of Rowallan, and had by her his successor Robert III. After the birth of Robert III., it was discovered that Robert Stuart and Elizabeth Muir were related to each other within the forbidden degrees. A papal dispensation was, however, obtained, and thereupon Robert and Elizabeth again went through the ceremony of marriage. Robert survived Elizabeth, and took for his second wife, Euphame, daughter of the Earl of Ross. His eldest son by his second marriage was David, Earl of Strathearn. David's only child, his daughter Euphame, married Sir Patrick Graham, and their heir was Malise Graham. David's next brother was Walter, Earl of Athol. Now, the issue of Robert II.'s last marriage maintained that, as there existed at the time of the birth of Robert III. a bar to the marriage of his parents, the marriage after the papal dispensation could not legitimate him. This was no mere speculative objection. When we find amongst the principal conspirators who murdered Robert III.'s son and successor, James I. of Scotland, these same Malise Graham and Earl of Athol, we cannot doubt but that the object of the conspiracy was to place Malise Graham on the throne. The tradition of the claim of the heir of Robert II.'s last marriage to the throne was in full vigour so late as the reign of Charles I. of England and Scotland. At that time the heir was the Earl of Menteith, and, on his petitioning to be restored to the Earldom of Strathearn (the style of Strathearn was then, as now—when it is that of one of Prince Arthur's two dukedoms—reserved for a title of one of the blood royal) he was accused of designs on the throne, threatened with prosecution for high treason, and forced to change the title of Earl of Menteith, which also had royal associations, for that of Airth, which had none such. The Earl of Airth was father of the hero, or lover, in the Legend of Montrose; and the relationship of these Grahams to the chief of the clan Graham was used to excite the jealousy of Charles I. against the great Montrose on his first introduction at Court.

Now we come to the second and fatal pitfall. Bridget's son is said to have become heir to Sir Stephen's *Welsh* as well as to his Scottish property. But English law sternly refuses to permit a child so legitimated by Scottish law to inherit land in England or Wales. This rule of law dates back as far as the reign of Henry III., in the twentieth year of which, at the Parliament of Merton, the

request of the bishops that children born before marriage should be legitimated by subsequent marriage of the parents, was rejected by the earls and barons in the celebrated formula, "*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare.*"

The gifted authoress of "*The Heir of Redcliffe*" has, in her recent tale of "*The Armourer's Prentices*," not unnaturally fallen into the mistake of supposing that that which now is, and according to all common sense ought to be, the law, was such in the days of Henry VIII. The part of the story material to my purpose is briefly this: John, Ambrose, and Stephen, are the three only children of John Birkenholt, a verderer of the New Forest. After the father's death, John, the eldest son, succeeds to his father's office and estate, and the two younger, not brooking the temper of their brother John's wife, fare to London. Eventually John is left a childless widower, and dies reconciled to his younger brothers. "He had made no will, and Ambrose thus inherited a property which made his future maintenance no longer an anxiety to his brother Stephen." I remark, *en passant*, that if John Birkenholt did not make a will of his real property, it may have been for the excellent reason that the law did not then permit him to do so. It was a pity that he could not have done so, since Ambrose could not inherit of John. For John and Ambrose were only half-brothers. This was the state of the law until the year of grace 1834.

It will be remembered that Edward VI., when attempting to oust his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, from the succession to the crown, assigned as one of his reasons: "For that they be unto Us but of the half-blood, and so be not inheritable unto Us."

A notable instance of this rule of law occurred not long after John Birkenholt's death. Charles Brandon, first Duke of Suffolk of his family, a much married man, left two daughters, Anne and Mary, by his second wife, Anne daughter of Sir Antony Browne; by his third wife, the Lady Mary Tudor, second daughter of Henry VII. and Queen Dowager of France, also two daughters, Frances and Eleanor; and by his fourth, Katherine, Baroness Willoughby, two sons, Henry and Charles. He died in 1545. His two sons died young at the Bishop of Lincoln's Palace at Bugden in Huntingdonshire, of the sweating sickness, on the same day, July 14, 1551. The younger survived the elder for a few hours, during which the poor lad was Duke of Suffolk, and lord of the Suffolk estates. But though the younger brother could inherit from his brother of the whole blood, his half-sisters could not inherit from him or from his brother. Accordingly the estates, of which young Charles died owner in fee simple, devolved upon his

co-heirs, remote relations of the whole blood, descendants of his great-grandfather, Sir William Brandon. The Duchess of Suffolk would, however, be endowed for her life with a third of these estates, as well as of those which her husband had held in fee tail, and—as Baroness Willoughby—had besides her own ancestral property. It was probably a regard to this disappointment of the first duke's daughters, two of whom were of royal blood, and to the ample possessions of the duchess, that led to the marvellous decision in the Duke of Suffolk's case: "Very famous," says Swinburne, "in many books, though more famous for the rareness than the soundness." Is it not written in *Tristram Shandy* in the celebrated description of the visitation dinner at York?

"It has not only been a question, Captain Shandy, amongst the best lawyers and civilians in this land," continued Kysarcus, "'Whether the mother be of kin to her child,' but after much dispassionate enquiry, and jactitation of the arguments on all sides, it has been adjudged for the negative, namely, 'That the mother is not of kin to her child.'"

"This determination," continued Kysarcus, "how contrary soever it may seem to run in the stream of vulgar ideas, yet had reason strongly on all its sides, and has been put out of all manner of dispute from the famous case known commonly by the name of the Duke of Suffolk's case." "It is cited in Brooke," said Triptolemus. "And taken notice of by Lord Coke," added Didius. "And you may find it in Swinburne on Testaments," said Kysarcus.

"The case, Mr. Shandy, was this:

"In the reign of Edward VI., Charles, Duke of Suffolk, having issue a son by one venter and a daughter by another venter, made his last will, wherein he devised goods to his son, and died; after whose death the son died also, but without will, without wife, and without child—his mother and his sister by his father's side (for she was born of the former venter) then living. The mother took the administration of her son's goods according to the statute of the 21st of Harry VIII.; whereby it is enacted: that in case any person die intestate, the administration of his goods shall be committed to the next of kin.

"The administration being thus (surreptitiously) granted to the mother, the sister, by the father's side, commenced a suit before the ecclesiastical judge, alleging, first, that she herself was next of kin, and, secondly, that the mother was not of kin at all to the party deceased, and, therefore, prayed the court, that the administration granted to the mother might be revoked, and be committed unto her as next of kin to the deceased by force of the said statute.

"Hereupon, as it was a great cause and much depended upon its issue and many causes of great property likely to be decided in times to come by the precedent to be then made, the most learned, as well in the laws of this realm as in the civil law, were consulted together, 'Whether the mother was of kin to her son, or no?' Whereunto not only the temporal lawyers, but the church lawyers, the *juris-consulti*, the *juris-prudentes*, the civilians, the advocates, the commissaries, the judges of the consistory and prerogative courts of Canterbury and York, with the master of the faculties, were all unanimously of opinion 'That the mother was not of kin to her child.'"

"And what said the Duchess of Suffolk to it?" said my uncle Toby.

The unexpectedness of my uncle Toby's question confounded Kysarcus more than the ablest advocate.

"Let the learned say what they will, there must certainly," quoth my uncle Toby, "have been some sort of consanguinity betwixt the Duchess of Suffolk and her son."

"The vulgar are of the same opinion," quoth Yorick, "to this hour."

Let me add, for the honour of the law, that soon after this astounding decision was pronounced, and long before Kysarcus delivered his view of the law, the opinion of the vulgar prevailed, and the Duke of Suffolk's case was solemnly denied to be law. Is it not written in Coke? Accordingly the treating of the Duke of Suffolk's case as law in the eighteenth century must be imputed to the Rev. Lawrence Sterne as a mistake, although we may suspect it to have been one of those which are said to be made on purpose.

As the question of the law propounded by the writer of "Felix Holt" has suggested this little article, I wind up my list of the legal lapses of novelists with the consideration of a point of law arising in "Middlemarch," another tale by the same pre-eminent authoress. There, one Mr. Featherstone, who is a somewhat capricious and arbitrary character, makes a will, in which he leaves £10,000 to his nephew-in-law, Fred Vincy. This legacy he revokes by a second will. On the last night of his life he tells Mary Garth, who is the sole watcher of his sick-bed, to burn the second will. Mary, although she loves Fred, refuses to do so, unless she is allowed to call the old man's relations to witness the act. This he refuses to permit, and dies on his second will. The rest can be told almost in the words of the authoress :

Mary Garth's father is speaking to his Rector, Mr. Farebrother. "Now Mary's gone out I must tell you a thing—it's only known to

Susan and me, and you'll not tell it again. The old scoundrel wanted Mary to burn one of the wills the very night he died, when she was sitting up with him by herself, and he offered her a sum of money that he had in the box by him if she would do it. But Mary, you understand, could do no such thing, would not be handling his iron chest, and so on. Now you see the will he wanted burnt was this last, so that if Mary had done what he wanted, Fred Vincy would have had £10,000. That touches poor Mary close, she was in the right to do what she did, but she feels, as she says, much as if she had knocked down somebody's property, and broken it against her will, when she was rightfully defending herself."

Later on, Mr. Farebrother is speaking to Mary Garth on the same subject. He says: "Mr. Garth told me what happened on the night of Mr. Featherstone's death—how you refused to burn the will; and he said that you had some heart-prickings on that subject, because you had been the innocent means of hindering Fred from getting his £10,000. I have kept that in mind, and I have heard something that may relieve you on that score.

"I mean that your action made no difference to Fred's lot. I find that the first will would not have been legally good after the burning of the last: it would not have stood if it had been disputed—and you may be sure it would have been disputed. So, on that score, you may feel your mind free."

All the same, Mary's first impression represented good, and Mr. Farebrother's discovery bad, law. The tale is laid in the time just preceding the first Reform Bill, consequently before the passing, in the first year of her present Majesty's reign, of the Wills Act, which so vastly altered testamentary law. It is true that since the passing of that Act, the destruction of a second will does not set up a previous one, but before then the exact contrary was the case; and, if Mary had been less scrupulous, Fred would have got his £10,000. At the same time, we all must rejoice that Mary's affectionate heart was relieved, even by bad law, from the thought that she had injured her lover, whose chief merit consists in his having been able to inspire with love her noble self.

I do not think I can conclude this article better than by an extract from Anthony Trollope's pleasant novel of "Dr. Thorne." The state of the case is this: Sir Roger Scatcherd, a demi-millionaire, wishes to leave his fortune to the eldest child of his sister Mary, then the wife of an ironmonger in America, and the mother of a family there. Now the sister's eldest, though illegitimate, child was Mary

Thorne, daughter of Dr. Thorne's worthless brother, and consequently a niece of the good doctor, who had brought her up. Sir Roger tells Dr. Thorne how he has left his property. The doctor, from honest scruples lest Mary should, without the testator intending it, get the property, discloses to Sir Roger the state of the case. Upon this, Sir Roger makes a codicil, declaring that Dr. Thorne knew—and only Dr. Thorne—who was the eldest child of testator's only sister.

Sir Roger dies, and the author thereupon eludes any objection which might be taken to his law in the following ingenious manner : “It has been suggested that the modern English writers of fiction should among them keep a barrister, in order that they may be set right on such legal points as will arise in their little narratives, and thus avoid that exposure of their own ignorance of the laws, which now, alas! they too often make. The idea is worthy of consideration, and I can only say that, if such an arrangement can be made, and if a counsellor adequately skilful can be found to accept the office, I shall be happy to subscribe my quota. It would be but a modest tribute towards the cost.” [I venture here to interrupt Mr. Trollope by remarking that Sir Edward Bulwer actually submitted to counsel the legal part of the plot of his “Night and Morning,” which nevertheless was questioned by Mr. O’Connell, and thereupon slightly altered. It seems to me that the counsel’s fee was earned cheaply in this case, for I cannot discover in the story any legal point of difficulty.] “But as the suggestion has not yet been carried out, and as there is at present no learned gentleman whose duty would induce him to set me right, I can only plead for mercy if I be wrong in allotting all Sir Roger’s vast possessions in perpetuity to Miss Thorne, alleging also, in excuse, that the course of my narrative absolutely demands that she shall be ultimately recognised as Sir Roger’s undoubted heiress. Such, after a not immoderate delay, was the opinion expressed to Dr. Thorne by his law advisers ; and such, in fact, turned out to be the case. I will leave the matter so, hoping that my very absence of defence may serve to protect me from severe attack. If under such a will as that described as having been made by Sir Roger, Mary would not have been the heiress, that will must have been described wrongly.”

ALFRED BAILEY.

SNAKES IN POETRY.

IN the Mythology of the Beasts and folklore the snake has, I find, three distinct and different aspects. Only one of these—the malignant aspect—is recognised in verse. Elsewhere, however, it is very often met with as the faithful custodian of treasure, and nearly every country has its Serpent which guards the all-important tree of immortality and other secrets, or its dragonish thing that defends some priceless possession. The Greeks only fled from Athens when they heard that the snake of the city had deserted the Acropolis, and it is only a few years ago—in this very nineteenth century of ours—that the Nagas of India formally surrendered to British troops because their serpent oracle had escaped from its priests. For the snake is the universal guardian of the under world, whether we look for it in the diamond-lit caverns of Shesh in Hindostan, or under the ash Ygdrasil in Norway. In its second aspect it is benign, and emblematical of Providential wisdom and a vigilant solicitude. So we find it in Anantas, the infinite, lending itself to the gods, that they might use its body for a rope, to be tied round the mountain of Meru when they churned the ocean ; as the beneficent rainbow of Africa ; in the “feathered serpent” of South America that taught men religion and gave them the gift of wine ; in Hoa, the third person of the Babylonian trinity, that befriends the penitent. Its third aspect, and the only one in which the poets regard it, is diabolical ; typifying a malignant darkness that is hurtful to man, and symbolising every wicked mood or motive, every misery, in human nature.

“Slander’s serpent mark,” says one, and in Keats’ tragedy of “Otho,” the fair Auranthe and her brother, who calumniate the Princess, are “those two vipers from whose jaws a deadly breath went forth to taint and blast the guileless lady.”

Envy is very often the motive for slander, so this also is another of the “serpentine obliquities of life.”

Envy, with serpent eye,
Marks each praise that soars on high.

It is "snake-hung," "hissing," and (from the mystic properties of serpents) "wizard" envy is armed with "venomed teeth." Personified as a hideous hag, it lives in gloomy dens and is "black envy," except when, as in the "Davideis," she is described as the direst fiend in Hell. Pride and envy are not unnaturally associated :

From what cause can envy spring ?
Or why embosom we a viper's sting ?
'Tis envy stings our darling passion Pride.

Here the poetical diagnosis goes one step further back. A man's ideas of his own merit often make him resent the recognition of another's, whence, no doubt, slanderous depreciation. Being serpentine it is secret, whether lurking in some "cave," or cherished in the heart.

In his bosom secretly there lay
An hateful snake, the which his taile uptyes.

This, again, leads on to the fancy of man taking a sin to his heart for his own destruction, as in Æsop's fable of the Countryman and the Viper:

He who in wild wood alleys roams, unthinking and unwise,
And takes a serpent to his heart for beauty of its eyes,
For splendour of its arching neck and glitter of its skin,
Was scarcely such a dupe as I, in ignorance of sin.

So Leyden's lines, "cherished bosom-sin, like nestling serpent gnawing the heart within," and "the green-eyed viper gnawing at my heart," or Shelley's

Foul and cruel thoughts, which feed
Upon the withering life within
Like vipers on some poisonous weed.

This is a curious passage, not only for the last line, which makes snakes vegetarian, but because the simile is so oddly at fault. The only association suggested, it seems to me, is between "withering" in the second line and "weed" in the third, but even that is too weak, while it is hardly sense to say that a thought, feeding on a withering life, resembles a viper eating a poisonous weed. The explanation, probably, is that the poet lapsed from his first image by what the wise call "some process of unconscious cerebration," his mind passing without intermediate expression in words from one to the other, and leaving, therefore, a gap without stepping-stones or bridge. In the first two lines Shelley, it may be, glances at a fiction which has never failed to attract poets, that of the snake living upon the vitals of its parents, as, for example, in Churchill, Dryden, and Marvell.

O ! my poor country ! Devour'd
By vipers, which in thine own entrails bred,
Prey on thy life, and with thy blood are fed,

When children us'd their parents to dethrone,
And gnaw their way, like vipers, to the crown.

Against themselves their witnesses will swear,
Till, viper-like, their mother-plot they tear,
And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,
Which was their principle of life before.

These vipers have their mother's entrails torn,
And would by force a second time be born.

This idea, that the young vipers killed their mothers before coming into the world themselves, is one of great antiquity, and parricides, who were punished by the ancients by drowning, were sewn up in sacks, in which, as appropriate company for such criminals, some vipers had previously been put. Nor is the fiction by any means exploded, for in parts of England it is still believed that the adder—which brings forth its young alive, and does not, like the harmless “grass-snake,” lay eggs—is killed by her progeny. How this happens rural superstition can have only the vaguest notion, for another, which contradicts it, namely, that the young adders always take refuge inside their mother if suddenly startled, exists simultaneously with it. However, vulgar errors and reason have not, as a rule, enough in common to make such opposite propositions necessarily untenable at one and the same time by such as can entertain either alone.

Crashaw makes Cruelty serpentine. Lucifer, “mischief's old Master,” hears in Hell of the birth of the Messiah, and determines to baulk the Almighty. He summons his ministers, and, though many volunteer, he selects Cruelty—whom the poet calls “the fourth Fury”—and sends her forth to pervert Herod. Assuming the shape of Father Joseph she approaches the sleeping tetrarch, and, in language very similar indeed to that of the “Davideis,” fills his breast with the horrible suggestion of the Massacre of the Innocents. “Be Herod,” she whispers, and vanishes.

So said her richest snake, which to her wrist,
For a beseeching bracelet she had tied,
(A special worm it was, as ever kissed
The foamy lips of Cerberus) she applied
To the king's heart; the snake no sooner hissed
But Virtue heard it, and away she hied.

It is worth noting here the curious coincidence of ideas in the above with the passage of Cowley's poem referred to. The news of the rising star of David, and the promise of the Messiah through his seed, has filled Beelzebub with fury, and Envy goes forth to inspire Saul, as in the above Cruelty to inspire Herod. Arrived at Saul's

palace, she assumes the form of "Father Benjamin," and, approaching the sleeping king, bids him "be whole Saul," and rid himself of the son of Jesse.

With that she takes
One of her worst, her best-beloved snakes.
"Softly, dear worm ! soft and unseen," said she,
"Into his bosom steal, and in it be
"My viceroy."

However, to return to the snakinesses of human passions. Maternal anguish has her "torturing snakes." Remorse carries "a whip" (Southey) made of them, and can "dart poison through the conscious heart" (Akenside) : Superstition is (in Shelley) a "hundred-forked" snake "insatiate" ; Fierce debate (in Sackville) "deadly full of snaky heare" ; Conscience is "a stinging worm," with the "viper fear" (Green), and "adder of disgrace" (Dodd), "an undying serpent" calling (Shelley) "her venomous brood to their nocturnal task." Error—"serpent-error wandering" of Milton—has a "poisonous serpent-head."

Sing, muse (if such a theme, so dark, so long,
May find a muse to grace it with a song),
By what unseen and unsuspected arts
The serpent Error twines round human hearts,
Tell where she lurks, beneath what flowery shades,
That not a glimpse of genuine light pervades,
The poisoning, black, insinuating worm
Successfully conceals her loathsome form,—COWPER.

So, too, Pride the cause of error :

Though various foes against the truth combine,
Pride above all opposes her design,
Pride of growth superior to the rest,
The subtlest serpent with the loftiest crest,
Swells at the thought, and, kindling into rage,
Would hiss the cherub Mercy from the stage.

Faith misplaced is in Shelley a "Python" ; it is a curious passage :

And Faith, the Python, undefeated,
Even to its blood-stained altar-steps dragged on
Her foul and wounded train, and men
Were trampled and deceived again.

And elsewhere from another standpoint the poet has the same sentiment :

Faith and Custom and low-thoughted cares
Like thunder-stricken dragons, for a space
Left the torn human heart, their food and dwelling-place

"Faithlessness" has in Byron a serpent-fold—a fine idea: "to find in Hope but the renewed caress, the serpent-fold of further faithlessness"—and Coleridge associates the two :

tyrants' promises
That can enchant the serpent treachery
From Faith, its lurking hole in the heart.

Jealousy is a "deaf adder" :

The serpent of the field, by art
And spell, is won from harming ;
But that which coils around the heart,
Oh ! who hath power of charming ?

The "Scorner" has in Heber a "serpent tone." Hate and lawless Pleasure are snakes, and

in the soul
Lurks sin, the Serpent with the fiery sting
Of sorrow, rankling in the conscience deep.

Avarice is a serpent (Savage), and so—"strange fellowship through mutual hate"—are Fear and Lust (Shelley). Care (Churchill) and Evil (Akenside) are vipers, while Ben Jonson adds to the list, in the following powerful lines, the faithless, the selfish man :

Look on the false and cunning man, that loves
No person nor is loved : what ways he proves
To gain upon his belly ; and at last
Crushed into the snaky brakes that he had passed.

Love, of course, is a serpent, in a score or two of poets :

A serpent nourish I under my wing,
And now, of nature, 'ginneth it to sting.

Nor does the breaking of the heart cure, but rather aggravate the evil :

I thought that this some remedy might prove ;
But, oh ! the mighty serpent Love
Broke, by this chance, in pieces small,
In all still lived, and still it stung in all.

Nor are even "the loves of the Angels" secure from reptilian intrusion :

When Love hath not a shrine so pure,
So holy, but the serpent Sin,
In moments even the most secure,
Beneath his altar may glide in.

The jealousy of rivals, and the pleasure of inflicting pain, and the pain of suffering it, suggests the snake to many poets. Thus Wyatt in his "Jealous Man" :

The wand'ring gadling in the summer tide
That finds the adder with his reckless foot
Starts not dismay'd so suddenly aside
As jealous despite did, though there were no boo
When that he saw me sitting by her side
That of my health is very crop and root.
It pleased me then to have so fair a grace
To sting the heart, that would have had my place.

Among the classes of individuals specially "colubrine" are Critics
(a particular aversion of poets) :

His wand's a modern author's pen ;
The serpents round about it twined
Denote him of the reptile kind,
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites,—GOLDSMITH

Or

The serpent Critic's rising hiss.—CRABBE

And Harlots—so when Dalila leaves the crippled hero's presence
with a taunt, Chorus cry :

She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting,
Discovered in the end, till now concealed,

and many others, down to the "unfortunate" of London streets,
against whom Mackay launches this exhortation to the "fool" :

A serpent, woman headed,
With loose and floating hair,
Beware, O fool ! how you touch it,
Beware for your soul ! Beware !
'Tis beautiful to look at
As it rustles through the street,
But its eyes, though bright as sunshine,
Have the glow of hell's own heat ;

Many a noble bosom
Has that scaly serpent stung
With the dancing of its eye-light,
And the witchery of its tongue ;
And to feed it and amuse it,
And pamper its greedy maw,
Many a goodly heirship
Has gone like the ice on thaw.

'Twill murmur soft sweet music
To draw you to its mesh,
And coil about you fondly
To feed upon your flesh ;

Beware of this flaunting Gorgon
 With the snakes in her wavy hair !
 Beware, O fool ! how you touch her,
 Beware for your soul, beware !

So, too, in Savage, Lawyers :

Not a gay serpent glittering to the eye,
 But more than serpent or than harlot sly,
 For Lawyer, like a friend, no wit can 'scape.

Many families, alas ! appreciate all too sadly Byron's picture of that insidious wretch who, either calling herself the friend of one or other, comes between husband and wife, or parent and children, and working mischief under pretence of impartial advice, widens the breach with a show of healing it ; or else as the friend of both, poisons each mutually against the other, carrying to and fro not the peace-making concessions, the timid preliminaries of conciliation with which she is entrusted, but embittering hints and irritating suggestions that provoke recrimination, and further involve the already complicated difficulty. She found a rift which a single kiss might have closed ; she leaves a grief which passionate repentance, stretching from to-day to the tomb, cannot bridge.

If like a snake she steal within your walls,
 Till the black slime betray her as she crawls ;
 If like a viper to the heart she wind,
 And leave the venom there she did not find,
 What marvel that this hag of hatred works
 Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
 To make a Pandemonium where she dwells
 And reign the Hecate of domestic hells ?
 Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
 With all the kind mendacity of hints,
 While mingling truth with falsehoods, sneers with smiles,
 A thread of candour with a web of wiles ;
 A plain, blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming
 To hide her bloodless heart's soul-hardened scheming ;
 A lip of lies, a face formed to conceal,
 And, without feeling, mock at all who feel.

So, too, in Cowper's "ancient prude"—suggested by Hogarth's picture of morning—we have Miss Bridget :

Of temper as envenomed as an asp,
 Censorious, and her every word a wasp,

the meddlesome, scandal-mongering, reputation-tearing old maid, who is all too familiar in society :

Mark how the channels of her yellow blood
 Ooze to her skin and stagnate there to mud ;
 Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
 Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—

For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
 Congenial colours in that soul or face.

Fever "like a serpent crawling," "insidious Ague, serpent-like," "Gout half a snake," and other ills that flesh is heir to, share in the serpent reproach ; and both the north and the east wind, that cause so many of them in our chilly latitudes, have "serpents' fangs" and sting.

The image of the river "stealing like a silver snake," "a glistening snake," that "through the grassy mead, winds, now hidden, glittering now in light," is sufficiently hackneyed, but it suggests to Wordsworth this excellent additional fancy :

A mightier river winds from realm to realm,
 And, like a serpent, shows his glittering back
 Bespotted with innumerable isles.

And to Shelley this :

The glaciers creep
 Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far fountains
 Slow rolling on.

Several other points in the natural economy of the tribe afford the poets admirable opportunity for metaphor. Thus, the casting of their slough. One poet has :

So may my spirit cast,
 Serpent like, off the past.

Another (Keats) :

What shall I do ? Where go ?
 When I have cast this serpent-skin of woe.

And Byron :

But time strips our illusions of their hue,
 And one by one in turn, some grand mistake
 Casts off its bright skin.

That the snake leaves a slimy track is a popular error, which is accepted by poets. Slander and envy, therefore, are said to "befoul" as they go : the critic's "frothy slaver," the parasite's path "snake-marked," the traitor's "slimy clue," and other similar phrases have their source in the same fiction : "the trail of the serpent is over them all."

The image of the snake lurking in the herbage is as old as grass itself. Our earliest poets, therefore, had it :

I know under the green the serpent how he lurks,

and

Ware fro the serpent that so sily creepeth
 Under the grass, and stingeth subtelly.

Equally ancient is the hiding of snakes beneath flowers, a fact of nature of which primitive humanity, shoeless and unclad, had, no

doubt, frequent sad experience. The "serpent in red roses hissing is, therefore, ubiquitous in verse.

Passions among pure thoughts hid
Like serpents under flowerets sleeping.

Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers,
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing.—SHAKSPEARE.

Oh, in thy truth secure, thy virtue bold,
Beware the poison in the cup of gold,
The asp among the flowers.

Distrust
The vain pretence ; the smiles that harbour grief
As lurks the serpent deep in flow'rs enwreath'd.

See ! how vain pleasures sting the lips they kiss,
How asps are hid beneath the bowers of bliss.

Thence the idea of treason "gaunt as a serpent":

Right as a serpent hideth him under floures,
'Til he may see his time for to bite,

says Chaucer, or, as Shenstone puts the same thought :

My tend'rest glances but the precious flow'rs
That shade the viper while she plots her wound.

And so (as in Churchill) to treason particular :

Those vipers to their king,
Who smooth their looks and flatter whilst they sting.
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied,
Who sees the lurking serpent.

In Shelley the hurricane and lightning are both snakes, and in several poets, flame—coiling, wreathing, darting, hissing, fork-tongued—is a snake.

Cowley, again, speaking of the transformation of Aaron's rod (which he calls "Moses' wand"), says :

It gaped and hissed aloud,
With flaming eyes survey'd the trembling crowd,
And like a basilisk almost looked the assembly dead.
Swift fled th' amazed king, the guards before him fled ;

which is a curious mis-reading of Holy Writ, inasmuch as Pharaoh, in the hardness of his heart, only recognised in the miracle one of the commonest tricks of his own court jugglers. Instead of flying amazed before "the almighty wand," he sent, we are told, for the "magicians of Egypt," who, at his orders, repeated the miracle. Cowley's version of the incident is as follows :

Jannes and Jambres stopp'd their fight,
And with proud words allay'd th' affright.

"The god of slaves," said they, "how can he be
More powerful than their master's deity?"
And down they cast their rods,
And muttered secret sounds that charm the servile gods.
The evil spirits their charms obey.
All in a subtle cloud they snatched the rods away,
And serpents in their place the airy jugglers lay.
Serpents in Egypt's monstrous land
Were ready still at hand,
And all at th' Old Serpent's first command:
And they, too, gaped, and they, too, hissed,
And they their threatening tails did twist;
But strait on both the Hebrew serpent flew,
Broke both their active backs, and both it slew,
And both almost at once devoured,

This last line is thoroughly appreciable by those susceptible to humour. But it will be seen that here the poet as much detracts from the authorised narrative as previously he had added to it, inasmuch as from Holy Writ we gather that Aaron's rod devoured more than two of the others, for the verse runs, "they cast down every man his rod and they became serpents: but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods." For myself I confess I have always imagined—fancy being led thereto by a picture in an illustrated Bible which much attracted me in childhood—that the floor of the palace was fairly littered with snakes, and that no part of the miracle was quite so miraculous as Aaron's serpent—which, as depicted, was no bigger than most, and not so big as some—being able to contain all the rest. Doubtless my timid scepticism on this point was conciliated by being reminded of the extraordinary containing-capacity of other kinds of snakes, and some such zoological "fact" as the boa-constrictor swallowing a bull.

Of Cadmus, "how with the serpent's teeth he sowed the soil, and reaped an iron harvest of his toil?" from which Coleridge draws the moral:

Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope
To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime
Has, in the moment of its preparation,
Its own avenging angel, dark misgiving,
An ominous sinking at the inmost heart.

Of Iapetus whom Keats sees grasping

A serpent's plashy neck, its barbéd tongue
Squeezed from the gorge, and all its uncurl'd length
Dead: and because the creature could not spit
Its poison in the eyes of conquering Jove.

Of Apollo's prowess—

Who slew Phiton the serpent where he lay
Sleeping against the sun upon a day,

So far some of the worshipful reptiles of antiquity. Nor are the snake-reverences of contemporary cult forgotten. Foremost is Anantas the infinite :

That serpent old,
Which clasped the great world in its fold,
And brooded over earth and the charmed sea
Like endless, restless, drear Eternity ;

and next Shesh, "whose diamond sun makes subterranean day." The poet refers here without a doubt to that fine legend of the Indian aborigines the Nagas, or "snake-men," who say that once upon a time, and perhaps they are right, they possessed the land, but were driven into the hill-fastnesses which they now inhabit by successive waves of invasion, and that their great captain and divinity—Shesh, "the king of serpents"—fled underground, and in contempt of the sunlight from which he had been exiled, created the Kanthi-stone, more brilliant than a whole rock of diamond, by the light of which he keeps the diary of the earth, and solemnly records the procession of the ages.

This Shesh is a reptile worthy of homage, and may be accepted without hesitation and in defiance of all sea-serpents, past and future, as the greatest snake on record. When Vishnu and the gods meet to extort from the sea the ichor of immortality, they pluck up from the Himalayan range the biggest mountain in it, and this they make their churn, while around it, as the strongest tackle they could think of, they bound the serpent Shesh. And the Gods took hold of the head, and the Devils took hold of the tail, and, alternately tugging, they made the mountain spin round and round until the sea was churned into froth, and from the churning came up all the treasures of the deep, and the most precious possessions of man, and last of all Immortality. The gods and the devils scrambled for all the good things, but nothing more is said of the serpent who had been so useful, nor what he got for his services. Antiquaries in the West incline to think that he remained in the sea and became the kraken ; but the Nagas believe him to be still under the hills, dispensing fate by the light of a diamond.

When, too, Lakshmi fixes her admiring eyes upon "the azure Hari," he started at the summons of love :

Straight o'er the deep, then dimpling smooth, he rushed,
And towards th' unmeasured snakes' stupendous bed

The world's great mother, not reluctant, led.
All nature glow'd whene'er she smiled or blushed ;
The king of serpents hushed
His thousand heads, where diamond mirrors blazed
That multiplied her image as he gazed.

Here we have Anantas, the ocean infinity, and Shesh in combination, with a further idea of the vast serpent forming a nuptial bed for the enamoured divinities, which is thoroughly Oriental.

The Cherokee Indians of the West have much the same legend as the Nagas of the East, and Mrs. Hemans refers to

The mighty serpent king
Midst the gray rocks, his old domain,

who is supposed to dwell in the central recesses of the mountains, the chief of the rattle-snakes, and who, though subterranean, is honoured as the "light-giver."

In the poets the sea-serpent with its

Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten million leagues of tail,

is as purely a creature of fancy as in Sir Richard Owen's mind. But it is a delightful beast this kraken, that lives "twice five hundred fathoms deep":

Where the wind is a stranger
And the sea-snake dwells,
Where the mermaid is decking
Her green hair with shells.

Mackay's "kelpie" mounts

His steed of the water clear
And sits in his saddle of sea-weed sere,
He holds his bridle of strings of pearl,
Dug out of the depths where the sea-snakes curl,

depths so horrid that Mary Howitt would not be a diver for all the pearls of all the seas :

I have heard of things in those dismal gulfs
Like fiends that hemmed them round :
I would not lead a diver's life
For every pearl that's found.
I've heard how the sea-snake, huge and dark,
In the Arctic flood doth roll ;
He hath coil'd his tail, like a cable strong,
All round and round the Pole.
They say when he stirs in the sea below
The ice-rocks split asunder
The mountains huge of the ribbéd ice
With a deafening crack like thunder.

In Darwin the great sea-worm is blue :

Two serpent-forms incumbent on the main,
Lashing the white waves, with redundant train,
Arch'd their blue necks, and shook their tow'ring crests,
And plough'd their foamy way with speckled breasts ;
Then, darting fierce amid the affrighted throngs,
Rolled their red eyes, and shot their forkéd tongues.

This cerulean snake is a recurrent figure. Science knows more than one "blue" snake, though they are not really such. Who, for instance, that has ever seen one, would think of calling the "Korait" "*cæruleus*"? Science, however, calls the dull, lead-coloured crow of India "*splendens*." So let it pass. The poets, however, have "blue" snakes which they mean to be really blue. Many have water-snakes of this colour—for Virgil had such. Darwin, Mary Howitt, and Shelley have, with a natural license, blue sea-snakes. Others have land-reptiles of the same colour. Thus in Heber's admirable rendering of Pindar's address to Agesias of Syracuse :

Two scaly snakes of azure hue
Watched o'er his helpless infancy ;
And, rifled from the mountain bee,
Bare on their forky tongues a harmless honey-dew.

King gives Megæra the Fury a ringlet of blue snakes, and in Congreve the Gorgon's head-dress is "blue as the vault."

While on this subject, it is very curious that the poets should perpetually speak of the "coronal" of snakes—whatever they may mean by it. Yet there is a whole genus scientifically named "*coronellinæ*."

PHIL ROBINSON.

“LITTLE DRURY LANE.”

ALTHOUGH as far back as the time of Queen Anne we find frequent references in contemporary literature to the disreputable character of Drury Lane, yet a century previous to that period it could boast lordly mansions and noble residents. In the reign of Elizabeth it was known as the *Via de Aldwych*, a name that still partly survives in “Wych Street.” Drury House, built towards the close of the sixteenth century, gave a new title to the thoroughfare. Close to this rose Craven House, erected by the earl of Craven for the reception of his bride, James the First’s daughter, and the titular Queen of Bohemia. It was a fine mansion, shut in by iron gates, and with extensive grounds in the rear. Long after its fellows had disappeared and “the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane” had become a byword, Craven House still stood, shorn of its gardens, and converted into a public-house that bore the name of “The Queen of Bohemia,” in memory of its former grandeur. To save it from falling it was pulled down in 1805, and, upon the ground being cleared, a portion of the site was taken on lease by Philip Astley, the founder of the amphitheatre, so long known by his name, and of equestrian performances in this country, for the purpose of erecting a circus. The building of such places was a much simpler affair then than it is now. The amphitheatre “over the water” was built with the wood of election hustings, and the “Olympic Pavilion” was chiefly erected out of the materials of an old French war-ship, the “*Ville de Paris*,”—“*Wheel de Parry*” he called it—which was sold, with some other naval prizes, about this time. No sooner was the lease signed than Astley proceeded to collect workmen out of the neighbouring public-houses—another peculiarity of his upon such occasions—and set them to work. Seated in a little one-horse chaise that he used to drive about in, but which was scarcely capacious enough to contain his very rotund figure, from morning until night, in all weathers, he directed the operations, and saw that there was no idling or shirking. There was very little brickwork in the building: the yards and bowsprits of the ship formed the uprights and supports,

the deck was used for the stage and flooring, the sides for the outward walls, while the roof was of tin. The Pavilion was in the form of a tent. There was one tier of boxes, a pit which surrounded the circle, and at the back of that a gallery. There was no orchestra, the musicians being placed in two stage boxes facing one another. The entire cost was only eight hundred pounds. Obtaining a license, through the influence of Queen Charlotte, for music, dancing, burlettas, pantomime, and equestrian exhibitions, he opened the place in 1806. But it was a complete failure from the beginning. No attraction could draw the public to "Astley's Middlesex Amphitheatre," not even pugilistic exhibitions by such renowned heroes of the prize ring as Dutch Sam, and others of equal celebrity; so, after losing about ten thousand pounds, he tried to let it, and, in 1813, sent circulars round to the various theatrical managers describing its peculiar advantages. "We'll throw the bone, Johnny," he said to his son, "and let the dogs fight for it; someone will snap at it."

The dog that did snatch at it was that eccentric genius Elliston, whom we have met before at the Haymarket and Drury Lane. "The very thing for me," he exclaimed, "so near to Drury Lane; it will be quite a family circle." He at once entered into negotiations with Astley, and arranged to give him £2,800 for the building and an annuity of £20 during the remainder of his life. He was not long burdened with the latter payment, the recipient dying in the following year. Elliston's opening night was April 19, 1813; being always of an ambitious turn of mind, he changed the name of the house from the "Olympic Pavilion" to "Little Drury Lane." Under the direction of an actor so popular as Elliston the theatre was likely to prove a formidable rival; the managers of the patent houses therefore quickly bestirred themselves, and presented a memorial to the Lord Chamberlain, setting forth that the license granted to the late Philip Astley was only for the time during which the Amphitheatre in Westminster Road was closed, and then only for equestrian exhibitions. The result of this representation was that the theatre was abruptly closed in the following month. But Elliston was not a man to be easily beaten, and he had besides good friends at Court, through whose influence he obtained a new license, under which he reopened the house in the December of the same year; but, as a sacrifice to the susceptibilities of the great managers, he reverted to the old name—the Olympic Pavilion.

This minor stage only just missed the honour of introducing to London the greatest dramatic genius of the present century, Edmund Kean, with whom during the interregnum Elliston had been in

correspondence. The following letter from the famous actor, who was at the time only a poor unknown stroller, steeped to the lips in poverty, is so full of suggestion that it needs no comment :

Barnstaple: Oct. 2, 1813.

Sir,—I have this moment received your proposals for the Wych Street Theatre, *id est*, Little Drury Lane, and much deplore your letter not finding me. Neglect does not rank in the catalogue of my follies. The terms Miss Tidswell, by your authority, mentioned to me is the superintending of the stage, the whole of the principal line of business under all denominations of acting, and an equal division of the house on the night of my benefit, with three guineas a week salary. The pecuniary terms, I own, do not justify the renown of your establishment ; but I place so firm a reliance on your reputed liberality that, on the proof of my humble abilities and assiduity towards the promotion of your interests, you will not be unmindful of mine. I accept, sir, your present proposal, simply requesting you will name what time you expect me in London, &c.

Your obedient servt.,

EDMUND KEAN.

Until he had obtained the license it was impossible for Elliston to fix the date of opening, and in the meantime Kean had received an offer for Drury Lane, which he at once accepted. Thereupon Elliston asserted his prior claim, and no entreaties from the poor stroller could turn him from prosecuting it. His conduct, to say the least, was harsh and uncharitable, as the name of Edmund Kean on the play-bill at that time was not worth a shilling. The dispute, which very nearly lost Kean his chance at Drury Lane, was ultimately arranged by his finding a substitute, an actor named Bernard; but as Elliston had to pay this man five pounds a week, Kean undertook to give the two pounds extra out of his own pocket. When Robert William heard of the little man's success he no doubt greatly repented of his lenity.

It appears from the play-bills that gas was used at the Olympic for “illuminating the exterior, saloons, and part of the interior” as early as 1815. Pantomimes, ballets, farces, melodramas—all bearing the orthodox title of “burlettas”—were, as in all the minor theatres, the stock bill of fare, and to these were added such other attractions as tight-rope dancers, performing dogs, and one Baker, a professional pedestrian, who had walked a thousand miles in twenty days, appeared here to sing songs and dance hornpipes in “the identical shoes” in which he had performed his famous walk. In 1818 the manager again roused the active wrath of the great patentees by playing Milman's “Fazio,” a five-act tragedy ; but although all the influence of the powerful Drury Lane committee was brought to bear against him, he once more survived the storm, and came out of the struggle stronger than ever, as in that year he rebuilt the theatre at a

cost of £2,500, engaged a superior company, in which Wrench, the famous light comedian, and Mrs. Edwin, one of the finest actresses of her day, were included ; and to add still further to the attractions, he himself, for the first time, acted in a new piece called "Rochester," which, together with an extravaganza—we should call it a burlesque nowadays—ran through the entire season, drawing large and fashionable audiences. Planché, some of whose earliest dramatic efforts were produced here, tells a good story of Elliston at the Olympic. He had written for him a sort of speaking pantomime called "Little Red Riding Hood." On the first night everything went wrong in the mechanical department. When the performance was over, he summoned all the carpenters and scene-shifters on to the stage, in front of a cottage scene, having a practicable door and window. Elliston led Planché forward, and standing in the centre, with his back to the footlights, harangued them in the most grandiloquent manner, expatiating on the enormity of their offence, their ingratitude to the man whose bread they were eating, the disgrace they had brought upon the theatre, the cruel injury they had inflicted on the young and promising author by his side ; then, pointing in the most tragical attitude to his wife and daughters, who were in his box, he bade them look upon the family they had ruined, and, burying his face in his handkerchief to suffe his sobs, passed slowly through the door of the scene, leaving his audience silent, abashed, and somewhat affected, yet rather relieved at being let off with a lecture. The next minute the casement was thrown violently open, and thrusting in his head, his face all scarlet with fury, he roared out, "I discharge you all." "I feel utterly unable," says the writer, "to convey an idea of this ludicrous scene, and I question whether anyone unacquainted with the man, his voice, action, and wonderful facial expression, could thoroughly realise the glorious absurdity of it from verbal description."

In 1819 Elliston became the manager of Drury Lane, and, according to the articles of his lease, he was prohibited from being connected with the management of any other theatre. He now let the Olympic, and during the succeeding ten years and more it was continually changing hands ; J. Reeves, jun., the composer, and a man named Barlow, who wrote a play upon the subject of "Virginius," which had a two-nights' run at Drury Lane just previous to the production of Sheridan Knowles's tragedy at Covent Garden, opened it for the season of 1820 with an excellent company, including such actors as Dowton, Wrench, Oxberry, and Mrs. Chatterley ; but one season sufficed them. Egerton, a Drury Lane actor, undertook the speculation in the following year, and Oxberry succeeded him in 1822 ; a failure of funds

and no salaries soon brought his reign to an end. No less disastrous were the fortunes of his successor, a publican named Frampton, who kept the Craven Arms close by, and whose taste for theatrical management sent him into the bankruptcy court. In 1824, Elliston having lost everything at Drury Lane, the mortgagees sold the Olympic Pavilion, building, scenery, wardrobe, and all, for £4,860. An engraving of the theatre at this time shows a high brick wall, with a verandah-like abutment and tent-like entrance. Mr. John Scott, who had built the Sans Pareil, afterwards the Adelphi, was the next *entrepreneur*; he inaugurated a reign of red-hot melodrama, and for the first time illuminated the entire building with gas.

At the latter end of the year 1830, Madame Vestris, finding herself without an engagement, made up her mind to take a theatre, and the Olympic being the only available one in the market, it was Hobson's choice. She opened it on January 3 in the following year with a drama on the subject of Mary Queen of Scots, in which Miss Foote, who appears to have been for a short time in partnership with her, played the heroine, and an extravaganza by Planché entitled "Olympic Revels." It is at this point that the real history of the Wych Street theatre, which now took an acknowledged and a high position among the places of amusement of the metropolis, may be said to commence. Madame Vestris was the first of the manageresses, as was set forth in the address spoken by her on the opening night, which commenced :

Noble and gentle, matrons, patrons, friends,
Before you here a venturous woman bends ;
A warrior-woman, that in strife embarks,
The first of all dramatic Joans of Arc ;
Cheer on the enterprise thus dared by me,
The first that ever led a company !
What though, until this very hour and age,
A lessee lady never owned a stage !

During her second season Liston was one of the stock company, and James Bland, who, until the appearance of Robson, had no equal as a burlesque actor in the mock heroic style that depends for its humour upon the exaggeration of passion, instead of buffoonery. Encouraged by the success of her undertaking, each year she made greater efforts to attract public favour, and in 1833 her company included Keeley, Liston, Bland, James Vining, Frank Matthews, Mrs. Orger, Miss Goward (Mrs. Keeley), and her incomparable self. The entertainment was of the lightest and brightest—comedieta, farce, and extravaganza. Planché was the dramatic genius, and no other could have been found so exactly suitable to the requirements

of the management. Planché had a delicacy of touch in burlesque that has never been equalled by any other English writer. Classical subjects had been travestied for the stage since the days of Henry Fielding, but Planché gave the comic aspect of the ancient myths with a refinement unknown to his predecessors. His chief triumphs, however, were in a field until then unexplored by playwrights—the fairy lore of France, as it exists in the pages of Perrault and the Countess d'Aulnoy. Under his hand those exquisite fairy tales never degenerated into mere nonsense, and though every character is treated from a humorous point of view, no beautiful thought or creation is ever held up to ridicule; street slang is never called in to eke out shortness of wit, and when puns are introduced—which is not too frequently—they are real puns, appropriate to the situation, and not dragged in for the mere purpose of word-twisting. And what an actress he had in Madame Vestris! one endowed with histrionic abilities that were brilliant in the highest range of comedy, with a voice equal to the requirements of the finest music, with a taste the most refined, and a personal beauty that was peerless! To quote Planché's own words:

The extraordinary and continued success of this experiment was due, not only to the admirable singing and piquante performance of that gifted lady, but also to the charm of novelty imparted to it by the elegance and accuracy of the costume, it having been previously the practice to dress a burlesque in the most *outré* and ridiculous fashion. My suggestion to try the effect of persons picturesquely attired speaking absurd doggerel fortunately took the fancy of the fair lessee, and the alteration was highly appreciated by the public. But many old actors could never get over their early impressions; Liston thought to the last that Prometheus, instead of the Phrygian cap, tunic and trousers, should have been dressed like a great lubberly boy, in a red jacket and nankeens, with a pinafore all besmeared with lollipops.

Nor were her reforms confined to the burlesque part of the programme. Writing of the Olympic at this time, in his autobiography, Charles Mathews says:

There was introduced for the first time in England that reform in all theatrical matters which has since been adopted at every theatre in the kingdom. Drawing-rooms were fitted up like drawing-rooms, and fitted with care and taste. Two chairs no longer indicated that two persons were to be seated. A claret-coloured coat, salmon-coloured trousers with a broad black stripe, a sky-blue neckcloth with a large paste brooch, and a cut-steel eye-glass with a pink ribbon, no longer marked the light-comedy gentleman, and the public at once recognised and appreciated the changes.

Never for a moment did the fair manageress relax her vigilance; when not acting, she was always in her box watching the performance and detecting the slightest faults or shortcomings.

It was on December 7, 1835, that “young” Charles Mathews made his first appearance upon the public stage at the Olympic, in a piece called “The Humpbacked Lover.” Mathews, as most people know, had been educated for an architect; he had been a *protégé* of the Earl of Blessington’s, accompanying that nobleman and his famous countess to Italy for the purpose of pursuing his studies. From that time he moved in the most fashionable circles of society, and contracted habits and associations very unsuited to a struggling professional man. His father lost all his money by bad speculations, theatrical and otherwise, and at his death young Charles found that he must set to work in earnest to gain a livelihood; so he took an empty room in Furnival’s Inn, and had his name painted upon the panels with the addition of the word “Architect.” No one appeared desirous of testing the young man’s powers of construction, and his friends advised him to try for a district surveyorship. There was a vacancy in the district of Bow and Bethnal Green, and Mathews enlisted all the interest he could muster to obtain the post. To continue in his own words:

I was successful, and found myself staggering under the honour of being publicly recognised as Surveyor of Bow. Down I went on the top of an omnibus with the Building Act in my hand, to take possession of my kingdom. A charming mission it turned out, and for three years—on the top of the same omnibus, with the same Building Act in my hand, and which I never succeeded in understanding to the last—I journeyed to perform the pleasing duties that devolved upon me. The only touch of joy I had was on discovering that the locality rejoiced in the name of Cutthroat Lane, and in no other place could I make up my mind to fix my office. “District Surveyor of Cutthroat Lane” was something to have on one’s card, and gave a spice of romance to the affair. The emoluments arising from the appointment were startling, and about forty pounds per annum compensated me for my agreeable labours—that is, would have done, had I received it; but there was the difficulty. It consisted of fees, fees to be collected by myself in person, and a pretty time I had of it. At one house I knocked humbly, after considerable hesitation; the door was opened cautiously with the chain up, and a stout, suspicious-looking dame, in a pair of nankeen stays, asked me if I “came arter the taxes or summat?” “No, madam,” I answered deferentially, “I am the district surveyor from Cutthroat Lane, and——” “Oh, bother!” said the lady, “summons me if you like; I’m not going to be humbugged by you.” Another defaulter kept an oil-cloth warehouse in Whitechapel. I was some time before I could summon up courage to enter, as there were several customers assembled. However I ventured, and was met by an appeal that was irresistible. “What?” he said, “you, a gentleman, come to a poor man like me for such a paltry sum as that! You ought to be ashamed of yourself.” Then turning to the customers, “What do you think of this? Here’s a gentleman who——” I did not wait to hear the rest, but made my exit at once, thinking I was lucky to escape being tossed in a blanket.

This was not the kind of experience to suit the associate of D’Orsay, the pet of earls and countesses, and although he had hitherto

been averse to the stage as a profession, he now turned his thoughts in that direction. He had been a writer of light pieces and an amateur actor in the private theatres of his friends from his boyhood ; and, born as it were under the shadow of the green baize, it was no raw novice that, introduced by Liston, made his first bow to a London audience on that December night. The Olympic, however, was the only stage at that period upon which he could have achieved a success, for his style was new and entirely opposed to the stage traditions that still ruled the dramatic world, and were to rule it for many years to come. His light comedy was quite a different thing from that of the *outré*-dressed, swaggering, back-slapping, restless, loud-talking gentleman who had hitherto represented that line of business ; it was the most perfect blending of art and nature, or rather it was the most perfect example of natural art the English stage has ever known. Mathews did not, as superficial observers used to say, do and talk precisely as a man would in the privacy of his own drawing-room ; no landscape can be transferred to canvas exactly as it exists, but only as it appears through the medium of the painter's eye ; no character can be drawn, no story, however realistic, told without taking something from the novelist's imagination, and no actor can tread the stage without imparting a certain artificial colouring and polish to his creations, unless he would have his efforts condemned as crude and *unnatural*. However closely art and nature may approach each other, the moment they are confounded together each loses its distinctive charm. It was the very perfection of Charles Mathews's art that made it look so much like nature ; founded upon the best French school, his acting was quite equal to his models. We have nothing like it nowadays, nor indeed had he any rival who could approach that combination of perfect ease, nonchalance, polished manner, and brilliant vivacity that marked his performances until he was nearly seventy years of age. Whatever he did was apparently without effort, and effort is the great fault of our present style of acting : the effort to be natural, or funny, or impressive, or "great," appeals to the half-educated that weary and fatigue the cultured taste. Even in such extravagances as "*Patter versus Clatter*," and "*He Would be an Actor*," in which he assumed several different characters, we had the same delightful repose ; when he suddenly changed from the young officer to the chattering barber, or the man with a cold in his head, or from the Welsh gardener to the French lady, he never resorted to caricature to emphasise the change ; he was never haunted by the memory of the previous character and a fear that he might be falling back upon it. He had perfect confidence

in his own skill and fine judgment. How admirably was the latter displayed in the second act of "Used Up!" Sir Charles Coldstream approached as near to a ploughman as a gentleman could. I have seen other actors approach very much nearer, because in their coarse art they thought a violent contrast should be made between the first and second act.

But to return to our chronicle. When Liston retired from the stage, that admirable actor William Farren, one of the most perfect artists of the century, then in the perfection of his powers, took his place at the Olympic, in addition to the fine company already named. It will sound somewhat startling to present-day playgoers when it is stated that with such a magnificent array of talent the highest price of admission was four shillings; indeed, there were but two prices, as in 1836 Madame Vestris abolished the gallery, converting it into boxes; the pit being two shillings. General salaries were small in those days, though both Liston and Farren took very large ones, and the manageress and Charles Mathews must have put themselves down for a pretty considerable sum weekly. The wonder is how the theatre could possibly have paid at such a tariff. Imagine a *lever de rideau* acted by Farren, Charles Mathews, Keeley, James Vining, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Keeley, and Madame Vestris; such was the cast of a farce entitled "You cannot Marry your Grandmother." Third-rate actors nowadays refuse "to play the people in." In the July of 1838 Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris were married in Kensington Church, and directly afterwards started for America. Mathews's account of their trip goes very far to prove that there was not much exaggeration in Dickens's pictures of the Americans of that generation. Arriving at an hotel in New York, fatigued by their voyage, in the midst of some public ball, they naturally desired privacy, and because they objected to show themselves like prize oxen, it was voted that they had insulted the American citizens; a clique was formed against them, the prospects of their tour were ruined, and by Christmas they were once more in London. And not a day too soon, for the company had been playing to a heavy loss during the whole time they were absent.

It may be supposed that the little theatre now no longer satisfied the Mathews' ambition, as in 1839 they quitted the Olympic for Covent Garden. During the next ten years the fortunes of the Wych Street house were extremely chequered, and guided by many different hands; Butler, George Wilde, Kate Howard, George Bolton, Davidson, were among the managers who succeeded each other with a rapidity extremely significant. Among the famous actors and actresses whose

names appear in the bills of this period may be mentioned Mrs. Stirling, who made her first appearance at this theatre, with which she was afterwards so closely identified, in 1840. Walter Lacey's name appears in the bills of 1845, the Leigh Murrays in 1846, and on January 3, in that last-named year, Gustavus Brooke made his London *début* as Othello. There was much that resembled Edmund Kean's career in that of Brooke. Like his great predecessor he was reckless and dissipated, and rose in a single night from obscurity to fame, for although he was an actor of recognised abilities at Manchester, and had been engaged by Macready for Drury Lane in 1845, only a few months before he opened at the Olympic he had been playing in a theatre built under a railway arch in Kilmarnock, and was driven to such extremities that he had to take up his abode there. Brooke had a good stage-face and presence, a voice full and musical as a fine-toned organ, and great power ; though he was guilty at times of "tearing a passion to rags, to very tatters," there was a soul in his rant and a reality in his bursts of passion that hurried the spectator on and blinded him to his exaggeration. No such sensational *début* had been made since the night Edmund Kean played Shylock for the first time at Drury Lane ; "the pit rose" at him as it had at "the little man in the capes," and applause culminated in an enthusiastic demonstration. Yet never were the critics more divergent in their opinions, for while the *Times* pronounced him to be purely original, exquisite in his pathos and overwhelming in his rage, the *Examiner* considered him utterly conventional and a mere mouther. The public, however, took prodigiously to the new star, and Brooke might have held a permanent position upon the London stage but for that sin which has proved the destruction of many a greater artist than he ; it was the story of George Frederick Cook over again : a disappointed or an outraged public in town and country that soon grew disgusted with their favourite. There was a touch of heroism in his death: he went down in the wreck of the "London" while on his way to Australia, and he was last seen working manfully at the pumps. Perhaps there was nothing in his life became him like his leaving it.

Under the Davidson management every variety of the drama was tried : Shakespearian revivals, such as "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and old Elizabethan dramas, such as John Marston's "Malcontent ;" melodramas, comedies, travesties ; but, like all the other speculators, he had to retire with empty pockets. A little variety, however, was introduced into the termination of Mr. Davidson's management by the burning down of the old theatre, which happened in the March of 1849, at five o'clock in the evening. And

so, after many patchings, restorings, and re-decoratings and enlargings, the last remnants of Philip Astley's "Wheel de Parry" vanished into—phlogiston.

The first manager of the new theatre that rose from its ashes was a gentleman of the name of Neville Smith. But the spell of ill luck that was attached to the old house had not been exorcised by fire, and after a brief season he retired in favour of William Farren, who, having accumulated a large fortune, was bold enough to venture upon the hazardous property. At the start, with Mrs. Stirling, Compton, and Leigh Murray as his leading actors, he followed in the steps of Madame Vestris, with comedietta and burlesque, but, as soon afterwards Miss Helen Faucit and a tragedy company were engaged, it is evident that a return to the old traditions of the house was not successful. On the Easter Monday of 1853 Frederick Robson made his first appearance here in an old farce called "Catching an Heiress." Robson had been for years an actor at the Grecian Saloon, but for some months previous to his engagement at the Olympic had been acting in Dublin, where, we may mention, *en passant*, he was succeeded by Mr. J. L. Toole. He excited no attention until he played Shylock in Frank Talfourd's burlesque upon "The Merchant of Venice." The next morning the critic of the *Times* pronounced him to be the greatest actor that had been seen upon the London stage since Edmund Kean. But Farren had by this time grown weary of losing his money, and on the 22nd September took his farewell benefit and farewell of the Olympic stage, as Lord Ogleby in "The Clandestine Marriage." On the 17th of the following October the dramatic sceptre was taken up by Alfred Wigan. The opening bill was "The Camp at the Olympic" and "Plot and Passion," with Mrs. Stirling, Wigan, Emery, and Robson in the cast. We may note that the stalls were now raised to five shillings. Up to this time Robson, in spite of his success as Shylock, was so little thought of that, it is said, but for Mrs. Wigan, who could perceive something of the little man's potentialities, he would not have been re-engaged. Yet it was his genius alone that saved Wigan from going the way of his predecessors. A wonderful impersonation and a wonderful song in one of the trashiest farces ("The Wandering Minstrel") ever written, was his first success under the new régime. It was more than a success, it was a *furor*. Everybody was singing "Too roo lal, too roo lal, too ral li da." It was introduced upon the most extraordinary occasions, even by a counsel in his address to the jury. Jem Baggs was what Paul Pry had been to an earlier generation, and "Villikins and his Dinah" was the ballad *par excellence*, from the Belgravian

drawing-room to the St. Giles's beer-shop. This was followed by that wonderful series of burlesques, the greatest of which was "Medea," and those domestic dramas of which "Daddy Hardacre" and "The Porter's Knot" were the type, until the Olympic became what the Lyceum is now—the most fashionable theatre in London; night after night the string of coroneted carriages would reach almost the entire length of Drury Lane—and it must be remembered that dramatic entertainments were not fashionable in those days, the tide did not even begin to turn until several years afterwards. But, previous to the production of "Daddy Hardacre," on August 7, 1857, Alfred Wigan had retired from the management, which was now undertaken by Robson himself, in partnership with the late acting manager, Emden, and terminated only with the death of the former. Poor Robson! his career was as brief as it was brilliant, and its brilliance was dulled long before the end. Who that saw him when in the full possession of his powers can ever forget that strange-looking little man, with the small body and the big head, who played upon his audience as though they had been the keys of a piano, now convulsing them with laughter as he perpetrated some outrageous drollery, now hushing them into awe-struck silence with an electrical burst of passion or pathos, or holding them midway between terror and laughter as he performed some weirdly grotesque dance. The impression he made at such moments was that of a man overwrought by excitement to the verge of madness; the wild, gleaming eyes, the nervous twitchings of the marvellously plastic features, the utter *abandon* to the feeling of the moment, whether it were tragic or grotesque, the instantaneous transition from the tragedian to the clown, that was no stage trick but an inspiration, an irrepressible impulse, were all so creepy, so uncanny as to suggest incipient insanity. He was morbidly timid and nervous, he could never realise the great position he had attained, and was ever haunted by a fear that his fall would be as sudden as had been his rise; success had a delirious effect upon him, and to deaden the stage fright, which he could never overcome, he resorted to stimulants—with the usual result. He had been famous scarcely seven years when his powers began to fail, and his terror of facing the audience became so great that while waiting for his cue he would gnaw his arms until they bled, and cry out piteously, "I dare not go on, I dare not!" until the prompter had at times absolutely to thrust him before the footlights. His last original part was Dogbriar, in Watts Philips's drama, "Camilla's Husband," produced at the end of 1862; but by this time he was only the shadow of his former self. Melter Moss, in

"The Ticket-of-Leave Man," was written for him, but his faculties were so utterly gone that after a few rehearsals another actor had to be engaged for the part, and on February 12, 1864, before the run of that notable play came to an end, Frederick Robson had breathed his last. Emden carried on the management for a few months, and was then succeeded by Mr. Horace Wigan, under whom the Olympic continued to hold a high position among London theatres. The bright particular star of that period was Miss Kate Terry, whose style, though quite distinct, had much of that sympathetic charm which distinguishes her sister Ellen, and for the sake of comparison, might be said to have been a blending of her manner with that of Mrs. Kendal, her exquisite rendering of the characters of domestic drama resembling the latter, while she had a certain poetic grace which is recalled in her sister. Her early retirement was one of the greatest losses the stage has sustained for the last twenty years. But we must not forget Mr. Henry Neville, whose impassioned and romantic style at this period was especially adapted for the heroes of such plays as "The Serf," "Henry Dunbar," &c., that came to be known in theatrical parlance as the "Olympic drama," to distinguish that school of composition from the stronger and coarser "Adelphi" variety.

I have now brought my chronicle of the Wych Street Theatre so well within the memory of playgoers that it would be superfluous to pursue it further. From the retirement of the late Mr. Horace Wigan, it has known many rulers and many vicissitudes; successes have been few, failures many. Some years back Miss Ada Cavendish spent a large sum in redecorating it and rendering it, at that time, one of the handsomest dramatic temples in London, but the speculation was a bad one; then Mr. Henry Neville, trusting that he would reap the same success as a manager that he had already achieved as an actor on those boards, came into possession, but with a like result. Since his time the house has gone from bad to worse, and has now quite fallen out of the ranks of favourite places of amusement. With the exception of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, more money has probably been lost in the Olympic than in any other metropolitan theatre.

H. BARTON BAKER.

THE DEVIL'S CAULDRON.

AS a quondam traveller and one who has been among the first to visit some unexplored regions, I have often been both amused and disgusted at the methods adopted by my *confrères* in naming the principal spots upon our line of march, the positions of which are distinctive enough to find them a place on a map. Amused at the inventive genius and lively imagination displayed in some cases ; disgusted at the inordinate conceit and want of fitness apparent in others. The most common method is that which distinguished my superior officer Mr.—by courtesy Captain—Jones, who led a section of an exploring party, of which I was at one time a humble member.

Disregarding the appropriateness and the interest of the native names for these natural objects, which names have invariably a pregnant meaning, and are expressed in a singularly musical language—for most of the so-called savage languages are exceedingly musical and flexible—my fellow-explorer Jones would christen this station he had founded “Jonesville ;” that mountain he had climbed “Mount Jones,” that river he had surveyed “Jones River ;” and so on *ad infinitum*. To Jones this was infinitely more appropriate and even euphonious than the native nomenclature, which generally described in a harmonious concatenation of syllables the river, for example, as the “Foaming Charm,” the mountain as the “Mighty Shadow,” and the site of Jones’s station as the “Feeding-place of Many Buffaloes,” thus seizing upon the distinctive features of each, and investing them with a charm of wild poetry, that said much for their mental capacity. But Jones, I fear, possessed neither a poetical nor a lofty mind, and when he had played as many fanciful variations as possible upon his own cognomen, he treated in a similar manner the cognomina of his relatives and friends, until the family and acquaintance of Jones—the sisters, cousins, and aunts of Jones—had been invested with the honour of being the namesakes for every physical feature of that part of the country which Jones’s was the first foreign foot to tread. My readers have only to glance at any map of the recently-explored portion of a continent which has hitherto been distinguished by the

epithet of "Dark," to find corroborative instances of this deplorable habit, sufficient to acquit me of the charge of maliciously exaggerating this peculiarity of my old comrade Jones. Perhaps, as they will not be cognisant also of the picturesqueness of the discarded names given by the natives of the country to these places, they will not so readily lament and condemn, as I do, this inane and vulgar custom.

In certain instances, however, Jones varied his method. Thus when we met with anything particularly gloomy and terrible even he, awed perhaps by the sternness of Dame Nature, relaxed his method, and doubtless finding he had therefore reached the limit of his invention, he had recourse to the inevitable refuge of all lost or doubting souls, viz., the Evil One. By thus accounting for its appellation, this disquisition brings me to my subject, which is to relate the exciting episode that occurred by the fatal piece of water which my chief, Jones, had, under the last-mentioned inspiration, called the "Devil's Cauldron."

Several hundreds of miles from the mouth of a wide and rapid river which flows through the heart of a little-known tropical region, its right bank suddenly bulges out from the straight course maintained on either side, and forms an immense circular bay, round which tall and gloomy cliffs rise sheer from the water's edge. It is a sombre and fearful place at all times, situated in an uncivilised and almost deserted region. Within a ten miles' radius there are only two small native villages, the inhabitants of which keep up a fitful communication with the head-centre of their tribe, and being far removed from the immediate influence of their king, have become somewhat lawless and independent so far as is consistent with their safety. Past the opening I have described, the river rushes madly on its course, leaving behind it a rough back-water that foams and boils round the sides of the cauldron. On the brightest day this circular piece of water, surrounded by the black and frowning cliffs, is in deep shadow, always dark, mysterious, and dangerous. Woe to the ill-fated boat steered there by a nervous or unskilful hand! Woe also to the unlucky wight who is immersed in its waters! There is no escape from the treacherous under-currents and unseen whirlpools which are working beneath the deceitful placidity of its sombre surface. Such is the Devil's Cauldron. Could my imperfect description enable you to picture it accurately in your mind's eye you would give Jones the credit of having at last been truly inspired, despite the want of originality in his title.

After a heavy march, and warned by the swift approach of night, we had hurriedly pitched our camp upon the heights above the

Devil's Cauldron. Deep down below us yawned the precipitous chasm, and the eye scarce penetrating the darkness could just distinguish, in the fading light, the gleams of the water beneath, the surface of which was seemingly placid, save for the boiling foam which splashed and sparkled with phosphorescent glow round the sides of the encircling cliffs. Around us stretched, far as the eye could reach, a bare, treeless waste of open country, split up into rocky gorges and brown barren hills. From afar came the softened roar of a distant cataract reminding us of the surf breaking on the sea-shore. The night was fine but starless, and a light breeze had sprung up, causing us to scan the sky uneasily in suspicion of a tornado which, in our exposed position, would have been a fatality indeed. In the midst of the circular space formed by our tents, the camp-fire blazed and crackled cheerfully; the attendant black boys darted in and out of its circle of light preparing our evening meal, reflecting in their passage the gleams of firelight from their glistening bodies. On the right our escort sprawled in picturesque attitudes round their own fire. Here a Mahomedan absorbed in his prayers, there by his side a negro devouring voraciously a pannikin of rice, each oblivious of the other. On the left browsed our only pack-mule with a solitary goat tethered to a rocky boulder by its side. Lounging upon my camp-bed in a roomy and comfortable suit of pyjamas, I lazily watch the scene before me with that luxury of repose that the contemplation of busy scenes with one's own hands idly folded brings.

Our party was a small one, consisting of five white, and some fifty black, men. Among the whites, distinguished thus more by courtesy for his position than regard for his complexion, which was dark enough, was a half-caste Portuguese named Martinez. There are many specimens of his breed to be found in old Portuguese tropical colonies, resulting from the intermixture of European and native blood—a mode of grafting which would appear to carry some not inconsiderable amount of moral deterioration with it, for I have invariably found that these hybrids have imbibed all the vices of their white and black progenitors, at the expense of their virtues; the latter either did not exist at all, or were crowded out of the limited space allotted to them by the overwhelming preponderance of the former. I may be wrong in this surmise, but Martinez was a fair representative of his class, and he, at any rate, was a fine specimen of the genus rascal, being the pink and essence of scoundrelism. In appearance, he was about the middle size, stoutly built, yet wiry withal. A low forehead, in which were set two twinkling muddy eyes, with a keen and cunning look in them; thick protruding lips, and a small straight nose—the

only feature in his face with any pretension to regularity ; a copper-coloured complexion and a head of woolly hair complete the sum of his external characteristics. His knowledge of the country and the natives made him extremely useful to us, and we were forced, in consequence, to let him have a wider acquaintance with our plans than was, perhaps, wise.

His manner and actions presented a curious mixture of stolidity and shrewdness, and constantly belied his appearance. Despite his broad build, his movements were agile, lithe, and stealthy. Was it not Lord Beaconsfield who argued that the surest index to a man's character lay in his voice? If I might differ from so high an authority, I should suggest, rather, that a surer index might be found, not in a characteristic capable of so much inflection as to easily lend itself to control by the will, but in some personal conformation that no art or hypocrisy can conceal. My theory would incline, therefore, to the hands. Martinez's hands are a case in point ; it may be, so striking was their peculiarity, they are also the exception which would disprove my rule. They were broad, muscular hands, with long fingers out of all proportion to the rest of the hand, that had a habit of nervously twitching and interlocking with one another. The knotted veins stood up from the back of his hands like coarse, corded network, while the intervening skin was wrinkled and flabby. The fingers belonged to the flexible hand of a cunning artificer, the broad, muscular back to the hand of a soldier, the prominent venation to that of a navvy, and as such were a good index to the character of their owner. Despite his mental cunning and bodily strength, the man was at heart a coward ; an admirable tool in the hands of an unscrupulous master, whose fawning slave he would readily become ; he lacked the genius to rule for himself. Fertile in resource when his own personal safety was not concerned, and with all the capacity of a dangerous plotter, he had none of the personal courage that is able to sustain defeat or defy opposition. It is difficult to imagine a character at once so crafty and so craven. To his superiors, his speech and manner were unctuously insinuating, deprecating, and deferential. They partook much of the bully, however, towards his inferiors—for such he considered the blacks of our escort, though I doubt if the feeling was reciprocal, the pure negroes regarding the half-breed with more contempt and distrust than the white man ; and, in Martinez's case, had the protection and countenance of the white men been withdrawn, his life was not worth a moment's purchase. Such was the trusty henchman upon whom we relied as guide and counsellor.

Martinez's title to such a position was in this wise. Among peoples (like the natives of the country in which we were), who by character and circumstance are singularly prone to the darkest superstition, and whose daily life is controlled by Fetichism, which stands in the place of religion, there always exists some knave who rises superior to the influence of superstitious credulity, and yet is capable of using its power with infinite cunning towards his own aggrandizement. History, indeed, furnishes many similar instances in all ages, but amongst uncivilised peoples it is more strikingly the case, the fetich-men or medicine-men of each tribe being able to work in unlimited ways upon the fears of their fellows to their own advantage. The power such men wield over body and soul is enormous. No one knew this better than Martinez, and not a little of his influence with the chiefs of a powerful tribe, through whose territory we were then passing, was due to the control his superior knowledge enabled him to wield over their native wonder-workers. Free from the influences of a similar superstition himself, which his acquaintance with white men as well as the bias of his own mind enabled him to hold in contempt, he was capable of gauging the limits of the mental range of the natives, and becoming in his own person a chief of fetich-men. It was the influence which this position gave him that he was bound to exercise on our behalf.

Meanwhile the camp fire blazes and crackles beneath two steaming kettles over which our sable cook, naked to the waist, stands anxiously with uplifted spoon. My slave and body-servant Kibonzela (who, by the by, is my own property, and who was sold to me by his guardian for a bundle of coloured cloth, valued at seven and sixpence—a cheap bargain as far as human flesh goes in these regions) enters to summon me to dinner, and proceeds to fix thick goatskin slippers upon my feet so that I may avoid the attentions of that minute but most troublesome of pests, the chigoe (*pulex penetrans*), which abounds in this sandy soil.

We gather round the portable camp-table, and prepare to devour the savoury mess our attendant imps serve up to us. The meal over, pipes are lit, and jest and chat run round the board. Jones sings his only and incomparable song, "One more river to cross," as the signal for breaking up. When its somewhat "ropy" strains are over I return to my tent, and, diving under the mosquito curtains, prepare to finish my pipe before sleeping. Half an hour passes, and, with only a drowsy consciousness of a penetrating snore from the neighbouring tent, mingled with the tinkling of the sentry's bell, which he agitates to show us he is awake and on the alert, I fall asleep.

From such a life as this one acquires the habit of sleeping lightly as readily as the habit of sleeping at all times. A slight crash in my tent therefore easily wakes me. I peer through my mosquito curtains and clutch the revolver which lies handy at my side. There is no one in the tent, but I see on the ground my travelling-lamp, which has apparently fallen from its pedestal and caused the noise. Someone must have tripped over the tent-ropes and thrown it down. Listening intently I can hear no movement, so with that dislike to quit a cosy couch that is born of drowsiness I am ready to persuade myself that the mule has broken loose and has been stumbling over the guy-ropes. Readily yielding to this explanation I lie down again, and try to court Morpheus—but in vain. The atmosphere of the tent seems close and stifling, and I rise with the intention of soothing my disturbed faculties with a pipe. Noiselessly I slip from beneath the curtains, pull on my shoes and approach the tent-opening. It is very dark outside. A few smouldering logs amongst a heap of white ashes are all that remains of the camp-fire. Just beyond I catch sight of a dark shadow moving stealthily over the ground. I am about to challenge it, when I recognise the figure as Martinez. Now I settled long ago in my own mind, and I endeavoured to do in the reader's, that Martinez was a great scoundrel ; so I refrain, and watch him instead. He turns from the half circle of the camp and takes the footpath which leads to the nearest native town. Hastily strapping on my revolver, and snatching up a waterproof, for the breeze has fallen and the heaviness in the air portends the dreaded tornado, I step across to my trusty interpreter Abdullah, who knows the native thoroughly. I rouse him from his slumbers and bid him accompany me, signalling to him to keep silent. The sentry has, of course, fallen asleep. Black sentries always do. I wake him roughly, and bid him under fearful penalties keep awake till my return. Meanwhile Abdullah's hasty toilet, which consists in wrapping a simple cloth round his waist, is performed, and we prepare to dog the footsteps of Martinez.

Abdullah's bare feet make no sound on the stony footpath, an advantage he has over me, who stumble noisily along in the dark. But Martinez is well ahead, now striding forward fearlessly, without any suspicion of being tracked. He makes straight for the village. There is some ceremony on the *tapis* there, for I can hear the sound of tomtoms and the noise of shouting. Perhaps, after all, it means only a native dance, and Martinez, who is of bestial proclivities, has set out to hob-nob with the chief, drink his palm-wine, admire his wives, and otherwise indulge in the amenities of

savage life. I almost decide to turn back, thinking of the chaff I shall be greeted with at the camp if I discover a mare's nest. But Martinez is a scoundrel (I am sure of it, look at his hands!), and I decide to go on. The noises become louder and more distinct, and I can distinguish the dark shadows of the native huts, and of the wavy banana trees surrounding them.

Arrived at the village we take up a sheltered position and reconnoitre. There, in the circular place in the centre, are half the male and female inhabitants, frenzied with drink, indulging in one of the mad, bacchanalian dances characteristic of the people. A big wood-fire throws its red glow upon their naked bodies, bringing into relief the attitudinising and contortions which are the fashionable mode of terpsichorean evolutions in these parts, as they revolve in a circle, shouting and clapping their hands to the time of several tomtoms. Farther away, in our direction, sits the grizzled old chief of the village on his haunches, pipe in mouth, looking on with blinking eyes; one arm resting upon an enormous calabash of nauseous native liquor, of which he has apparently imbibed no small quantity. Martinez approaches him and they greet each other warmly—somewhat too warmly, as it seems to me. I signal to Abdullah to follow me, and we creep cautiously forward until we are within listening range of the chief and his visitor. We stand well in the shadow, for on the ground before me is a recumbent figure. I lean forward to examine it. Is it some individual who has succumbed to his potations? It lies very still and motionless. Faugh! A sickening sensation comes over me. It is the disembowelled body of a woman. I realise the whole business now. This ceremony is the conclusion of a brutal sacrifice, and there before me lies the victim with the seat of her crime, whatever it is, removed. Need I say more than that the corpse itself will furnish the material for another of these orgies on the morrow. I am glad, at last, I came, for in the condition in which these men are now they are capable of being urged to do anything.

But Martinez after applying his lips to the calabash is becoming confidential with the old chief at his side. Abdullah must creep forward in that noiseless, snake-like manner peculiar to him, and listen to the conversation. Meanwhile I watched them both with interest from my post. The chief looks dubious and shakes his head at Martinez's proposition. He summons another hoary-headed native to his side, and they consult together. Martinez grows eloquent. I catch the native phrase for "plenty, plenty cloth," falling from his lips. Cloth is the currency of the country, and Martinez knowing his man appeals to his cupidity to enable him to

agree with the proposal whatever it may be. Drink and Martinez's eloquence appear to have the effect of causing him to change his mind. He laughs and chuckles, takes another pull at the calabash, and rises with Martinez's help.

Abdullah returns to my side and clutching my sleeve—his great eyes dancing with excitement—draws me away. No less excited I follow him on the return path. In his broken English he unfolds, with much volubility, a charming plot. No less than a night attack upon our camp by the natives. The white men knew that night attacks were contrary to the habits of the people, however warlike, and were not to be feared. Therefore there is no suspicion. There is plenty of booty in the camp, and the odds are ten to one. This is Martinez's argument as unfolded to me by Abdullah on our march back to the camp.

As we stumble forward along the narrow footway, the oppressive stillness of the air is dispelled by the first rushing blast of wind that heralds a tornado, and without further warning it is upon us. Flash after flash of lurid lightning, crash after crash of thunder, making the earth tremble beneath our feet! The rain pours down in sheets, turning the mountain pathway into a rushing torrent, with water up to our ankles, and it requires no little steadiness on our part to be able to keep upright. Nature in her activities is always at extremes in these tropical regions.

Wet to the skin we reach the camp and rouse everybody. The attack, which would be more than serious had we been surprised, becomes a mere farce now that we are prepared for it. We arrange accordingly to set a trap for them by appearing to be still asleep. Cartridges are served out to the escort, upon whom the necessity of keeping still and awaiting the signal is impressed. This done I crouch in my tent-opening and await the climax. Sometime elapses before I can distinguish a mass of moving figures pressing forward quietly, Martinez at their head. Bother! (only the imprecation is a stronger one), that sentry has spoiled it all.

The impulsive sentry feeling himself safe, and that his activity will be rewarded, springs forward and fires. I am too late to stop him, and he drops at my feet with an assegai quivering in his body. His bullet has startled them, however, and a well-directed volley from the rest of us sends them scampering back pell-mell down the hill. Let them go; retribution awaits them in the morning. Not so Martinez. Never dreaming of suspicion, his eagerness had led him too far in advance. He sees his mistake too late, for I lose no time in collaring him. Perhaps my face expresses my intentions too

plainly, to which the revolver adds additional eloquence, for, wrenching himself free, he springs forward in the dark right on to the very brink of the chasm. He reels, and tries to recover himself too late. With a shriek he disappears into the Devil's Cauldron. Even as he falls the sky is rent by a vivid lightning flash which momentarily lights up the dark abyss. As it plays for an instant on the surface of the water I see his face—set in an unearthly and lurid halo—turn upward and vanish as the lightning vanishes from our gaze for ever.

CUTHBERT WITHERS.

LONGFELLOW AND HIS FRIENDS.

THERE are so many homes in England as well as in America in which the name of Longfellow is cherished as a dear and familiar one, that this faithful and graphic record of his life¹ can hardly fail to find a hearty welcome here among not a few of us to whom his poems are "familiar in our mouths as household words."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, in the State of Maine, on the 27th February, 1807. His maternal grandfather, General Peleg Wadsworth, had, after his marriage with Elizabeth Bartlett, removed thither from Duxbury in Massachusetts, whither their ancestors had emigrated from England; the Wadsworths, like the Longfellows, hailing from Yorkshire. Zilpah Wadsworth, the poet's mother, was the third of eleven children. From her son appears to have inherited the imaginative and romantic side of his nature. Fond of poetry and music, and in her youth of dancing and social gaiety, she was also a lover of nature in all its aspects. She would sit by a window during a thunderstorm, enjoying the excitement of its splendours. She had been beautiful in her youth, and retained through later years a sweet and expressive countenance, and her disposition, through all trials and sorrows, was always cheerful, with a gentle and tranquil fortitude. The poet's father, Stephen Longfellow, was a man much honoured in the community for his ability in his profession of the law, for his sound good sense in affairs, for his high integrity, his liberality and public spirit, and for his old-world courtesy of manners and cordial hospitality.

Here, at Portland, in a happy and tranquil home, passed Longfellow's childhood and early school years, save for vacation visits and journeys to grandfather Longfellow's or grandfather Wadsworth's house, of which pleasant enough glimpses are given us by his biographer. It was in his fourteenth year, and when he was still only a child, that his first verses appeared in print in the

¹ *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence.* Edited by Samuel Longfellow. In two volumes. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

poet's corner of the *Portland Gazette*, November 17, 1820. Not far from Hiram, in the neighbouring town of Fryeburg, lies one of those small lakes of which the State of Maine is full, their clear waters rimmed with a beach of pale sand. It is called Lovewell's (or Lovell's) Pond, and is the scene of an event famous in New-England history as "Lovewell's Fight" with the Indians. The story made a deep impression on the boy's imagination, and begot the following first-fruits of his maiden muse :

THE BATTLE OF LOVELL'S POND.

Cold, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast,
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast,
As it moans through the tall waving pines lone and drear,
Sighs a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.

The war-whoop is still, and the savage's yell
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell ;
The din of the battle, the tumult, is o'er,
And the war-clarion's-voice is now heard no more.

The warriors that fought for their country—and bled,
Have sunk to their rest ; the damp earth is their bed ;
No stone tells the place where their ashes repose,
Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,
And Victory's loud trump their death did proclaim ;
They are dead ; but they live in each Patriot's breast,
And their names are engraven on honour's bright crest.—HENRY.

We cannot agree with Longfellow's biographer that "there is very little, even of promise, in these verses ;" that "other boys of thirteen have written better ;" and that "their only interest lies in their being, as far as is known, the first printed verses of our poet." They are, it seems to us, at least as good as many of the verses in Byron's "Hours of Idleness," written much later on in his teens.

But the boy's first printed verses were to him, at least, of vast interest. He recalled, in after years, the trembling and misgiving of heart with which he ran down to Mr. Shirley's printing-office at the foot of Exchange Street, and cautiously slipped his manuscript into the letter-box. The evening before the publication of the paper he went again, and stood shivering in the November air, casting many a glance at the windows, as they trembled with the jar of the ink-balls and the press—afraid to venture in. No one but his sister had been let into his secret ; and she shared with him the excited expectation with which the appearance of the paper was looked for the next morning. With impatience they watched the unfolding of the damp sheet in their father's methodical hands, and the rising vapour as he

held it before the wood fire to dry. Slowly he read the paper, and said nothing—perhaps saw nothing—of the verses, and the children kept their secret. But when they could get the paper—the poem was there! Inexpressible was the boy's delight, and innumerable times he read and re-read his performance, each time with increasing satisfaction. In the evening he went to visit at the house of Judge Mellen, his father's friend, whose son Frederick was his own intimate. In the circle gathered about the fire the talk turned upon poetry. The Judge took up the morning's *Gazette*: "Did you see the piece in to-day's paper? Very stiff, remarkably stiff; moreover, it is all borrowed, every word of it." The boy's heart shrunk within him, and he would gladly have sunk through the floor. He got out of the house as soon as possible, without betraying himself. It was his first encounter with "the critic," from whom he was afterwards destined to hear much, not always complimentary.

This first mishap, however, did not discourage him. From time to time other pieces appeared in the *Gazette*, "not," his biographer thinks, "worth reprinting;" and there accordingly we must leave them buried, until some lucky enthusiast may chance to disinter them. Of one only a specimen, consisting of the first and last stanzas of the lines "To Ianthe," is vouchsafed to us. Mention is also made of some prose articles contributed to the *American Monthly Magazine*, edited in Philadelphia by Dr. James McHenry.

But it was during his College years at Bowdoin in 1824-25, in a Boston periodical entitled *The United States Literary Gazette*, that Longfellow made his first recognisable appearance as a poet. Of the seventeen poems contributed to this journal, five were afterwards included by the author in his first volume of original poetry, "Voices of the Night." Besides these verses, he contributed to the *Gazette* three articles in prose, with the title of "The Lay Monastery." They were essays after the manner of "The Sketch-Book," or "Salmagundi." Two or three poems inserted in them are apparently original, and one of these, "The Angler's Song," was reprinted with his name, together with other verse contributions, in a volume of "Miscellaneous Poems selected from the U. S. Literary Gazette," published at Boston in 1826. The entire series of verse contributions to the *Gazette* appeared in London in 1878, under the present writer's editorship, in a dainty little volume printed at the Chiswick press.¹

After graduation Longfellow travelled for three years (1826-

¹ *The Early Poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, now first collected.* Edited and prefaced by Richard Herne Shepherd. London: Pickering & Co., 1878.

1829) in France, Spain, Italy and Germany, in order to fit himself for the newly-founded Professorship of the Modern Languages at Bowdoin College, to which he was appointed and which was kept open for him until his return. His private letters written from these countries form a very interesting portion of this biography. At Venice he found that nearly every one knew and remembered Byron, whose death, in 1824, was then still recent ; and the whole city was still fragrant with memories of the immortal poet who had resided there. He came upon a communicative gondolier who had served Byron in that capacity, "and recited to me," writes Longfellow, "a sonnet he composed to his lordship. It is," he adds (as we can well believe) "very curious." The gondolier described Byron as "*un piccol' uomo, pallido, ma pien' di spirito e di talento.*" He also made a very brief visit to England, and sailing from Liverpool, reached New York 11th August, 1829, after an absence from America of three years and three months.

On the 1st of September the young poet was fully appointed to the Professorship of Modern Languages in Bowdoin College, at a salary of eight hundred, subsequently augmented to a thousand dollars. Very soon after the appointment Longfellow took up his residence in Brunswick. He was now twenty-two years old. He at once devoted himself zealously to his duties of teaching. Finding no French grammar which suited him, he translated and printed for the use of his pupils the grammar of L'Homond, which had the merit, a great one in his eyes, of containing all essentials in a small compass. In the same year he edited for his classes a collection of French *Proverbes Dramatiques*, and a small Spanish reader, *Novelas Españolas*, taken from the *Tareas de un Solitario* of Jorge W. Montgomery. Among the students the new professor became at once extremely popular. Nearer to them in age than their other professors ; less imbued with the old-fashioned ideas of the relation and its discipline ; full of fresh interest in his work ; with the glow of foreign travel upon him, and always cordial, courteous and sympathetic in his intercourse, he met them not merely as an instructor, but as a friend.

In April 1831, Longfellow began a series of prose contributions to the *North American Review*, then edited by Alexander Everett, which continued through several succeeding years. In the following September, in his twenty-fifth year, took place his first marriage, to Mary Storer Potter, second daughter of his father's friend and neighbour, Judge Barrett Potter. Her character and person are described as alike lovely. Under the shadow of dark hair, eyes of deep blue lighted a countenance singularly attractive with the expression of a

gentle and affectionate disposition. She is commemorated in the well-known lines in his "Footsteps of Angels," as—

the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me.

Only for four brief years and a half was this bright being to be his companion. After a lingering illness she was taken from him at Rotterdam, November 29, 1835, on his second Continental tour. For nearly eight years after this sad loss he remained a widower. But we are anticipating the order of events.

In one of his letters from Göttingen, in 1829, Longfellow had mentioned that he was writing some sketches of his travels. And when, in 1831, Mr. Joseph T. Buckingham established the *New England Magazine*, and applied to him for contributions, he sent for the opening number the first of a series called "The Schoolmaster." Five more of these papers followed, the sixth appearing in February 1833. They have nothing to do, as the title might imply, with education. They are scenes from his travels in France, and his walks in Paris, and end at the gate of Père-la-Chaise. They were the first sketches for his "Outre Mer," and they ceased when that work began to appear in instalments, in pamphlet form (1833-34). After the second number the publication stopped, to be resumed and completed in book form about a year or so later (1835). The charm and freshness of this first prose work of Longfellow were universally admitted, and it is still a favourite, and perhaps one of the most popular of his books with many, containing, as it does, glimpses of old-world Europe, and picturesque old associations of Continental travel that have long since become things of the past.

"Outre Mer," however, was not Longfellow's first book. Already in 1833 he had published at Boston his translation of the "Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique" ("translated from the Spanish, with an introductory essay, by Henry W. Longfellow, Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Bowdoin College. Boston: Alien & Ticknor, 1833,"), a thin volume of ninety pages, now a much-coveted bibliographical rarity, both in England and America. This little book won him golden opinions from the great Spanish scholar and literary historian Ticknor.

In the winter of 1834, after he had held the Bowdoin professorship for five years and a half, Longfellow was offered and accepted the appointment of Smith Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard University, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. He had

permission, previously to entering upon the duties of the office, to reside in Europe a year or eighteen months for the purpose of a more perfect attainment of German, Mr. Ticknor, of whom he was appointed the successor, retaining the office till his return. The Bowdoin professorship was accordingly resigned, and accompanied by his young wife, who, as we have seen, was never destined to return, he set sail from New York in April 1835, after arranging for the publication of "*Outre Mer*" in two volumes. This time he made a fairly long stay in London, making acquaintance among others with the Carlyles, who had recently settled at Chelsea.

The summer was spent in Sweden and Denmark, in study of the Scandinavian language and literature, the autumn in Rotterdam where his wife died, and the winter and spring following (1835-1836) in Heidelberg. At the latter place, curiously enough, Longfellow first made the acquaintance of his fellow countryman and brother-poet, William Cullen Bryant. He did not let his sorrow absorb him, or lead him into listless idleness. He applied himself diligently to books. With the opening of the new year he began a careful study of German literature from its origin, making full notes of his reading.

After spending the summer of 1836 in Switzerland, Longfellow returned to America, and in December of that year established himself in Cambridge, and entered upon the duties of his new professorship. Here he soon became a favourite, for his sunny presence, his amiable disposition, his native refinement, his cultivated tastes and the poetic cast of his mind. An interesting account is given of the historic abode, known as Craigie House, where he took up his quarters. When in 1842 young Charles Dickens came over from London, there was a bright little breakfast at which Felton's mirthfulness (Cornelius Conway Felton, "heartiest of Greek professors," Dickens afterwards called him) helped, and Andrews Norton's gravity did not in the least hinder, the exuberant liveliness of the author of *Pickwick*. On the eve of Longfellow's departure, with six months' leave of absence, on his third visit to Europe, Dickens, still at New York, sent him the following cordial note, by the hands of Felton :

" *February, 1842.*

"MY DEAR LONGFELLOW,—You are coming to England, you know. Now listen to me. When you return to London, I shall be there, please God ! Write me from the continent, and tell me when to expect you. We live quietly—not uncomfortably—and among people whom I am sure you would like to know, as much as they would like to know you. Have no home but mine ; see nothing in

town on your way towards Germany, and let me be your London host and cicerone. Is this a bargain?

"Always faithfully your friend,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

After spending the summer at Marienberg, and making at St. Goar acquaintance with Ferdinand Freiligrath, already distinguished among the younger German poets, Longfellow was travelling *viâ* Nürnberg and through the Rhine towards Belgium, *en route* for England, when the following reply reached him from Dickens in answer to a letter he had despatched regarding his proposed visit to the latter :

"Broadstairs, Kent, *September 28, 1842.*

"MY DEAR LONGFELLOW,—How stands it about your visit, do you say? Thus : your bed is waiting to be slept in ; the door is gaping hospitably to receive you. I am ready to spring to it with open arms at the first indication of a Longfellow knock or ring. And the door, the bed, I, and everybody else who is in the secret, have been expecting you for the last month.

"The states of mind that I have undergone—and all along of you—since I have been down here, a term of nine weeks ! The imaginings I have had of the possibility of your knocking at my door in London without notice and finding nobody there but an old woman ; the misgivings that have come across me of your being, successively, in every foreign steamer, that has passed these windows homeward bound, since the first of the month ; the hideous train of fancies from which your letter has relieved me—baffle description.

"I have decided—perhaps you know—to publish my American visit. By the time you come to me I hope I shall have finished writing it. I have spoken very honestly and fairly, and I know that those in America for whom I care will like me better for the book. A great many people will like me infinitely the worse, and make a devil of me straightway.

"Rogers is staying here, and begs me to commend him to you, and to say that he has made me pledge myself, on pain of non-forgiveness ever afterward, to carry you to see him without loss of time when you come.

"Faithfully your friend,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

The visit to Dickens was duly paid in October, and heartily enjoyed. After Longfellow's return to America, he received the following letter from his genial host :

"London, December 29, 1842.

"MY DEAR LONGFELLOW,—I was delighted to receive your assurance of your safe arrival among our hearty friends, and to think of your sitting down in your comfortable rooms, after all your cold watering (and what a quantity of water you had in that half-year, counting the two passages !), safe and sound again. I was but poorly received when I came home from Bristol that night in consequence of my inability to report that I had left you actually on board the 'Great Western,' and that I had seen the chimney smoking. But I have got over this gradually, and am again respected.

"After you left us, Charley invented and rehearsed with his sisters a dramatic scene in your honour, which is still occasionally enacted. It commences with expressive pantomime, and begins immediately after the ceremony of drinking healths. They look at each other very hard ; then Charley cries : 'Mr. Longfellow ! Hoo-ra-a-ah !' The whole concludes with a violent rapping of the table, and a hideous barking from the little dog, who wakes up for the purpose. They all send their loves to you, in which K. joins very earnestly.

"Ever, my dear Longfellow, faithfully your friend,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

The editor has done a great service in preserving and printing in their integrity these charming letters, from which want of space compels us reluctantly to omit some portions here.

Meantime Longfellow's fame as a writer was surely and widely establishing itself. The year 1839 was marked by the publication of *Hyperion*. It was published at New York by Samuel Colman, 8 Astor House, in two volumes of 213 and 226 pages, in board covers of a pale olive colour, printed at the University Press, Cambridge. The original edition is now a rarity. With its fair paper and open pages, it was a handsomer book than usually appeared from the American press at that time. But its contents were more novel than its appearance. In vigour of thought and depth of feeling, in richness and exuberance of style, it was an advance upon "Outre Mer." Into this romance the author put the glow, the fervour, the fever of his heart, and it has a perennial charm for those who read it in their youth and to whom it seemed the revelation of a new world.

Late in the autumn of the same year Longfellow gave to the public his first volume of original poems, *Voices of the Night* (Cambridge : John Owen, 1839), a 16mo. of 144 pages in light olive-coloured boards. A copy of this volume was sent as a gift to

Carlyle, and elicited from the Sage of Chelsea the following highly characteristic acknowledgment :

“Chelsea, London, December, 1840.

“MY DEAR SIR,—

“About two weeks ago arrived your letter. From you, since the morning when we parted at the end of Leigh Hunt's Row, some fitful reports and notices have reached me ; one in particular which, I remember, frightened us all—the rumour that you were in that fatal steamer where so many perished ! Happily, this was soon contradicted ; and about the same time there came an indistinct message that a copy of your Poems had been left for me at Fraser, the bookseller's. It now beckons to me from one of my shelves, asking always, When wilt thou have a cheerful vacant day ?

“Alas, my dear sir, what a wretched scrawl is this, with the worst of pens ; time, composure, and all elements of social intercourse entirely denied me ! It is a hideous, immeasurable treadmill, this smoky soul-confusing Babylon ; I address one prayer to the heavens that I were well out of it, before it take the life from me ! Happy you who sit in Cambridge, Old or New, with clear air around you, with liberty to commune with your own thoughts, not compulsion to commune with the infinite hubbub of Cockney thoughts and no thoughts, which—*mag der Teufel holen* ! But, patience ! We must have patience, and shuffle the cards.

“Adieu, dear Sir, and good be with you ever.

“Yours most truly,

“T. CARLYLE.”

This querulous, atrabiliar, and not very gracious epistle probably awoke only a smile in the more hopeful, cheery and eupeptic Longfellow, to whose nature such jeremiads were wholly foreign, and between whom and Carlyle there could never have been much mental sympathy, however much in later years the weight of a common sorrow and bereavement may have linked them. Longfellow indeed, writing in his Journal in 1850, describes the first of Carlyle's “Latter-Day Pamphlets” as “a pretty poor affair. He is ‘running emptings,’ as Jeremiah Mason used to say.”

In 1841 appeared a second volume of *Ballads and other Poems*. On the 13th July, 1843, Longfellow was a second time married, to Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton, the daughter of Mr. Nathan Appleton, a distinguished merchant of Boston. He had first seen her, then a maiden of nineteen, in Switzerland, six years before. She was now a woman of stately presence, of cultivated intellect, and deep though reserved feeling. She has been described by an

enthusiastic Hungarian visitor, Madame Pulszky, as "a lady of Junonian beauty."

They lived happily together for eighteen years, and she bore him children, two boys and three sweet little girls, Alice, Edith and Allegra, beautifully described in several of his letters and in one of his poems. The tragical occurrence which put a sudden end to her bright life, and which darkened and left desolate the poet's later years, took place on the 9th of July, 1861. Mrs. Longfellow was sitting in the library, with her little girls, engaged in sealing up some small packages of their curls which she had just cut off. From a match fallen upon the floor her light summer dress caught fire. The shock was too great, and she died the next morning. Three days later her burial took place at Mount Auburn, on the eighteenth anniversary of her marriage-day. Longfellow was not there, being confined to his chamber by the severe burns which he had himself received in his attempts to extinguish the flames.

These wounds healed with time. Time could only assuage, never heal, the deeper wounds that burned within. This terrible bereavement, made more terrible by the shock of the suddenness and the manner of it, well-nigh crushed him. But he bore his grief with courage and in silence. He felt the need of some continuous and tranquil occupation for his thoughts; and after some months he summoned the resolution to take up again the task of translating Dante, begun years before, and long laid aside. For a time he translated a canto each day. This work, with repeated revision and elaborate annotation, occupied him for some years. It was not finally and fully completed till 1866.

It is not our intention to follow Longfellow's literary career in detail, step by step. His great prose work on "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," with versified specimens in translation of nearly four hundred poets, appeared in 1845; the beautiful poem of "Evangeline" in 1847; and his second prose tale of "Kavanagh" in 1849. The Journals of these years give a copious description of his friendships and meetings with Emerson, Lowell, Ticknor, Sumner, Agassiz and many others, of his class occupations, visiting and reading. The lectures, it seems, were beginning to grow rather irksome. Under date 22nd April, 1850, he writes in his Journal: "The seventy lectures to which I am doomed next year hang over me like a dark curtain. Seventy lectures! who will have the patience to hear them?" Again on July 13th, 1853, he sighs: "A lovely morning; ah, would I had not all this college tackle hanging round me! *J'ai blanchi dans le harnais*;" and 16th, "A day of hard work.

Six hours in the lecture-room, like a schoolmaster ;" 19th, "To-day all given to college. My eyes begin to suffer. At the end of this term I must retire," and similar expressions of growing impatience abound.

But wearisome as the yoke had grown, it was not until 1855 that he resigned his professorship in favour of Lowell.

It was in the autumn of 1852 that Longfellow made the acquaintance of Thackeray, who had come over to America to lecture. They appear to have got on excellently well together and to have parted with mutual regard and esteem. At any rate, when about to start the *Cornhill Magazine*, Thackeray writes a friendly and cordial letter, endeavouring to enlist Longfellow as a contributor :

" 36 Onslow Square, London,

" November 16, 1859.

" MY DEAR MR. LONGFELLOW,—Has Hiawatha ever a spare shaft in his quiver which he can shoot across the Atlantic? How proud I should be if I could have a contribution or two from you for our *Cornhill Magazine*.

" I should like still better to be driving to Cambridge in the snow and expecting a supper there. Two or three months ago I actually thought such a scheme was about to come off. I intended to shut up my desk for a year—not write a line—and go on my travels. But the gods willed otherwise. I am pressed into the service of this Magazine, and engaged to write ever so much more for the next three years. Then, if I last so long, I shall be free of books and publishers, and hope to see friends to whose acquaintance I look back with—I can't tell you how much gratitude and kind feeling.

" I send my best regards to Tom Appleton, and beg him to back my petition to his brother-in-law.

" Always sincerely yours,

" W. M. THACKERAY."

Seven years after his wife's death and two years after the final completion of his medicinal task on Dante, Longfellow paid, in 1868, a fourth and last visit to Europe, extending on into the following year. During his stay in England honours and hospitalities crowded thick upon him : Cambridge conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws ; his countryman, Mr. Bierstadt, the landscape-painter, gave a great dinner at the Langham Hotel in his honour, at which, among other notabilities, Mr. Gladstone was present and made a speech ; he spent two days with Tennyson in the Isle of Wight, and a Sunday with Dickens at Gadshill ; and last, but not

least, the Queen sent a gracious intimation that she would be sorry to have Mr. Longfellow pass through England without her meeting him, and, a day being named for his visit to Windsor, her Majesty received him cordially and without ceremony in one of the galleries of the Castle. He also called, by request, upon the Prince of Wales. Leaving England, Longfellow and his party went by way of Dover to the Continent, going up the Rhine to Switzerland. There the summer was spent, and the autumn found the party in Paris. At the close of the autumn travel was resumed, and after a few weeks' stay in Florence they passed the winter at Rome, where Longfellow made an interesting acquaintance with the now venerable Abbé Liszt. In the spring they went northward and across Switzerland to Paris, and were again for a few days in England, Longfellow receiving the degree of D.C.L. at Oxford. The end of August saw him back safe at his old home at Craigie House, after a crowded eighteen months of travel.

His pen was by no means idle in these later years. The charming "Tales of a Wayside Inn," "The Masque of Pandora," "Aftermath," half a score of little volumes of verse, of which the last, published in the autumn of 1880, bore the significant title of "Ultima Thule," followed each other in rapid succession. The eighteen poems of the last-named volume have the sweetness of ripened grain, and breathe the atmosphere of tranquil harvest days. "Never," wrote his old friend Mr. Lowell, "was your hand firmer."

But the end was near. On Friday afternoon, March 24, 1882, within a month after his seventy-fifth birthday, he sank quietly in death, having been attacked a few days previously by peritonitis. The long, busy, blameless life was ended. The loneliness of separation was over. He was dead. But the world was better and happier for his having lived.

"We are to call no man happy until his death," said the old philosopher. From the cradle to the grave, the life of Longfellow may surely be accounted a fortunate one, if ever a life was fortunate. In his birth and parentage, in the environments of his childhood, in the sweetness, gentleness, purity, and healthfulness of his own disposition and character, in his early opportunities of wide culture not only from books, but from the pleasant stimulus of foreign travel, in the congenial occupation, sufficiently lucrative to render him independent, and to place him beyond the reach of want that came to him almost unsought long before he grew famous, in his troops of admiring and affectionate friends, in his early domestic happiness, in a tranquil, serene, and unruffled daily life, in all these he was blessed,

if ever man was blessed. In the honourable and honourably-won fame that widened year by year, in the acquaintance of the best and brightest, of the most gifted and beautiful, among his contemporaries, male and female, in both hemispheres, he enjoyed a rare and singular happiness. The two great sorrows of his life—the loss in early manhood of the fair young wife of his youth, and the loss in declining years, and under singularly tragical circumstances, of the accomplished and beautiful companion of his middle-age, who had more than replaced her—these, doubtless, were drawbacks from a happiness which would otherwise have been complete. *In medio fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid* ; and Longfellow was not destined to be exempt from the common lot. But he had many years of perfect happiness, if such there be, and he had an enduring satisfaction to the end, as in the utmost depths of his sharpest sorrow and anguish, in the proud and serene consciousness that there would never, as long as his fame should last, be any reproach or slur upon it, or anything bitter or base or unworthy rise up in the middle fountain of its sweetness and delight.

RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD.

THE MONKS OF ISLAM.

THE desert and the deep—the two great immensities of this nether earth—seem to exercise directly opposite influences on the mind. The desert has ever been the cradle of contemplation—the nurse of fanaticism : the ocean produces only a spirit of reckless revolt against the involuntary awe its vastness inspires. The difference in the aspect of these two terrestrial infinities may account for their divergent effects on men, since the immobility of the one may well promote concentration—the restlessness of the other instability of thought. For the ocean has moods of tigerish playfulness with which it dissembles its terrors—caprices of tenderness under which it masks its cruelty. But the desert, brooding unchangeably in burning barrenness, has no smile to disguise its desolation, and heaven's own sunshine, elsewhere the benediction of nature, is here its direst curse. The immutability of eternity itself is familiarised to the mind by the fixity of the waste, and thus the droughty bitterness of Marah was a fitting prelude to the thunder-terrors of Sinai. Hence, too, the illimitable wastes of Asia and Africa have ever been the first home of that spirit of introspective self-absorption which finds its expression in a life of contemplative austerity.

The ascetic idea—so foreign to the joyous temperament of Mohammed—was a parasitic intruder grafted from foreign sources on his creed. The incisive sentence, "No monks in Islam," sums up his personal feelings on the subject, which, definite as it was, failed to exclude the infiltration of an opposite current of ideas. Greek and Persian systems of philosophy had made their influence felt in Arabia before his time, and were there represented by the hostile schools termed respectively "walkers" and "contemplators." The names were submerged in the great religious revolution of Mohammed, but the distinction survived, and is perpetuated to this day.

Sufism, the transcendental sect of Islam, embodies ideas wholly at variance with its cardinal tenets, and represents the abiding effects of Persian speculation on the Arab mind. Its kinship to the spirit of Buddhist and Brahminical reverie shows that it had its more remote origin even farther east, and sprang from

that central home of the human family to which the genesis of its common stock of ideas may be more or less directly traced. Hence the incorporation of many distinctively Indian beliefs in the teaching of the various monastic Orders of Islam, which form in this respect so many distinct sects, held together by the strangely unifying force of the Mussulman creed. The movement from which these Orders sprang was almost contemporaneous with the birth of Mohammedanism itself, showing how early the stirring of divergent tendencies was felt within it.

The first Mussulman anchorite was Uwais-el-Korani, a native of Karu in Yemen, who in the year 37 of the Hejira was admonished in a dream by the angel Jebrail (Gabriel) to retire from the world and devote himself to a life of penance. In memory of the Prophet's loss of two of his front teeth at the battle of Ohad, the hermit had all his own extracted, and enjoined the same practice on his disciples. A number of devotees joined him in his pious seclusion, and among the successors of these solitaries arose the founders of the most celebrated Orders of Dervishes.¹ These now number thirty-six of primary rank, without reckoning their numerous minor ramifications. Twelve date their existence from before the foundation of the Ottoman Empire, while the twenty-four others originated between the beginning of the fourteenth and the middle of the fifteenth centuries. The regular Dervishes live in monasteries called *tekkiehs*, or *khana-kahs*, of which there are over two hundred in Constantinople alone. They contain each about forty inmates, and are endowed with lands called *uaquof* (settled), left by charitable bequests, and incapable of alienation.

Celibacy, poverty, and obedience are enjoined on the members, as on Christian monks, but the only actual vow taken seems to be one of submission and fidelity to the Sheikh or Superior. Most of the brothers are, in point of fact, married men, living with their families, but bound to pass a certain portion of their time in the *tekkieh*, sleeping there not less than two nights in the week. Their food, consisting of two or three *plats*, is served to them in their several cells, but they are allowed to assemble together in parties of three or four to partake of it. They spend much of their time in the streets, and their principal function is to enkindle the fanaticism of the faithful by preaching in the markets and crossways. Mendicancy is nominally prohibited—the Bektashi Dervishes, now suppressed, having been the only exception to this rule—but blackmail is generally levied on the pious under one pretext or another.

¹ *The Dervishes.* John Porter Brown. London, 1868.

The class termed fakir (plural foukara, poor men) are Dervishes who profess to live by and for religion alone, earning a pittance by chanting the dhikr, or prayer of invocation, on the birthdays of local saints, and other festive occasions. With this trade many, in Cairo and other cities, combine that of water-carriers. The ideal of the fakir is summed up in five pious exercises : Aslet-a'n-en-nas (renunciation of society), El-kheloua (retreat), Es-sahr (watching), Es-siam (abstinence), Ed-dhikr (continued prayer). El-arbain, a fast of forty days, is also enjoined on aspirants to sanctity.

The larger number of the Dervish sectaries are, however, affiliated only in the lowest degree, corresponding to the Third Order of the monastic confraternities of the West. They, like the Tertiaries of St. Francis, St. Dominic, and other Christian Orders, are not residents in the monasteries, and their observance of the rule is confined to the recitation of certain prayers in their own homes, and to the wearing of the cap, or other insignia of the Order, for a brief period of the day.

The whole economy of the Islamite Orders has a close parallelism to that of the Christian confraternities. To the Superior-General of the one corresponds the Khalifa of the other, generally a descendant of the founder. He is said to occupy his sedjada, or prayer-carpet, and most frequently resides in the place where the Order first came into existence. The Provincial General of Western communities is represented by the Sheikh, or Mokaddem, of the Dervish Orders, invested with territorial jurisdiction within a given district. A special seal is the symbol of his authority, and he has at his disposal a staff of executive agents, messengers, standard-bearers, and chaouich (beadles or bailiffs). The most important of these functionaries is the rakhoss,¹ or messenger, chosen for his powers of rapid travel, and charged with the most confidential missions, usually transmitted orally in the East.

The spiritual ideal of the Dervish Orders is the production of the state of trance, frenzy, or convulsion, during which the soul, in the suspension of its bodily consciousness, is supposed to anticipate its reunion with the Infinite. The individual annihilation of the Buddhist Nirwana, or beatific absorption into the First Principle of the universe, is achieved, in the Dervish Orders, by physical means for producing supersensuous exaltation. Hence the violent character of their devotional exercises, consisting of gyrations of increasing velocity, or frantic vociferations of epithets ascribed to the Deity, the merit of which is in proportion to the rapidity of utterance. Hashish and

¹ From *rakhess*, to run or bound.

khoshkhosh (poppy) are still more potent means for promoting stupefaction, and under their influence the novice may easily believe himself favoured with a foretaste of the joys of Mohammed's Elysium. There seems reason to believe that animal magnetism is also used by the Sheikhs to control the volition of their disciples, and, as the headship of the Order is generally hereditary, the secret and faculty of mesmeric influence may well be matter of family tradition.

Certain attitudes, such as sitting with the head compressed between the knees, are also resorted to to produce semi-insensibility, the greater pliability of limb enabling them to assume and maintain positions impossible to Europeans.

The novitiate, called, in Turkish, *Ikrar*, in Arabic, *Ahad* (covenant), is long and arduous, as the *murid*, or aspirant, has to undergo a term of menial service, extending in some Orders to 1,001 days. Termed in Turkish the *karrah kolak*, or jackal of the establishment, he is charged, during his term of apprenticeship, with the lowest offices of the kitchen, recalling the similar exercises of obedience and humility imposed on the neophyte in the monasteries of the West.

The rite of initiation, on the other hand, resembles that of Freemasonry in its principal feature, the exchange of a peculiar hand-grip, called *bai'at*, with the Sheikh, in which the opposing thumbs meet in an upright position. The guardianship of the door by two armed brethren recalls, too, the functions of the Tiler, who, in Masonic Lodges, keeps ward at the entrance with a drawn sword. The formula of initiation varies in the different Orders, but consists in all of certain prayers, and a pledge of obedience to the Sheikh. The adept now receives the insignia of the Order, the *hirka* (mantle), *tesbih* (rosary), divided into three sections of thirty-three beads each, for the recitation of the ninety-nine *ismi jelal* (beautiful names, or epithets, of the Divinity) ; the *taybend*, a woollen belt containing the *palenk*, or cabalistic stone of contentment ; the *mengusay*, earrings in the form of the horse-shoe of Ali, and the *taj*, a high semi-conical cap, recalling the Parsi headdress, and divided into segments varying in number according to the Order, their name of *terk* (abandonment) signifying that each represents the sacrifice of an evil inclination.

The word *Dervish* is Persian, and means in that language the sill of a door ; but the sense in which it is applied to a religious is far from clear, and suggests a doubt as to its etymology. The Orders are called *Tarikat* (paths) ; the lowest stage of affiliation without residence is *Sheri'at* (observance of law) ; the three higher, after the *murid* has been received, are *Tarikat* (paths), *Marifat* (knowledge), and *Hakikat* (truths).

These general points of constitution and economy the Dervish Orders possess in common ; but they differ in the details of their observances, and even in their religious doctrines. Thus, the Brahminical belief in the transmigration of souls is held by some ; others are suspected of inculcating Atheism as the final stage of enlightenment, and the general tendency of all would seem to be towards a semi-Pantheism resembling Buddhism.

The two Orders best known to Europeans, from the singularity of their devotional exercises, are the Dancing and Howling Dervishes. The former, properly styled *Mevleviyeh*, from their founder, *Mevlevahina*, *Djellah-ed-Din er-Roumi*, stands highest in wealth and consideration, generally numbering in its ranks the reigning Sultan and other members of the Imperial family. Their principal monastery is at *Konieh* in *Asia Minor*, where the Chapter General of the Order is usually attended by from 4,000 to 5,000 monks. The *tekke* of the *Mevleviyeh* Dervishes at *Pera* is the scene every Tuesday and Friday of those strange performances, familiar to English readers from the description of travellers, in which the devotees, pirouetting on the left heel with closed eyes and outstretched arms, circle round the hall in accelerating rotation, until they drop down stupefied from dizziness and exhaustion.

The *Rufaiyeh*, so called from their founder, *Ahmed-Said-Rufai-el-Khebir*, are popularly described as Howling Dervishes, from their vociferous invocations of the Deity in a delirious chorus, of which the word *Hou* (He) is the refrain. They are distinguished by black banners, and turbans of a very dark shade of green or blue. The adepts perform wonderful feats, swallowing red-hot coals, handling venomous serpents, and seeming to thrust iron spikes into their eyes and cheeks without visible injury.

The *Ahmedieh*, known by their red banners and turbans, deserve mention for the singular ceremony by which the moulid, or birthday, of their patron saint is celebrated in *Egypt*. An ass trained for the purpose enters the mosque, and advances to the tomb of the saint, while all who can approach it pluck out some of its hairs as a charm. A branch of this Order, called *Oulad Nouhh*, consists entirely of young men who wear turtoors, or high caps surmounted by top-knots of parti-coloured cloth, are fancifully decked with strings of beads, and carry wooden swords, and whips of twisted cords called *firckillah*.

But the most widely influential of the *Tarikat*, is that of the *Kadiriyyeh* Dervishes, owing to the fame of its founder, *Sidi Abd-ul-Kadir-el-Djilani*, the most popular of Mussulman saints. This holy man, born at *Djil*, near *Bagdad*, in 471 A.H. (1078–1079 A.D.), was a

centenarian, reckoning by Mohammedan lunar years, as he lived until 571 A.H. (1175-1176 A.D.). One among the many legends current about him may serve as a specimen of this branch of Mussulman hagiology.

While one day delivering a homily to his followers in Algiers, he was seen to pull off first one and then the other of his slippers, and fling them against the wall, through which they mysteriously vanished. At the same moment, a caravan being attacked by robbers on its way to Bagdad, a mental ejaculation addressed by one of the merchants to the saint was instantly answered by the flight of a slipper in the face of the robber-chief. Exasperated at the insult, which he attributed at first to his victims, he was preparing to retaliate on them, when a smart tap on the cheek from the second saintly missile compelled him to recognise the supernatural character of the double-barrelled visitation. He restored the plunder and liberated the captives, who reverently picked up the miraculous slippers and eventually returned them to their owner.¹

The tomb of El Djilani at Bagdad is one of the most venerated shrines of Islam, and pilgrims flock in crowds to the galaxy of sainted sepulchres gathered round it, to which the capital of Haroun-er-Rashid owes its designation of the City of Saints. But the fame of the Asiatic recluse is not confined to his native continent, and throughout Africa as well, his name is constantly on the lips of the devout. As he is in a special sense the patron of beggars, alms are constantly asked in some such formula as the following :

“ Who will relieve me for the love of my lord Abd-ul-Kadir-el-Djilani ? ”

“ Who will give me a dinner for the love of the Sultan of Saints, the patron of Bagdad ? ”

Dismay at the sight of a fall, or some such casual mischance, is expressed by the bystanders in the cry, “ Ya Sidi Abd-ul-Kadir ! ” and the long-drawn shout of “ Abd-ul-Kaa-adir,” with which the Soudan camel-drivers urge on their beasts, is an invocation of the favourite saint.

The Kadiriyyeh Order wear in their caps, as a distinctive badge, a rose, embroidered on felt of camel's hair. The origin of this emblem is referred to a miracle performed by the founder of the Order, who, being directed by Khizir (Elias) to proceed to Bagdad, was met at the gates by a messenger from the Sheikh bearing a glass brimful of water, as a hint that there was no place for an extra saint in a city already thronged with holy men. Abd-ul-Kadir's reply was miracu-

¹ *Les Saints de l'Islam.* Le Colonel C. Trumelet. Paris, 1881.

lously to produce a rose, the season being winter, and place it in the cup, thereby signifying that room would be found for him, even amid the throng. He was instantly acclaimed by all present with the cry, "The Sheikh is our Rose!" and conducted in triumph to the city.

A variety of mystical meanings are attached to this rose. Its four colours, yellow, white, red, and black, signify the four grades of initiation (the Law, the Way, Knowledge, and Truth), and its three concentric rows of leaves or points have interpretations corresponding to the number in each. The first, composed of five, indicates the five special virtues of the faithful; the second, of six, the six characteristics of faith; the third, of seven, the seven verses of the *fatiha*, or opening chapter of the Koran, termed the Holy Crown. The seven petals in the centre symbolise the seven names of Allah, while the sum of the eighteen points gives the number of worlds to which the Prophet brought mercy, as well as that of the letters (according to Arabic orthography with the vowels omitted) in *Bismillah-er-Rahim, er Rahman*—in the name of Allah, the Clement and the Merciful. The heart of the flower is occupied by the crossed triangles, forming the *Mohur-es-Suleiman* (Solomon's Seal), in other words, the cabalistic sign of the pentagram, or Wizard's Foot.

The banners and turbans of the *Kadiriyyeh* are white, and in Egypt, where nearly all the fishermen belong to it, nets of green, white, red, and yellow are borne on poles in its processions, as religious standards.

This sect has played a conspicuous part in the present revolt of the Soudan, and furnished, indeed, the principal machinery for its propagation. A Sheikh of the *Kadiriyyeh* Order, Mohammed Ahmed, appealed first to his brother Dervishes in the celebrated letter in which, in May, 1881, he proclaimed his pretensions; and to a body-guard of five hundred of these fighting fanatics, stripped to the waist, and standing round him with naked swords, he owed his defence from arrest by the first Egyptian detachment sent against him. Since then the warrior monks have formed the backbone of the insurrection, and the splendid fury of the Dervish onset has been to the Arab charge as the steel-tip to the lance.

The history of another of these confraternities is intimately connected with that of the most troubled times of the Ottoman Empire. The *Bektashi* Order, founded by Hadji Bektash, who lived in Asia Minor, in the reign of Amurath I., about 763 A.H., shared through its entire existence, in good report and evil report, the fame and fortunes of the turbulent Pretorians of Eastern Rome. When the celebrated Janissary troops, the first example of a standing army in

Europe, were constituted in 1360, as a body-guard for Amurath, the reigning Sultan, they were solemnly blessed by Sheikh Hadji Bektash, and named by him Yani Cheri, or new troops. The white felt cap worn by him was adopted as their headdress, and most of the Janissaries, who were originally recruited from Christian captives, were enrolled as members of the Bektashi Order. Its Sheikh was *ex-officio* colonel of the 99th Regiment, and eight Dervishes were always lodged in the barracks to offer up perpetual prayers for their fighting brethren.

Among the singularities of the Janissary army was its adoption of culinary names and emblems: thus, the chief officer was called "the distributor of soup," a captain was known as a "master cook," the colonel carried a large ladle as the symbol of his rank, and the standard of the regiments, called *ortas*, was a large pot (*kazan*), the breaking or reversal of which was the signal for revolt.

The splendid achievements of the Janissaries in the field were counterbalanced by the most lawless excesses at home. Sultan after sultan was deposed or assassinated by them, while the treatment of their fellow subjects may be inferred from their practice of setting fire to a quarter of the city as a means of obtaining audience of their sovereign, whose presence was required by official etiquette, with that of his Grand Vizier, on the scene of a conflagration.

Nor were the Bektashi Dervishes during the same period held in the odour of sanctity, as they were suspected of atheistical tenets and of being allied to the Freemasons; the latter, or some branch of them, known in Turkey as *Fermason*, being in exceedingly bad repute there, from their supposed infidel and socialistic tendencies. The Bektashis were, moreover, believed to be fomenters of the numerous factions—Reds, Whites, Masked, Intimates, Interpreters, and *Kashashin*—which convulsed Constantinople during this period. Their solidarity with the Janissaries gave them, undoubtedly, a potent leverage for political intrigue; hence, when the annihilation of the latter was decreed, their fate was shared by their monastic brethren.

The scheme of army reorganisation devised in 1826 by Mahmoud II., as a means of curtailing the privileges of his formidable soldiery, was at first accepted by them in ignorance of its true bearing. It was at a great review held on the 14th of June—a date to be thrice scored with crimson, even in the sanguinary annals of Stamboul—that the smouldering discontent in their ranks flamed out suddenly into open mutiny. They marched off the ground, burning and pillaging as they went, and assembling in the *Atmeidon*, with cauldrons reversed, in token of revolt, demanded the heads of the principal officials of the empire.

Then, for the first time in fifty years, the Sandjak Cherif, the Holy Standard of the Prophet, was removed from the Imperial treasury, unfurled by the Sheikh-ul-Islam, and borne in solemn procession through the streets. The people streamed in its wake in gathering thousands, until, as its venerable folds were shaken to the breeze high above the Mosque of Ahmed, the whole city rallied to the call as one man, thrilled by the sense of a dire emergency.

Hemmed in by the populace and the loyal soldiery, the mutineers were thrust back to the barracks, there to meet a terrible fate. The buildings being set fire to, 8,000 perished in the conflagration, while still larger numbers were slaughtered throughout the city. The streets literally ran blood, and, for days after, ships passing the blue Bosphorus had to force their way through a ghastly barrier of floating corpses. From 15,000 to 20,000 were estimated to have been slaughtered in the metropolis, and as the example was followed in the provinces, the annihilation of the Janissary army was the work of a few days. It consisted, at the date of its destruction, of four divisions, composed of 229 ortas, or regiments, of which 77 were in garrison in Constantinople. The Sultan was borne on the roll of the 61st orta, receiving pay as a soldier in his own army.

On June 17, 1826, the dissolution of the Janissary army and the suppression of the Bektashi Order of Dervishes were simultaneously decreed by Imperial edict. An offshoot of the latter, however, survived in the Kalendaris, a mendicant fraternity, founded by an Andalusian brother expelled from the parent Order.

While the Dervish Orders have hitherto furnished the aggressive machinery of the Mohammedan Church militant, it is remarkable that the most formidable Islamite combination of the present day has a more secular and purely political character. The Senoussite sect, founded in North Africa, about the middle of the present century, by an Arab of the Beni Senous tribe, from the neighbourhood of Tlemsen, in Algeria, is organised on the system of the secret societies of Europe, with uncompromising hostility to Christian civilisation as its main-spring of action. From its cradle in the Tripolitan Sahara it has extended its ramifications through all North Africa, from the Somali coast to the mouth of the Senegal. M. Henri Duveyrier,¹ the eminent explorer of the Sahara, estimates the number of the *khouan*, or brothers, at not less than a million and a half, while that figure may probably be doubled. "Each of these adepts," he says, "is not only *ipso facto* a missionary, but is ready, at the signal of his superior, to

¹ *Bulletine de la Société de Géographie.* 2me trimestre. 1884.

transform himself into a propagandist agent, a soldier, a bravo, or even a cowardly poisoner."

To the agency of the sect he ascribes many recent risings in Algeria, and numerous massacres of European travellers, such as that of Mdlle. Tinne's party in the Soudan in 1869, and of the Flatters Mission in the Algerian Sahara in 1881. The Sultans of Morocco and Wadai are believed to be more or less subservient to its decrees, whilst its influence is felt as a disturbing element in many cities of Egypt, notably in Tantah, and throughout the land of Yemen on the farther shore of the Red Sea. Mussulmans, tainted with Western ideas, are held by it in a like abhorrence with the odious Nazarene, and its watchword is that Turks and Christians, being on a level, must be annihilated by the same blow.

The founder of the society, dying in 1859, transmitted his authority to his son, Sidi Mohammed-ben-Ali-es-Senoussi, the present Sheikh, regarded throughout North Africa with a reverence almost eclipsing that felt for Mohammed himself. Like his Soudanese rival, he claims the title of Mahdi; hence a coalition of the two, despite the identity of their aims, was always, on personal grounds, improbable. There was, indeed, a certain effervescence of enthusiasm for Mohammed Ahmed among Senoussi's followers immediately on the fall of Khartoum, but it rapidly subsided with the subsequent wane in the fortunes of the Warrior Prophet of the Soudan.

The zaouiyat (colleges or convents) of the Senoussite Brotherhood, scattered through the oases of the Sahara, form so many centres of the propaganda of fanaticism. The headquarters of the sect is at Djerabub, in the Libyan Desert, not far from the oasis of Jupiter Ammon, and from this solitude, which he is stated never to have left, Senoussi directs the machinery of his vast organisation. Leading there a patriarchal life, surrounded by a numerous family, he is probably devoid of military ambition or capacity; and the sect, while under his leadership, is likely to maintain its present attitude of semi-quietude. But the volcanic elements are there, and it would require only the vivifying ardour of a fiery spirit to fuse them into the incandescence required to produce a great explosion. The sect in its present phase is an interesting study, as representing one of those multifarious developments of fanaticism, the power of producing which seems ever latent in the teaching of Islam.

SCIENCE NOTES.

KRAKATOA WAVES.

IN my notes of October and November, 1883, I contended that the great waves which accompany certain earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, and are so destructive along the coasts exposed to them, are not sea-waves but earth-waves. This view is confirmed by an unconscious *reductio ad absurdum* of the usually accepted water-wave theory in Mr. Verbeek's work on the eruption of Krakatoa. The velocity of water-wave motion varies with the depth of the water, and assuming that the whole of the water is affected (this assumption is not mine), mathematicians calculate the mean depth of the sea along the path of a wave. According to the rate at which the supposed sea-wave travelled from Krakatoa to South Georgia the *mean* depth of the sea extending between these places should be 6,340 metres, *i.e.* 20,802 feet (I quote from *Nature*, April 15, page 561). The distance is nearly equal to half the circumference of the earth; all soundings prove that there are hills and valleys under the sea resembling those above. What must be the maximum depth if the mean is 20,802 feet?

I have already noted the remarkable fact that this supposed sea-wave of 100 feet in height swept half-way round the earth without being felt by any vessel out at sea. It was felt badly enough on land, and on land only.

The great wave that made such havoc at the earthquake of Lisbon was evidently a land-wave. It was the rising and falling of the land, not of the sea, that buried the solid marble quay of Lisbon. As Lyell says, "The quay sank down with all the people on it, and not one of the dead bodies ever floated to the surface." In its place the water is now 100 fathoms deep.

"A great wave swept over the coast of Spain, and is said to have been sixty feet high at Cadiz. At Tangier it rose and fell eighteen times on the coast. At Funchal in Madeira it rose full fifteen feet perpendicular above high-water mark." "At Kinsale, in Ireland, a

body of water rushed into the harbour, whirled round several vessels, and poured into the market-place."

Regarded superficially this great rush and retreat of water at Lisbon, and these other risings and fallings on other coasts, appear like water-waves, and have been described accordingly, but a demonstration of this fallacy is supplied by the fact that "at Loch Lomond, in Scotland, for example, the water without the least apparent cause rose against its banks, and then subsided below its usual level. The greatest perpendicular height of this swell was two feet four inches." (All the above quotations are from Lyell.)

It is obvious that a sea-wave could not travel overland to reach an inland lake.

I might quote a multitude of other cases from the records of every earthquake to show that the viscous body of the earth may have actual billows like those of the sea. For example (still quoting from Lyell), "In the year 1692 the island of Jamaica was visited by a violent earthquake; the ground swelled and heaved like a rolling sea, and was traversed by numerous cracks, two or three hundred of which were often seen at a time, opening and closing rapidly again. Many people were swallowed up in these rents; some the earth caught by the middle, and squeezed to death." This was accompanied by what are called sea-waves breaking upon the shore. "A tract of land round the town, about a thousand acres in extent, sank down in less than one minute during the first shock, and the sea immediately rolled in. The *Swan* frigate, which was repairing in the wharf, was driven over the tops of many buildings, and then thrown upon one of the roofs, through which it broke."

Describing the Calabrian earthquakes Lyell says, "The surface of the country often heaved like the billows of a swelling sea, which produced a swimming in the head like sea sickness. It is particularly stated, in almost all the accounts, that, just before each shock, the clouds appeared motionless, and, although no explanation is offered of this phenomenon, it is obviously the same as that observed in a ship at sea when it pitches violently. The clouds are arrested in their career as often as the vessel rises in a direction contrary to their course; so that the Calabrians must have experienced precisely the same motion on the land." I have frequently watched this effect on the clouds at sea. As the course of the clouds and the drift of the waves are the same, the rolling of the ship is always in the right direction to produce this effect.

Since the above was written I have met with an account of "a curious phenomenon" witnessed at Stonehaven (*Nature*, June 3,

page 108). At intervals, just before and after high tide, without any apparent cause, the water along the coast rose and fell from 10 to 18 inches at a time, the subsidence leaving as much as 15 to 18 feet of the beach dry. The disturbance continued for three hours, commencing at about half-past four o'clock. "*There was no wind, and the sea was quite smooth*, but the water advanced and retired with a speed equal to the run of a large river during a spate." We are further told that "it is surmised that the phenomenon was due to some eruption or subsidence in the sea bottom."

To me it appears far more probable that an undulation of the coast itself was the cause, the rising of the land causing the recession of the sea and *vice versa*. A sea-wave, however caused, on advancing over a shallow sloping bottom with a fall of 10 to 18 inches in 15 to 18 feet, would break and form a "roller," and distinctly show itself as a "ground swell" such as are so common on all our Atlantic coasts; Cornwall, West of Ireland, &c.

Many other mysterious rushings of the sea on the coast may be similarly explained. They demand more careful study than they have received.

EDISON'S VICTORY IN THE LAW COURTS.

A TRIAL has lately taken place, and a judgment has been delivered which, if not reversed by appeal, will seriously affect the future of electric lighting in this country so far as incandescent lamps are concerned. Nobody but Messrs. Edison and Swan may now use the ordinary carbonaceous incandescent "*filament*." The use of such filaments is judged to be an infringement of the patent granted to Thomas Elva Edison, dated November 10, 1879, No. 4,576, the specification of which in its defining clause (page 3, line 10 of complete specification) states that "the invention consists in a light-giving body of carbon *wire or sheets*."

The device of obtaining the light by the incandescence of a strip or wire of carbon enclosed in a vacuum is more than forty years old; King's specification claiming these was dated A.D. 1845, and enrolled May 4, 1846. The inventor was a young American, Mr. Starr, who died while engaged in experiments for improving the then existing dynamo. I made the battery by which the light was worked, and assisted Mr. Starr in other work; one-eighth of the venture was assigned to me.

My object in now writing on this subject is to correct some considerable misapprehensions that still prevail among electrical experts concerning Starr's invention, and which came out distinctly during the recent trial, which I attended.

In the first place, it is generally assumed that this electric lamp of Starr's was a failure. This was by no means the case. It was eminently and brilliantly successful, far superior to any of the filament lights now in common use. Then why not carried out? will of course be asked. The reply to this is twofold. First, we saw plainly that the battery was too costly, too sloppy and troublesome, for practical commercial use, and accordingly Mr. Starr went to Birmingham to carry out his ideas for the improvement of the dynamo, then in its embryo condition as the magneto-electric battery of Woolrich, and in use by Messrs. Elkington for electro-plating. Secondly, the funds which were available for carrying the project forward were exhausted, and none concerned were adepts in the manufacture of joint-stock companies.

The idea that we could not obtain a sufficient vacuum is also a fallacy. We could, and we did, obtain quite as effectual a vacuum for the purpose as any that are now in practical use. We used a barometer tube blown out to an oblong bulb or receptacle at the top, into which a platinum wire was firmly and perfectly sealed; the carbon stick was attached to this by one end, and the other end to a descending wire. The whole tube and bulb were then filled with mercury, and being about 33 to 34 inches long, about four inches of the upper out-blown part was vacuous with the exception of a little mercury vapour which did no mischief. Mr. Starr had tried platinum wires and sheets, alloys of platinum and iridium, carbonized threads, carbonized cane, card, &c.—every form of carbon that he and the others concerned could suggest—and finally selected the carbon crust which lines gas retorts, and is so hard that the devices of the lapidary are required in cutting and grinding it. It is so refractory that it will bear an intensity of incandescence that would instantly shatter any of the filaments. I had in my possession for some years the last lamp made by Mr. Starr, and showed it in operation in the Town Hall, Birmingham, and at the Midland Institute several times.

My principal object in writing this is to recommend all who are interested in electric lighting, and prohibited from using the filaments, to take a step backwards and try Starr's carbon stick, the patent rights for which have now, of course, expired. They will find that if properly managed it will supply exactly what is required, viz. a steady reliable light, about equal in effect to the ordinary arc light,

not quite so brilliant, but what it lacks in brilliancy may be made up in magnitude or extent of radiating surface. The lamp I exhibited in Birmingham had a carbon stick about half an inch long and one-tenth of an inch in diameter.

As regards the "occluded gases" of which so much was said in the course of trial, and described as a recent discovery, I refer the reader who is interested in it to "Science in Short Chapters," page 81, in which the history of the discovery of these gases is described, with further particulars on the whole subject. They are easily removed from the Torricellian apparatus by simply re-filling and re-inverting the tube. The only defect in this form of apparatus is its clumsiness, a mechanical detail easily altered by using the Sprengel pump and glass bulbs.

THE ELECTRIC CONDUCTIVITY OF CARBON.

CARBON exists in three distinct forms, viz. the diamond, graphite, and charcoal. The diamond is the hardest of solids, graphite about the softest, and charcoal very variable. Graphite, when intensely heated in a powerful oxyhydrogen blow-pipe flame, burns partially, and a number of fused diamond-like globules are formed hard enough to scratch glass; some are black and affected by the magnet, others colourless, transparent, and non-magnetic. Anthracite, which is a natural coke formed by subterranean heating of coal, yields similar transparent diamond-like globules.

Graphite and charcoal are fairly good conductors of electricity; *the diamond and these diamond-like globules are bad conductors.* I mark this with special emphasis because the incandescence of the carbon wick of an incandescent lamp depends upon the resistance it offers by its low-conducting power.

In Edison's specification, quoted in the preceding note, he says, "Heretofore light by incandescence has been obtained from rods of carbon of one to four ohms resistance," and that "the leading wires have always been large so that their resistance shall be many times less than the burner." Further on he speaks of the necessity of "main conductors of enormous dimensions" for such lamps.

It is evident from this that Mr. Edison is ignorant of the peculiar properties of the rod of carbon used by Starr. He must suppose that it was composed of carbon in the low-resisting charcoal form, like that of his charred filaments.

This was not the case. Starr's carbon rod or stick was, as I have already said, diamond-like, nearly identical with that which Silliman

obtained by intensely heating anthracite. It is not formed by simply charring organic matter, but by a more complex process. In the gas retort the coal is first simply charred, and a coke which is a kind of charcoal is formed. But this is not all. There is also a sort of distillation or sublimation going on, the nature of which is not understood, but its results are evident enough in the crust condensed upon the sides of the retort, which, from its excessive hardness and other properties, I venture to assume is made up largely of the minute particles of the crystalline globules above named.

We thus have a form of carbon of far less conducting power than any of Edison's charcoals, and which therefore does the necessary work of resistance by its own inherent stubbornness. The filaments which Edison and all the other filamenters obtain are made to resist the passage of the electricity by being drawn out to such flimsy dimensions that they become too weak to carry it, and being so weak cannot stand a high degree of incandescence or the smallest mechanical strain. Starr's stick is both electrically and mechanically robust, and bears a degree of incandescence approaching to that of the carbon particles that are carried over in the arc light, and upon the incandescence of which the arc light depends.

The fact that in Starr's lamp the platinum conducting wire had about the same sectional area as the carbon rod, and that the current passed through this wire without heating it sufficiently to damage the sealing into the glass, while the rod of carbon presented such resistance as to become most intensely incandescent, proves the difference of conductivity of these different kinds of carbon, and refutes the whole theory upon which Edison builds the supposed superiority of his filaments, as well as the prevailing theories of all the other filamenters.

I therefore repeat my suggestion that electric lighting should step back to 1846 so far as the wick of the incandescent lamp is concerned. If this is done well results will be attained that will astonish our present-day electrical engineers, and liberate them completely from the restraining consequences of the recent judicial decision.

THE CANNIBALISM OF RATS.

IN *Nature* of April 1, page 513, is a letter from a very able observer of animal morals, Mr. George J. Romanes, who describes what he witnessed in the bloodthirsty attack of a large rat upon a smaller one, and the devouring of the carcass of the victim. This is followed by another letter, April 8, page 533, from Mr. W.

August Carter, who, speaking also from direct observation, says that the ferocity and voracity of rats are very great. "They devour one another at all times, and under all circumstances, whether living in a wild state or under the influence of domestication. I kept six rats at one time in confinement, and, although well fed, the largest specimen consumed all the rest. Again, shortly after the late Inventions Exhibition closed last year, the following incident came under my notice. As I was passing through the building I heard wild and piteous cries issuing from a spot close to where I stood. I immediately proceeded thither, and beheld six large rats feasting upon three of their congeners not much smaller than themselves, who were endeavouring to free themselves from the sharp teeth of their assailants."

These accounts further confirm the view I expressed concerning the cannibal habits of these amiable rodents, in a note of April, 1885.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

ENGLISH PREFIXES TO FOREIGN NAMES.

OUR language is nothing if not irregular and receptive. It takes words from all quarters and incorporates them into itself with a result which is in most cases beneficial. I have recently joined in the protest uttered by Mr. F. Harrison against those who would stultify and degrade it by mixing with written and spoken English every form of foreign orthography so far as regards proper names. I venture to append to this a second protest against the manner in which we speak of living foreigners. In this as in other matters the French are logical. If I visit Paris I am introduced by the Frenchman to his friends as "Monsieur Urban." A Swiss, a Spaniard, a Turk, a Russian, an Asiatic, a negro even, is similarly treated. Monsieur is the generic term of courteous address or description. With our assumed cosmopolitanism we try to be polyglot, and we give a man, when possible, the prefix common in his nation. It is "Monsieur A.," "Herr B.," "Signor C.," "Señor D." This is all very well so far as it goes; but all languages, even in their alphabets, are not known to us. In the case of a Dutchman a few may be able to say *Mynheer*. How about a Dane, however, a Pole, a Servian, a Russ, a Turk? With a ridiculous assumption of geographical knowledge, the residents on the banks of the Danube are probably classified as German. With the Russ, or the Turk, or the Greek, we are, however, absolutely at fault, and we probably fall back, not upon our own language, but upon the French. To us the foreigner who has no other handle is *Monsieur*. It would surely be more convenient, more expedient, easier, and less pedantic to call every stranger *Mr.*, as we call ourselves. I am not very sanguine that this plan will be adopted, but I am at least content to point out the absurdity of which we are guilty, leaving to time and some better advocate the task of reform.

BOARD SCHOOLS AND NATURAL HISTORY.

IN the education supplied in our Board Schools I wonder what position is assigned to natural history. How ignorant are London children of almost any facts whatever concerning this branch of

knowledge those only know who are thrown into close association with them. Country lads get, of course, a certain knowledge of the habits of wild creatures. They know where to look for the nests of the finches, and can tell the eggs of the wood-lark from those of the robin as easily as the voice of the thrush from that of the blackbird. Their familiarity with animal life, however, seldom extends beyond knowledge of the means of destruction most conveniently applicable. It is George Eliot, I think, who says of one of her characters, a boy, that he was fond of animals, that is, fond of throwing stones at them. The knowledge of the country man is much the same in kind with that of the boy, even if different in degree. When it is taken into account how many of the youths now in our Board Schools will some day be trusted with a gun and set to work as gamekeepers, some acquaintance with the animals with which they will hereafter be called upon to deal can scarcely be regarded as superfluous. They would then learn what birds and beasts are really destructive to crops or game, and a portion of the brutal slaughter at present going on of unoffending animals might be arrested. I do not know on what principles education in our Board Schools is conducted. I know, however, that different subjects should be chosen for the future agricultural labourer and the future artisan.

COMMENDATORY VERSE.

LOYAL and priceless homage has more often than is generally supposed been rendered to literary greatness by its rivals. Shakespeare received from Ben Jonson, who, preposterously enough, has been taxed with jealousy of his mighty contemporary, praise which will endure as long as the language in which it is written. The commendatory verses which the poets of the Tudor and Stuart times were in the habit of prefixing to their friends' books constitute an interesting study, and abound in suggestive matter. In one case, that of the great Duchess of Newcastle—Mad Meg of Newcastle, as she has irreverently been called—an entire folio volume is occupied with adulation of the most fulsome kind, in classical tongues and in the vernacular, from dignitaries legal, ecclesiastical, and collegiate. In the crowd of obscurities it is regrettable, though scarcely surprising, to meet with scholars and poets, and to read the names even of men such as Henry More the Platonist and Thomas Hobbes. Only less extensive are the verses prefixed to the comedies of William Cartwright, the divine and dramatist, occupying over a hundred pages, and signed by the names of the best-known poets of the day. Not

at all to be compared, however, are these testimonials with the friendly eulogies that were passed on each other's work by the greater poets of the previous generation. Delicacy and grace of expression reach in these their height, and the best of them may be compared with the happiest epitaphs of Ben Jonson.

MR. SWINBURNE ON VICTOR HUGO.

TURNING from commendatory verses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to Mr. Swinburne's recently published tribute to Victor Hugo,¹ it is evident that the art of eulogy has been reserved for Mr. Swinburne to discover. Nothing that has been said of any contemporary approaches what Mr. Swinburne has said of the great Frenchman, whom he accepted as master. To a penetration that works with the swiftness and certainty of instinct Mr. Swinburne adds a force and fire of language previously unequalled. His book stands accordingly alone in literature. Every line of Hugo's work has been studied, the secret of every conception has been mastered, and the whole is interpreted with a patient fidelity and care and an insight that have rarely been brought to the service of criticism or analysis. That the praise is excessive will be held by many; that the excess of light becomes painful to the eye may also be maintained. What criticism, and what eulogy, however, it is! Those even who fail to see in Hugo a figure so Titan-like as Mr. Swinburne depicts, or who would be glad of so much shadow as would add to effect, may read with admiration and astonishment the passages on the dramas and the poems—those especially upon *La Légende des Siècles*, which are unequalled in literature. Extravagant the language may be, but it is an extravagance by which the reader is carried away breathless, and of which no writer except Mr. Swinburne is capable.

DIFFICULTIES OF WRITING CORRECT ENGLISH.

RECENTLY, under the title of "Half-Hours with the Worst Authors," the *Pall Mall Gazette* held to the light some instances of carelessness from the writings of a brilliant journalist and essayist formerly on its own staff. Some comment was provoked by the attack. With that I have nothing to do. I wish to point out, however, that masculine, clear, concise, and correct writing is

¹ *A Study of Victor Hugo*. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Chatto & Windus.

rarely indeed to be encountered. I have before me, at the present moment, the first number of the *English Historical Review*, a new quarterly, edited by the Cambridge Dixie Professor, and containing contributions from men of highest position—heads of colleges, professors, and the like. I open at an essay by E. A. Freeman, D.C.L., on “The Tyrants of Britain, Gaul, and Spain.” I have so often spoken in praise of this brilliant writer, that he must excuse my making him the text of a sermon. In the very first page of this, which one would suppose he had written with the utmost care, he makes a distinct grammatical mistake. Here is a sentence concerning two writers. “Rarely indeed does either of them let slip a fact or a reference on any matter that comes within their several ranges.” Here the use of their instead of his, and several ranges instead of range is absolutely unpardonable. Of defects and inelegancies of style I could from this first page gather a sheaf. One sentence begins after a full stop with “and.” “We cannot call the good Tillemont’s narrative *a critical one*.” Here both “*a* and *one*” are superfluous and weakening in effect. Another sentence ends with a preposition. Another still commences “Gibbon, again, who *so* largely made use of Tillemont.” So largely! How largely? The use of the word is open to the same objection as the words “*a one*.” The same phrase “let slip a fact” occurs needlessly twice within five lines. In the same manner, “comes nearer to” and “comes much nearer to” are in two following lines. If it is objected that much of this is hypercriticism, I answer that it professes to be nothing else. A writer, however, who earnestly strives after a good style would hesitate about employing the most defensible of these phrases, and some are perhaps defensible. I only strive to point my moral that it is difficult to write correct English, and my assertion will be strengthened rather than disproved should any writer take the pains to point out that I make ten blunders in my own writing for every slip I point out in that of others.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1886.

"*RET.*"

CHAPTER I.

THE little chapel belonging to the Primitive Methodists (or Ranters, as they are called) at Erilmouth was crowded to overflowing one night in autumn, for a "revival" was going on amongst the fishing population, and many souls were there being convicted of sin and longing for assurance of salvation.

Excitable, emotional, changeable as the element they half lived on, these people were the very kind to take up this strange, poetic, exalted, and yet materialistic form of religion most readily. It appealed to their imaginations, and was at once romantic and comforting. It came so much more naturally to them to thrill with a passion of remorse over a sin or sins committed, than to make any sustained effort in the cause of morality and truth. The man who was speaking was one of themselves; a splendid-looking fellow of perhaps thirty, but looking older, with that big, fair, blue-eyed and brown-bearded comeliness so common on the north-east coast, and which tells doubtless of descent from Viking ancestors.

There was a rough poetry in his words that spoke of power to see and hold communion with Nature in all her varied moods. It is not at all uncommon to find this amongst men of his calling, but the gift of expression, which he undoubtedly had, is rarer. The faculties and intelligence of fishermen are quickened by the necessity they find of observation. A melancholy fatalism tinged the preacher's manner of thought, which all the pious fervour of faith evidently possessed by him seemed unable to banish. His metaphors appealed to his hearers with the force of the known and the tangible, because they were such as naturally suggested themselves to those who sought their daily bread on the waters; but now and then he struck a note that went deeper; and which, though it vibrated within

them, they could not understand. He described the life they, as "professing Christians," must lead, and the trials which would assail them. It was as a boat sailing merrily out of the harbour on a bright morning, with the sunshine dancing on every ripple—the sunshine of hope, which would die out as the boat kept on its course. Unheeding this, they must stick manfully to their work, looking above for strength. But the part upon which he dwelt was how when all appeared safe, and the water smooth around them, and the boat might be left to drift into port with the tide, a cloud would arise in the sky—a temptation—no bigger than a man's hand, perhaps, but which grew and grew, until the heavens were dark, and God was hidden, and there was nothing to hold to, and nothing to hope for unless He remembered them, and saved them from despair, and shipwreck, and death!

As the preacher drew this picture in a clear and vigorous way, his blue eyes gleamed with enthusiasm, and he looked like some inspired prophet of old, mighty to speak and to save. His voice was rich and sonorous, and the listeners felt spell-bound under his homely eloquence. Once or twice a sob broke out from the women, and the men groaned "Ay, ay," or "Amen," in assent, but suddenly a girl near the front buried her head in her hands, and burst out into wild, hysterical weeping.

"The forst fra' the devil's grip the neet," said one of the elders joyfully, rubbing his hands; then he turned to the young man who had just finished speaking, and motioned him to lead the stricken sinner forward to the "penitent form." "Yer words hev wakened the lass yonder, and the harvest is ready for the reapers! Speak to her, Brother Carr; a word in season will win souls to Christ!"

But, to his surprise, the preacher hesitated. He looked in the direction of the girl, made a step forward, and stopped, trembling in every limb.

"I cannot!" he muttered hoarsely.

"What? Put thee hand to the plough and torn back? Aw thowt 'better things o' thee, Brother Carr!"

Thus adjured, Brother Carr seemed by a great effort to overcome his reluctance, and hastily going to the girl, whose face was hidden, and who still kept sobbing in a wild manner, he laid his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Come, Ret! The Lord asks thee to give thyself to Him."

The girl made no answer, beyond petulantly shaking off the hand which sought to lead her. Brother Carr sighed, but did not move away. After a moment she spoke, but without lifting her head.

The voice was so low and broken, that David Carr had to stoop to catch the words ; but there was intense feeling in them, low as they were murmured.

"Let me be, David ! Go back te yer place. Ye're not the one to lead me to be good, and aw'm not sure aw want to be—there !"

With a sudden movement she dashed the tears from her eyes, and raising her head looked him straight in the face.

The bare, sordid chapel and the crowd of lookers-on receded in that instant of overwhelming emotion, and soul spoke to soul, as though the two were in a world alone. Only for an instant, and then Ret rose from her place, and walked with a quick step out of the chapel ; while Brother David Carr, with a face perfectly colourless and devoid of expression, went back to his place. During the remainder of the meeting he sat with his arms folded, silent and motionless, though the waves of tumult and excitement surged around him. When it was over, two of the elders, who lingered behind to put out the lights and close the chapel, discussed the various events of the evening, and showed some wonder about them.

"Aw thowt that lass o' Ste'enson's was comin' into th' fold the neet !" remarked the old man who had been so anxious about Ret's conversion, "but it's marvellous what a tight hold the devil keeps !"

"She's but a young thing," said the other kindly, "and a decent, quiet, hard-working lass too !"

"Mebbe ! Aw'll say nowt agen that, but it's only the Lord knows the heart !"

"Hoo silent Brother Carr was, efter he'd finished his address !"

"He feels his cross most ower heavy te bear at times, poor man ! But he's a poowerful speaker, and we may thank the Lord he's on oor side."

Meanwhile David Carr was walking towards his own cottage, which was at some little distance from the village. The road lay over the sandy bents close by the sea ; and he heard, without seeing, the waves thundering on the beach below, for the night was foggy and dark. On reaching the lowly cottage on the sand-bank, David paused and looked up to the sky.

"Not a star to be seen," he muttered ; "dark above and dark below ! God help me to bear it patiently and without rebellion !"

Nevertheless, as he laid his finger on the latch his soul sickened within him, and he longed for the battle to be over. There was no light, save from the last flickering embers of a neglected fire ; and he had to feel his way to the chimney-piece for matches. A strong odour of spirituous liquor diffused itself through the room, and

David, coming in from the fresh air, felt as though it choked him. He kicked the fire together with his foot, and it flared up with a final effort ; but he did not put on more coals. He stood leaning against the mantel-shelf, and looking down into the cavernous depths. The sound of a stertorous breathing was audible in the stillness, and as it fell on David's ears he shuddered.

Suddenly he straightened himself, and lighting a candle, glanced around at the room. It was dirty, slovenly, and disgusting ; more like the lair of some wild animal than a human abode. Pails, pans, and dishes were strewn about on the floor ; the cloth was hanging half off the table ; and a candle standing there had dropped to one side and gone out, after letting a stream of tallow meander far and wide.

Stepping over this wreckage, David went to the side of a bed which stood in one corner, and shading the light with his hand, looked down at the occupant.

A woman, with a face bloated and blotched almost out of all semblance to humanity, lay across this bed, in torn draggled garments and muddy boots, hopelessly, helplessly drunk. This was Brother David Carr's cross, and truly it was at times almost too heavy for him to bear. Twelve years ago, when he was a lad of eighteen, he had married her : a woman then almost past reformation, old in sin and deceit ; and by doing so had ruined his happiness for ever. He was now a steady, peace-loving, godly man in the prime of life, and he was tied to this wretched creature, fifteen years older than himself and looking twice that age ; who, if not in the same state she was now, was fighting, and swearing, and wallowing in every sort of vice too horrible to contemplate, and disgracing the honest name his family had kept clean for generations. He had borne with her, pleaded with her, prayed with her ; all in vain. His patience was well-nigh exhausted, but he could not bring himself to leave her to die, for this was what it would have meant. Even now the force of habit made him loosen the shawl she had managed to twist round her throat in such a way that it almost strangled her, pull off her boots, and raise her head upon the pillow ; though all the thanks he got for his care was a muttered curse. But there was no pity in his face, and what he did was done mechanically. Then he went back to the fire, and drawing up a chair settled himself for the night. Stooping to pick up some loose papers lying under the bars, to help rekindle the flames, he paused with them in his hand, and drew the candle closer. They were the fragments of the two books he most valued in his scanty stock—his Bible, and a dog's-eared copy of

"Shakespeare" he had picked up cheap at a bookstall one day, and which had opened a new world of fancy to him. He had angered his wife by refusing her money to spend in drink that night, before he went to the meeting, when already she was excited and reckless. This was her revenge.

He let the half-burnt pages fall into the fire with a groan of despair.

Hours passed, and still he sat there motionless, but not sleeping. He tried to think of his work, his prayers, the good he was endeavouring to help onward. But it was of no use. Ever his mind reverted to the same thing, and he lived over again the minute he had stood beside Ret, and her eyes meeting his own had sent a thrill of terror, bliss, and longing through his whole being.

CHAPTER II.

Two or three days passed, and he avoided the village and the meetings, much to the surprise of his brethren there, for he was zealous in good work generally; throwing the whole passion of a pent-up ardent nature into his religion. However, when it was known that Marget his wife was "mad with drink," there was nothing but sympathy felt, though no one could help him. It was why he had lately removed out of the village to the lonely cottage on the sand-hills, to be out of the reach of kindly, prying, curious eyes, and kindly, pitying, curious tongues. David Carr was as proud as was consistent with his Christian creed, and so long as he could manage to hide his shame and misery they were bearable.

About half a mile to the north of Erlmouth a weather-beaten, grey old church stands on a point, surrounded by a disused graveyard, which is being gradually washed away, as the cliffs sink in below it. Rank thistles and burdocks grow high, but not high enough to hide bones which have been washed bare of soil and bleached white by the salt spray of many a storm; and twists of tangled brown and purple sea-weed serve for wreaths of immortelles, lying, where the wind has thrown them in its fury, on the grass-grown mounds. The outline of a ship in shells shows where the entire crew of a vessel were buried, when the sea gave up her dead more readily than she usually does. It will not be long before she claims them again, however, for their resting place is the next marked inevitably to sink into the waves. Beyond the point stretches a long lonely reach of sands called Tres-

well Bay, sands seldom trodden by foot of man, but which are the haunt of innumerable gulls and sea-fowl.

Under this melancholy place of the dead, and just where the last landslip had dislodged several head-stones, David Carr was seated, watching a cruel-looking crimson sunset fade behind the barren sand-hills which fringed the shore. This was a favourite resort of his, suiting the deeply rooted melancholy that possessed him. But it was of no gloomy subject he thought then, but of Ret Ste'enson, the little lass who was given into his care when he was a great rough fisher boy of fourteen, and whom he had played with and amused during many a long summer's day, while her mother was hawking fish in the neighbouring town. She was so much younger than himself that he had never realised the fact that she was growing up, until it was forced upon him. She was no child now to be alternately teased, and petted, and fondled ; but a woman, with a woman's power to love and to suffer.

It gave him a quick pang to recognise this, and it gave him more—as quick a rush of guilty pleasure.

A figure came round the point, leaping from rock to rock with sure and agile feet. It was the very girl he was thinking about. He was in shadow, so she could not see him. She paused when she got to where the crimson light flamed strongest, and shading her eyes with her hand, looked towards the sunset.

What an exquisite creature she was as she stood there ! Like an embodied poem to the man who watched her—for he was quite enough of a poet himself to appreciate the refined style of beauty which was lost on most of her compeers. The richness of a sunset, and the freshness of a sunrise, were what he compared it to in his own mind.

Her figure was slight and immature, but giving promise in its curves and lines of a gracious womanhood. The small head on the slender throat was almost Greek in outline, and the red-brown hair curled and waved round it in a very statuesque sort of way, while the pure clearly-cut features bore out the likeness. But no coldly classic Greek ever had such wonderful eyes ; dark, melting, pleading, and yet with a touch of fire slumbering in their depths.

When she turned and came on towards David, she saw him and stopped irresolutely, a vivid colour flaming into her pale cheeks. The excitement of the revival meeting having passed by, she was ashamed of the feelings she had betrayed, though luckily she did not know all that her eyes had said to David. It would look worse to go back, she thought, look as though she were afraid of facing him ;

and so she came on and spoke to him quietly enough, though her voice trembled a little.

"Why do ye come here?" she asked after a while; "it's a dowly place te bide in when the sun gans doon!"

"There's many bides here quiet, Ret, that had a stormy life and a sore fight afore their suns went doon. Aw like te come here, and think there's rest sometime for us all."

The girl gave a quick sigh. His sad, weary patience touched her keenly, but it roused her antagonism also.

"If aw were a man aw'd think o' somethin' better nor deeth, David Carr!"

"There *is* nothing better—for me," he answered.

Ret looked at him and then on the ground, and tears stole down her cheeks. Her impulsive, passionate soul was stirred to its depths. It was with great trouble she kept from screaming. How could he take it so quietly? It must be because he was good!

But she, on her part, was so young, and emotion is not easily hidden at eighteen. Pity, anger, affection, and something else she did not understand, fought for mastery within her, and she could not keep calm. Far away with his own sad thoughts, David had forgotten her presence until a smothered sob brought him back.

Poor little Ret! How had he hurt her?

"What ails ye, ma bairn? Aw wadn't vex ye for the world."

His voice was tender and wondrous sympathetic; and as he put his arm round her shoulder, just to console her, as he might have done to a child, Ret clung to him, and sobbed as though her heart would break, her slight frame trembling against his arm. David's pulse beat quicker, and he forgot his wise resolutions. He drew the girl close to him, and stroked her hair, and soothed and petted her, as though she were indeed the little lass he had taken care of in years gone by. Suddenly she pushed his arm away.

"I canna bear it, David! There's whiles aw hate ye," she burst out petulantly. He began to say something in a low voice, then checked himself. Ret's penitence followed speedily on the heels of her childish anger. She lifted his hand—his great strong brown hand—and laid her cheek against it caressingly.

"Forgive me, David," she murmured; "aw canna tell what's come ower me; and that neet i' th' chapel too, aw'm fair shamed when aw think on't! Aw used to be happy and light-hearted—where is it all gone?"

At her pleading, tearful question, David lost his self-command. Gone at once were the lessons of control and calmness years of

misery and despair had taught him. The same truth that had come to him with the force of revelation at the chapel was before him now.

He stooped down and looked into the beautiful eyes which had proved so dangerous.

"Are ye happy when we're together, ma darlin'? Are ye happy noo?" he whispered.

Ret half turned away, but not before he read the answer in her face. He caught her in his embrace, and in another moment their lips met in a long, passionate kiss.

A trance, a dream enwrapped them, and their lives seemed completed.

David was the first to awaken. With a heavy groan he staggered a few paces away.

"God help me, what hev aw dune?" he cried, in a hoarse, broken voice. "Oh, Ret, ma darlin', aw hed no right to kiss ye!"

Ret did not answer. She had not heard the words. Her heart had been revealed to her, and, with a smile upon her lips, she was listening to what it was telling her. That fatal kiss had finished the transformation, and crowned her with womanhood.

"Oh, David," she murmured to herself, "and this was what it meant then? An' ye love me?"

"Ay, lass, aw love ye with all my heart, and soul, and strength, more's the pity!"

"Pity! Why? Oh! — David, David, aw'd forgotten —"

Pain and shame overwhelmed her at the remembrance, and sitting down, she covered her face with her apron, to hide it from him. But she could not keep silence long.

"Aw wish aw'd never been born. Aw wish aw'd never *known*, David!"

David sighed heavily, but this time he did not try to console her. Soon she rose. "Aw must gan home, David!"

"Yes."

She took a few steps, then turned, and held out her hands with a despairing cry. David took the poor little hands gently into his, and kept them there with a firm and steady clasp.

"Ret, dear Ret, try and not think badly of me!" he said with solemn emphasis; "it's most too much te bear, te let ye gan alone. There's only one thing in heaven or earth with power te part us, ma bonnie Ret!"

"Only one thing in heaven or earth!" the girl echoed vaguely. Her mind was confused and wandering. To avoid his steady gaze she looked away—anywhere—and saw what she took for a white

stone come rolling down the overhanging slope behind him. With a scream she pulled him aside.

"Mind that stone, David!"

It was stopped by a big boulder just in front, and David took it up.

"It's not a stone," he replied at once.

And Ret saw then that it was a skull.

CHAPTER III.

As the girl went back across the bents, slowly and sadly, she saw a woman coming towards her, and by the staggering, unsteady gait, guessed that it was Marget, David Carr's wife, the very last creature she would have chosen to meet.

There could not have been a greater contrast than these two presented. Ret, in her pretty fisher costume of blue flannel, with print bodice, and crimson neckerchief tucked into it, was the perfection of neatness and modest beauty; Marget, in much the same garb, was a dishevelled untidy drab, shapeless and ugly, with a tipsy leer on her wicked-looking face. Ret would fain have hurried past, but Marget stood right in the path and hindered her.

"Ye're in a hurry, ma beauty, the neet," she said, in a voice husky and tremulous, but full of malice; "ha' ye a sweetheart waitin' on ye, that ye canna find time te speak te a neebour?"

"Aw've nowt te say te ye, Marget Carr, so let me pass."

"Na, na, not till aw've dune wi' ye! Aw like te look at a bonnie lass, and think aw was once like that mysel." Here noticing Ret's look of indignant disgust, the creature drew herself together, and nodded her head. "Ay, ye may b'leive it or not, but aw was! Aw had gentlemen for *ma* lovers, not fisher lads, aw tell ye, Ret Ste'enson."

"How dare ye speak to me like that?" burst out Ret, hot with rage and loathing. The drunken wretch laughed loudly at her words.

"An' what are ye, aw'd like te knaw, te set yersel' up wi' airs? Nowt but awd Ste'enson's lass, efter all's said and dune! But aw knaw what it is, it's all that —— chapel goin' and psalm singin' that torns yer heeds, ye and ma man! Aw'll warrant yer sorry for him, and pray he may be rid of his wicked wife soon, and one o' ye lasses step into ma shoes—but aw'm none deed yet——"

So she raved on, but Ret managed to slip past, and fled homeward ; the horrible words ringing in her ears, and scattering the sweetness which the knowledge that she was loved had brought her, spite of everything. And yet David had to bear this always. Ah, it was hard ; hard, and cruel, and hopeless ! There did not seem one gleam of happiness for either of them henceforth.

She threw herself on her knees by the side of her bed, but no prayer would come. She *could* not pray that they might cease to love each other, and what else was there to pray for in this life ? Nothing at first, but as she knelt there another petition stole into her mind unconsciously. It was this, that nothing might happen to render that love less ideal, less pure ; that they should be saved from themselves, and from sin. It was a strange wish to come to one who really understood so little of the power of temptation as Ret did, and she did not give it words, but it was there all the same. She longed to be saved from a danger she did not in the least realise ; and after her voiceless petition she fell asleep, calm and quiet in soul, and with all the wild tumult and rebellion which had raged within her quelled as by magic. She was not religious in the narrow sense in which the word was used by the "professors" of her sect, but there was a simple childlike faith in the protecting goodness of God about her that went deeper than any teaching of dogmas. She asked Him to take care of her, and felt that she might rest in peace after that.

In the morning there was a dead calm on sea and land, which old Ste'enson, looking out from his cottage door, did not like the appearance of, and decided that he would not venture out fishing that day. There is always plenty to do on shore for a fisherman—nets to mend, sails to patch, and lines to bait ; so he did not much mind the loss of a day, especially as he had done fairly well during the salmon season.

Ret and half a dozen other girls set off about noon to bring bait from a village three miles to the north, the road to which lay across the dreary sands of Treswell Bay. This was part of the ordinary work of the fisher-women, as there were no mussel beds in their own neighbourhood. Two men joined the merry group before they had gone very far. One was Brother Andra' Taylor, the principal and oldest chapel member, the other was David Carr. Both these men, being without available woman-kind, were obliged to fetch their own bait.

David and Ret exchanged no greeting beyond the general one, but they were conscious of little else than each other's presence, as they walked along side by side.

The day was sultry and hot, without any sunshine, but instead clouds closing in upon the earth and pressing downwards, with a glare upon them of a coppery hue as though they reflected the flames of some hidden furnace. The sullen-looking water was dark and indefinite in colour, save where these clouds rested upon the horizon. There was a line of sombre red at this part, which gave a lurid and terrible aspect to the distant sea. As time went on the merry talk and laughter of the girls died away, and they trudged along wearily and in silence. It was heavy walking always, and now, with no breath of air stirring to cool and invigorate, it became very hard work.

They felt this still more when their creels were filled, and their faces set towards home. David cast many a pitying glance at Ret, but she never complained, as the others did, only her face seemed whiter than usual, he fancied, and her step a trifle heavier.

Still the clouds kept pressing down, and the heat grew unbearable. They were on the sandy bents now—for the tide was coming in fast—and the rough uneven ground, covered with short coarse grass, was worse than the sand for walking on.

Suddenly Ret turned her face upward, and one great, slow, heavy drop of rain fell upon her brow.

"It's comin' noo," she remarked to David; "aw wish we were nigher home."

David looked anxiously around. Yes, it was coming with a vengeance, and seemed one of the most threatening storms he had ever watched gathering force. The lightning leaped forth from those clouds of brass, jagged and forked, and lighted up the dark water with a splendid but fearful glory, and every moment it came nearer to the spot they stood on. Save a few drops at the first, there was no rain; but every moment the heavens seemed to open, and those Titanic arrows of fire descend, and one crash followed another, until the whole world rang with thunder and thunderous echoes.

Used as these fisher-folk were to storms, this one appalled them, and some of the girls threw down their creels and declared that they were too frightened to go another step. They were just about in the middle of the bay, with no shelter nearer than Erlmouth, and so they must stay, exposed to this terrible elemental strife, until it was over. They crept close under one of the sand-banks, and there remained huddled together for safety and for courage.

It was hard on David that, even at a time like this, care for Ret's good name should force him to hold aloof, and scarce venture to offer a word of reassurance to her. The longing was strong upon him to gather her up in his arms, and hold her there in defiance of

any power, human or divine, feeling that so alone should he keep her safe. But by a supreme effort of will he refrained.

"Are ye feared, Ret?" he whispered once, and the girl shook her head.

"If we hadna been together, David, aw would."

Simple as the words were, they made his heart ache; they were so full of a pathetic acknowledgment of how complete had been her self-surrender.

At this moment the voice of Brother Andra' Taylor rose, harsh and discordant as the cry of a sea-mew, during an interval of quiet.

"Let us kneel, and ask our Father to protect us fra' His storm and His wrath."

And there they knelt accordingly, those who were pious and those who were frivolous, because they all alike felt the need of some Mighty Power to lean on and to keep them safe.

There was a lull for a few minutes, and the old man prayed earnestly and with fervour; then, as though in response to his petition, came a more terrific succession of flashes and peals than any that had yet been. The little line of kneeling figures moved not, but their prayers were silenced on their lips. This was the last of the storm, however, and as suddenly as it had burst upon them it passed, though the rain now followed in the wake of the fire.

"Noo, lasses, we better not bide here longer," said Andra', rising hastily, as the steady downpour made him conscious of his rheumatism. One by one the girls gathered themselves together, and prepared for a start. All but Ret, who still retained her attitude of supplication.

"Why, Ret, woman, what ails ye? Ha' ye gone to sleep?" asked the girl nearest to her.

Ret did not move, or take the slightest notice of the call. The girl, rather vexed at her apparent indifference, laid an ungentle hand on her shoulder. To the horror of them all, this caused Ret's figure to sway slightly, then fall face downward upon the grass. With a cry of agonised fear, David sprang to her side and raised her. Too late! Save a small white mark upon the right temple, there was not a scar or a burn upon her sweet, beautiful body; and yet the element which is so full of death—or is it only life too intense for mere humanity to bear?—had sealed her its victim beyond all doubt. Neither faith, prayer, nor longing had sufficed to save her from the last fierce tongue of fire which darted forth as the storm rolled over.

And yet David Carr, as he gently and tenderly laid down the cold, dead form of the girl he loved, said in his heart, "It is well! Thank Thee, oh God, for saving her, though it be with fire."

SOME UNCONSCIOUS CONFESSIONS OF DE QUINCEY.

WE have De Quincey's own word for it that one of the characteristics of an opium-eater is that he never finishes anything. He is the slave of hopes that mock his efforts, but buoy him on to ever-new attempts. He lives in the ideal, the dream, the rapture of enjoyment ; and reaction succeeds so soon upon indulgence that purpose droops, powers fail, and the threads, taken up with feverish energy and hope, are dropped in helplessness and despair. When, some years ago, it was my duty to examine various collections of papers belonging to De Quincey, one might at first sight have supposed that they furnished full evidence of the truth of his own saying. MSS. that had been printed had been preserved alongside of introductions to new essays never further proceeded with ; scraps of letters of various kinds, begun, and left off in the middle, lay beside pages of printed matter margined with proposed emendations ; multitudes of notes on widely-contrasted subjects lay alongside of what seemed confessions such as a fastidious man would sketch out before finally entering up into a diary ; and all alike impressed one with constant industry, care, and laborious fastidiousness, to a great extent rendered unavailable and inept for want of a very little method. For it was clear that, in not a few cases, these pages were alternative expressions of what had been already written, and that in some cases De Quincey had actually written out some of his essays in two distinct shapes or forms, and had been sorely puzzled which of them to adopt. As he read a book he seldom failed to communicate to paper in some form—it may be in a hurried note or in a letter to a friend which was never sent—his leading impressions of it ; and this although, in some instances, he may have had no opening, or even cherished no wish, to communicate his ideas on the subject to the public. Being much struck with many of these papers, and convinced of the light which some of them threw upon his habits of life and work, I took the trouble to make extracts from a few of them ; and a selection of these I now venture to submit to

readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, with just enough of remark and commentary to connect them together. In doing this little bit of work, I have often been reminded of an essay, read now a greater number of years ago than I care to reckon up, on the question, What comes of those thoughts which are suggested while writing on any subject, and which, having, as it were, come and peeped over the horizon of the mind, fade and disappear again? Whatever may be said on that matter, it is clear that such *dissecta membra*, if unexpectedly seized in happy circumstances, will afford a fund of instruction and throw much fresh light on several points. These, then, are a few of the *dissecta membra* of De Quincey's mind, and they are given to the public as much for the side lights they cast upon him as for any value they may have absolutely in themselves. It is in this spirit that they are given, and in this spirit that they should be read.

We do not find that De Quincey has anywhere printed any deliberate opinion on the Brontë family—a circle presenting such remarkable contrasts of type, and such a remarkable mixture of strength and morbidity, that it is evident they must have proved a source of wonder, curiosity, and speculation to him as he read and listened to accounts of the impressions which their works and lives had produced upon others. And, by anyone acquainted with De Quincey's way of thinking and his points of view, his strange mixture of John Bull-ishness with romance and sentiment, some slight qualification of the general pæan of praise was to be expected. Here is the manner in which he descants on the memoir by Mrs. Gaskell in a letter to a friend, apparently never sent.

“Mrs. Gaskell, to say the least, though a clever writer in her own walk, is not a very safe biographer. Twice already she has been threatened with actions at law for libellous and defamatory statements. Now, sometimes such things escape in the hurry of composition, or through various mistakes; but, really, *hers* were malicious; though in the case of Mr. Carus Wilson, whom I have always had pleasure in believing a finished specimen of a certain religious party, she may have had some ground. Think of this man, when grimly lecturing the little trembling child C. B. upon her hesitating in beautiful sincerity of heart to win his favour by saying that she loved the Psalms—yelling out, ‘How? not love King David's Psalms! Why, I have a young son who prizes them beyond gingerbread nuts.’ And it appears that he was not without some excuse for making this pretence; since always on rejecting with disdain the gingerbread that sought to seduce him from his allegiance to the

Psalmist, he knew by repeated experience that he should receive a triple ration of the nuts ! In Charlotte Brontë's preternatural timidity, shyness, and shrinking from notice, surely there was a morbid basis of self-esteem, nourished almost to insanity by solitude. As to Emily Brontë, how unamiable does her reserve, carried actually up to her dying moments, appear ! And in the story of the bull-dog she is shown in a repulsive character—brute against brute. Little did she or her sisters know the extent of the risk which they ran in the savage boxing-contest with him, had he *really* possessed that demoniac obstinacy and pluck which many bull-dogs have, but—luckily for them—he had not. The brother Branwell, evidently with some traits of genius, is left too unexplained. And the Papa seems to me a strange embodiment of selfishness.”

On the publication of De Quincey's memoir there was a good deal of difference of opinion expressed about his interest in public matters. His biographer had endeavoured to show that he kept himself well posted up in all that was going on, and never failed to do justice to any special act of public heroism, keeping faithfully his great anniversaries, and so on. Various critics dissented from this and almost ridiculed it. But these papers attest a noticeable attempt to record his impressions of this kind. As a specimen, this excerpt, under date June 19, 1857, may be given here.

“I am looking with intense earnestness for the accounts of Master Yeh's licking, and for the everlasting dismantling of the Canton walls and gates. Not that the two events can go together : wicked, murdering Yeh being by all accounts posted some fifteen miles from the wicked murdering city. Sir John Ashburnham would have reached Hong Kong on the 15th of May. I hope he would recollect yesterday what day it was ; although many of the troops are only now embarking from England, and nearly all the gunboats not yet ready for starting.”

He was a true Conservative of a more liberal and philosophic type, and in ordinary circumstances would have stood faithfully by his party ; but it seems that certain objections to some statements in his articles on Toryism had been advanced ; and he thus justifies his position in a writing which has not been published.

“You complain that I have not deduced the history of the Tories as an acting party. But this, had you understood my way of treating the question, you could not have said. The *conduct* of the Tories—what they did, or why they did it—is perfectly irrelevant to my object ; not their conduct which (like that of all parties) often had no reference whatever to their party creed, but their *principles*—the doctrine upon

which their party cohesion arose—that was all that I did or could concern myself about, and that had never changed. What is it to me that Messrs. A and B have sometimes forgotten or misinterpreted their own principles? My object was not *personal*; it was no part of my object to show that such a man or such a set of men had not acted inconsistently. No, but to inquire what was the coherent theory of political relations professed originally by a known party bearing a known name, and represented from generation to generation by an apparent body of heirs. Suppose that this party (nothing more likely) should, upon interested motives, have acted at times inconsistently, in a way that could not be reconciled with their principles; suppose, secondly, that this party should even have, without directly retracting their own principles, falsely interpreted them or have falsely applied them in practice; or, finally, suppose a worse case than either of these, viz. that this party should have formally and deliberately retracted the original theory which distinguished them—what is all that to me? No more than to an expounder of pure Christianity it would be any duty to reconcile the early orthodoxy of those who justly styled themselves the Catholic or Universal Church in opposition to all modes of heresy [*αἵρεσις*] with that subsequent distortion under Papal interests which still claimed the title of Catholic after it had itself become the worst of heresies. His answer would be this: ‘Were it any duty of mine to deduce the personal succession of orthodoxy, I must lose my cause. But what care I for that? The men, the inheritors in every age from the primitive orthodox, gradually and insensibly swerved from the right line until the common sense of mankind could see their crookedness, and the earth rose in protestation against them. Man is warped, but truth is eternal. And thus it happened that the straight line was suddenly and violently resumed not by the direct lineal successors of those who had been the early depositaries of the truth, but by new men remote and unconnected, whose singleness of eye enabled them to see the great distortion which those interested in it could not see.’

“Not I have erred, but you; though the error is very common with shallow newspapers and hurried readers, who have failed to catch the imperturbable logic of my position. I defy man or devil to shake my theory, which is equally novel and impregnable. That error, that radical error, which I charge upon all former theorists whatsoever (not excepting Edmund Burke) is, that they supposed it a matter of necessity for one or other set of principles, Whig or Tory, to be erroneous, just as in the case of Trinitarian and anti-Trinitarian one *must* be false. Now, I maintain that Whig principles and Tory

principles are both and equally true ; that they are opposed only as thesis and antithesis in polar opposition, and reconciled at the equator in a perfect synthesis ; that they are opposed—not as logical opposites, but as algebraical opposites, where a motion = 5 deg. $\times -A$, and another motion = 5 deg. $- A$, do not contradict each other except in the sense of coexistences in the same moment of time and in the same identical subject—the one representing perhaps a motion eastwards, and the other an equal motion westwards, which are not only equally possible, but in the same subject.”

In the article from *Tait's Magazine* on “The Political Parties of Modern England” (written in reply to one who had sent to the editor some objections to statements in his paper titled “A Tory's Account of Toryism, Whiggism, and Radicalism,” as well as in the preface to the volume which contains the essay on Dr. Parr, it is true that De Quincey has there laid down the same principle as rendering necessary the two poles, as it were, of Whiggism and Toryism ; but the passage is hardly so effective as here and the illustrations are less felicitous.

Not improbably this passage was written to form part of the article on “The Political Parties of Modern England,” but was crushed out for want of space, or for some other reason (the editor of *Tait's Magazine* urgently desiring to stop the discussion). It would, at all events, very naturally come in at page 274, Vol. XV. of the “Collected Works,” where we find the point dismissed in a single sentence, thus : “Upon these arguments, and the spirit of these arguments, I pronounce my censor wrong in supposing it any part of my duty to have traced the *conduct* of the Whigs and Tories.”

Here and there we come on expressions, the most direct and honest, of personal experience—of sufferings, of regret, and lost hopes. They all bear the characteristic mint-mark, and, short as they are, themselves attest their authorship. These may be accepted as samples in this kind :

“It is a beautiful thought of Richter's that if Adam had, upon temptation from Eve, resisted it, God would have rewarded his faithfulness, not by exempting him from a punishment to which Eve would have been subject, but by forgiving Eve. The idea must have occurred to Milton, for he makes Adam say plaintively that if God should make another Eve, she could not replace to his heart the Eve who had shaken his felicity. Oh yes, that is true ! And if God could condescend to offer me the choice to forego this suffering and travel back to birth and take another life with no such trouble in its web, I would hesitate, and—decline the favour.”

“It is a maxim of mine that profaneness cannot co-exist with

serious and deep feeling, however misproportioned : upon which argument I do not tax with blasphemy, as many have done, those zealots in the cause of Charles I. who drew a parallel between his sufferings and the sufferings of Christ ; because, however extravagant that parallel might be, they who made it spoke in no spirit of levity, but in a spirit that was but too sincere and passionate, inasmuch as it reflected impressions derived from too close a contemplation of the object."

"*Mem. To enjoy is to obey.*—This would be the shortest expression (from Pope) for what I have circuitously laboured to communicate in that part of my article on 'Coleridge and Opium-Eating,' which respects Paley."

To the question of the relation of the author to his work, or the relation of the artist to his picture or statue, De Quincey often returns in these occasional notes. He looks at the matter from many points of view, tries to turn it round and see it in all lights ; and the following may be taken as summing up his speculations on the subject. *The* illustration from Milton's (quasi-dramatic) utterances respecting the "most musical, most melancholy" character of the nightingale's note is characteristic. On such a point as this De Quincey's observation enabled him to speak with some authority, for he was, if not a lover of nature after the more modern type, at least a lover of night-rambles, and even in his younger days would make long excursions on the Somersetshire hills, as later he did in Cumberland and in Scotland. This was a habit which he never abandoned, and his dislike of certain conveyances was very settled. Mr. James Payn—the last witness on this subject—brings it out anew in his recently published "Literary Recollections."

"One of the most perplexing of questions is the relation in which the personality of the artist or writer stands to his work, and the extent to which we may justifiably look on the one to throw light upon the other. Can the personality and character be in any way a key to what may have perplexed you or commanded your curiosity in the theme ? When a man is pointed out to you as the architect of a great cathedral or aqueduct, you naturally turn your head and gaze at him ; but this is not because there is any logical connection between such a countenance or such a figure on the one hand and such an architectural monument on the other—the two terms in the case can do nothing to explain each other ; they are not correlates, they are in no philosophic relation at all : they are simply in a momentary connection of casual juxtaposition ; the link between them is accidental, not essential ; is a case of mere fact, not at all of law. The general case, then, is that between a man and the work of art or

literature he has produced, the connection that exists is an inoperative fact, with no meaning as a law or principle of causation. But, on the other hand, there arise exceptional and well-marked cases where the particular character and idiosyncrasy of the writer enter largely into the kind of interest which invests the book. The nature of the man and the quality of the book are the two elements which co-operate as coefficients to the production of a particular interest as their joint result. For instance now, and as the very plainest instance which could be given, Charles Fox, and others before and since, have raised a question as to the true character of the nightingale's singing: is it cheerful, as some poets have fancied, or is it (according to the common opinion) essentially sad? Or, supposing the predominant character of the note to be plaintive, does that impression arise from the associated circumstances of night, of solitude, of woods in early summer? A mistake as to the quality of the note may readily be presumed and pardoned when a mistake has been made as to a broad question of fact. The nightingale (which in our island is not found north of the Trent) does certainly sing in the depths of night, and this has been naturally noticed, and from the fact of most other birds being at the time silent. But the nightingale sings also in the daytime. We have heard great orchestras of nightingales singing together in the woods of Somersetshire about 11 A.M. at the beginning of June. Confounded, however, with the songs of other birds, these easily escaped an undistinguishing ear. Or can it be said that the sadness is organically involved in the peculiar sound? Upon this many references have been made to Sophocles, to Chaucer, to various Italian poets, who had noticed the nightingale; and, finally, to Milton, who, having a musical ear, seemed to have settled the dispute by describing the bird expressly as 'most musical, most melancholy.' But then came Wordsworth and Coleridge, who contended that in nature nothing was melancholy—neither sight nor sound. Had Milton, therefore, who lived where nightingales abounded, been wrong in his epithets? No: Milton was not wrong, nor could he be, because in his own person he had given no opinion at all; but the opinion, though not Milton's, was wrong because one-sided. Milton is here speaking dramatically—that is, he is speaking in the person of another man, and this other man is pledged in fact to error—that is, to a partial and distorted estimate of natural things by a morbid temperament. He, by the very title of the poem, is *il penseroso*, the pensive man, or man whose meditations are confessedly under an original bias to gloom and sadness. In this man's mouth the epithet *melancholy* has a characteristic propriety: it has a dramatic fitness,

but no inference as to Milton's personal bias or feeling can be drawn from it."

Philosophy bears its own part in these notes and reflections. He takes up a term and analyses it, and shows how, in the hands of many writers, accredited with powers of close and luminous thinking, it has been used loosely, or with different meanings in different relationships. On one or two counts Archbishop Whately does not escape, nor does Mr. J. S. Mill, and his strictures on some terms of Kant are certainly acute if they do not always escape a possible criticism of over-subtlety. Sir William Hamilton is regarded as being as true to his own terminology as any modern metaphysical writer. The following may be accepted as a characteristic piece of definition :

"I do not by the use of the word *Transcendental* mean the modern idea of Immanuel Kant. That is a word more impatient of circumscription within the limits of a definition than many of Kant's disciples are aware ; and it is one of which Kant himself, howsoever his definition may be tolerated, never gave, nor *could* give, a decent exemplification. For, of all men since Bardolph, Kant was most plagued with the infirmity of mystifying what he desired to explain ; and as regards all his attempts at illustration, he should have borne for motto *Ignotum per ignotius*, or, sometimes, *Fumum ex fulgore*. Even geometry, in its sublimer altitudes, is sometimes called *transcendental*. That, however, would be but a rhetorical transfer ; it would not indicate any specific resemblance between the two processes of geometry and Christianity such as could illuminate the mode by which Christianity transmutes into life the dead generalities of Pagan ethics, even as Paracelsus out of the ashes of a rose reconstructed the glorious flower : it would simply indicate that, in some vague general way, and as respected the degree, not the kind, Christian ethics had risen above Pagan ethics, in the proportion that one range of geometry towers above another. But my meaning goes deeper. And again I turn to Kant. Though a man may not fully have mastered his important idea of *transcendental* (as opposed on the one hand to the empirical, and on the other to the transcendent), he can yet easily apprehend one element of the difference upon comparing Kant's transcendental categories with the more logical categories of Aristotle. The Aristotelean categories are mere forms and outlines ; the Kantian introduce a material basis into such volatile entities. That basis is *time*, considered as an original perception, not (which afterwards it may become) as an idea. For all the *discursive* acts of man's understanding piled one upon the other, though they should

reach to the summits of Ossa and Mount Pelion, will never reach far enough to obtain any glimpse of such an idea, unless antecedently there had been given (not found) a primary perception, a revelation, an *Anschauung*, an intuition of time as a synthesis, which originally is an *act* in us, and no mere idea. The difference, therefore, between the great Peripatetic and the great Transcendental philosopher is as between those *simulacra* of man which Æneas saw in Hades—pre-existing outlines of humanity, men that were to be but had not been—and those *umbra* which he saw in Elysium, or rather, as we may say, between the Virgilian *simulacra* and the ghosts of Christianity.”

The John-Bull element in De Quincey has been much dwelt on ; and it is indeed a surprise to find a man of his type so thoroughly inclined to find compensating advantages even in the climatic and other drawbacks of his own country. Here is a portion of an exposition with “Foreigners or foreigneering Englishmen,” in which, under cover of a light bantering-humour, he sends forth some light critical skirmishers who may do some real work even now. The foggy London climate and its inevitable accompaniments have not, that we are aware of, found hitherto such an apologist, who claims for them appreciable and memorable effects in literature and poesy, and even in painting—though Turner does not happen to be named.

“I do not complain of your denouncing our London smoke as being *coal-smoke* : it irritates everybody—even those who have coals to sell. Moreover, it is an evil not perhaps beyond the remedies of art combining with police. And, as to our fogs, they are far from being peculiar to London. But speaking generally of our murky atmosphere, without inquiring too narrowly into its several elements, I am much disposed to think that it has contributed to sustain our insular grandeur of imagination. Nobody will pretend to show us in any Continental creation the least approach towards the colossal sublimities of the “Paradise Lost.” *The Prometheus Desmotes* of Æschylus is the sole poem that by its conception (but not very often by its execution) might challenge a place in the same chamber of grandeurs ; for as to Dante, it is not awe and shadowy terror which preside in *his* poetry, but carnal horror. Like all those who treat a dreadful theme, he was tempted by the serpent to eat from the tree of fleshly horror ; he did eat ; and in that hour his poetry became tainted with the principle of death. Even for the present, with national jealousy working through six centuries on its behalf, *live* it does not. It does not abide in the heart of man, nor domineer by mighty shadows over the brains of men. This, with submission, Gentlemen Foreigners and Foreigneering Englishmen, rascals too

often and philo-rascals, is no trifle ; not even in a history so high as that of our Cosmos, and its Cosmical relations. Since the deluge one illustrious land has produced cherries ; another proudly points to anchovies ; a third to hair-powder ; and all the while England, poor thing ! has nothing to show but such baubles as 'King Lear' and 'Paradise Lost,' a Francis Bacon, and an Isaac Newton. However, we must make the most of these trivial productions, and endeavour to sustain the ineffable contempt of these foreigners and foreigneers who describe us as being not only the most abject of peoples, but also as the only one that is beyond all benefit of hope. I, for my part, still clinging to our 'Paradise Lost,' and, while looking round for the conditions of its possibility—why it is that we have, but that other nations have *not*, such a Titan monument of intellectual grandeur—I find part of those conditions in our turbid atmosphere. Oftentimes, when traversing the streets of London, and witnessing those frequent combinations of distance and gloom, which show and startle only to hide, which open and reveal only to shut up again in secrecy for ever, I fancy that in this I find a key, for instance, to the mighty adumbration of Death : 'What *seemed* his head, The likeness of a kingly crown had on.' If, therefore, the London atmosphere sustains the mood through which people sympathise with the shadowy grandeurs of the 'Paradise Lost,' I, for one, am content to tolerate the nuisance. Another case of fancied improvement tending to the same mirous result I observe in the modern exaltations of lamplight. Lord Bacon justly appreciated the vast advantages of lamplight over daylight for the dreamy pomps and pageantries of life. But lamplight that too literally emulates daylight is hurrying forward to forfeit these advantages. *Pol, me occidistis, amici !*"

And, under a sufficiently playful guise, it would seem that Mr. Grant Allen indicates to us the same opinion about London fogs and lamplight when, in his latest novel, he makes Cipriani, the artist, declare in justification of his desire to paint Maimie Llewellyn for Beatrice Cenci in London, on the ground that : "For Italy, nothing in England is equal to fog and gaslight. Your pretty Arcadian must come up to London and be painted in a drear-nighted December by London gaslight, to give the full effect, you know, of Italian sunshine."

This same idea seems to have occurred to that remarkable genius Amiel, so suggestive, far-sighted, and full of romantic and religious sentiment. He writes to the same purpose as De Quincey, though in a different vein, more grave and moralising :

"Fog has certainly a poetry of its own—a grace, a dreamy charm.

It does for the daylight what a lamp does for us at night ; it turns the mind towards meditation ; it throws the soul back on itself. The sun, as it were, sheds us abroad in nature, scatters and disposes us ; mist draws us together and concentrates—it is cordial, homely, charged with feeling. The poetry of the sun has something of the epic in it ; that of fog and mist is elegiac and religious. Pantheism is the child of light ; mist engenders faith in near protectors. When the great world is shut off from us, the house itself becomes a small universe. Shrouded in perpetual mist, men love each other better ; for the only reality then is the family, and, within the family, the heart ; and the greatest thoughts come from the heart—so says the moralist."

The late lamented "Matthew Browne," whose acuteness and subtlety were only equalled by his clearness and precision of language, would have dwelt with quiet satisfaction on one passage in the above quotation, as expressing well one phase of a conviction that was long and earnestly entertained by him. He held that Dante had no real claim to the lofty place accorded to him amongst poets. Dante, urged Matthew Browne, was small-souled, revengeful, cherishing memories of small slights or wrongs ; and, because of them, condemning to inexpressible bodily tortures to all eternity those who had so crossed his path or his prejudices. He was, in fact, an embodiment of the jealousy, party spirit, and stunted inhuman scholasticism of the Middle Ages, and remains its voice, instead of being the voice of any nobler element it may have had—Catholic or other. History did not bar his revenge any more than accident. And his imagination was harsh and personal, with no light relieving touch of phantasy, any more than his genius was genial or attractive. "The Voice of the Middle Ages" indeed ! he would urge, the Middle Ages should be ashamed of their voice, resonant and penetrating though it was. Dante's imagination was on the one side rigidly personal, on the other side harshly fleshly, and cruel. There are no soft shades in it, no kindly condescension, no ray of humour ; in contrast with that of Chaucer it was grossly materialistic and unnatural. Matthew Browne would have had some arguments to present to the Dean of St. Paul's—and such as the Dean could not have regarded as either light or infellectual. But, save in "Chaucer's England" and incidentally, Matthew Browne did not any more than De Quincey carefully follow up his position by exhaustive argument and illustration, though both believed that Dante did not *live*. And yet there are the episodes of Francesca di Rimini, and many other passages in the *Inferno*, not to speak of the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso*, to testify to some particular turn of

tenderness in the severe and sardonic and torture-loving poet of the *Divina Commedia*.

The tribute of praise that has been accorded to Dr. Johnson for his letter to Lord Chesterfield did not meet with De Quincey's entire approbation. Not that he failed to appreciate the dogged English decision, the hatred of all cant, that characterised the veteran lexicographer. But he looked at the passages between Johnson and Chesterfield from his own point of view, and was justifiably anxious to try if nothing could be said for the Earl in the affair. Carlyle and Forster, he felt, had somewhat overdone the thing, and this is his *caveat* :

"According to Mr. Forster (and Mr. Carlyle has held the same language), Dr. Johnson elevated the social rank of literary men in England ; nay, he had even 'a mission' for doing so. He came as a Hercules to cleanse the earth for the opening of civilisation. We venture to put in our *caveat* against too deep an acquiescence in this belief. Dr. Johnson elevated literature amongst us only as every man does so who strikes, by books written in various degrees of power, some chord of human sentiment or opinion not previously struck with the same effect of intent vibration, or lingering echo. But by his acts he did not elevate literature. We utterly deny the ordinary construction of the case between Dr. Johnson and Lord Chesterfield. So far from being the dignified course to take, so far from the famous letter being the dignified letter to write, that both have been represented, we insist upon it, that Dr. Johnson's behaviour was that of a sturdy beggar who refuses to ask for money but expects to have it delivered to him *instantly* on looking through the window with a terrific face like that of Frankenstein's monster. And as to Dr. Johnson's letter, *that*, we say, was petulant and boyish at the best, but, at the worst, it bore a more sinister construction. All this let us show ; and if any reader can overthrow us, let him do it, and welcome. What was it that Dr. Johnson was angry with Lord Chesterfield about ? It was—that Lord Chesterfield had not sent him money. No very dignified ground, therefore, of expostulation, even in the case of his having had a right to expect money. Certainly it is not the first time by many that we have heard of bullies, in threatening letters, ordering a man to put a certain bank-note under a certain stone by a certain day ; but it is the first time that ever we heard of a letter breathing the same essential spirit of malignant extortion held up as a model of dignity, and as a lesson in the art of—How to treat a lord, if you happen to be angry with him. Well, the Doctor was angry at not finding a cheque on Lord Chesterfield's banker

lying under a certain stone ; and it is natural to be angry at such a neglect, in case one has a right to look for that cheque under that stone. But how had the Doctor such a right? Had he ever condescended to ask such a cheque? Beggars mustn't be choosers, but at least they should beg ; or, if too proud to beg, they should insinuate their wishes : all of which Dr. Johnson had omitted. Perhaps then my lord had created the right by volunteering a cheque? Not at all : it no more occurred to him that any reason existed for his sending a cheque to Dr. Johnson beyond all men in England than for sending him a challenge to fight a duel. Here, then, we have reached the middle of the tragedy: the cheque has not been sent, and punishment must follow. Now, let us see in what way *that* was administered. He reproaches Lord Chesterfield, *inter alia*, with having kept him waiting in an antechamber. We have no means of knowing how Lord Chesterfield would have told that story: all depends on the duration of the waiting and the number of its recurrences ; for public men, peers of Parliament, with splendid stations, splendid estates, splendid talents, cannot sit in their closets as tenants-at-will to the first obstreperous claimant on their time. Giving interviews to a long succession of applicants, they must unavoidably cause many to wait. If the Doctor waited, others waited. But now try it both ways. Did the Doctor wait often? Then behold a man dangling after rich men in hope of patronage. So far from elevating literature, here we have him as the last-recorded man that clung as a suitor to the degradation of patronage. And he rejects patronage only after patronage has rejected *him*. Now take it the other way. The Doctor was too dignified to wait. Well, then, what's his charge against Lord Chesterfield? Such is the dilemma : *having* any charge, then, in that case, he confesses to continued acts of self-degradation ; confessing to no such acts, in that case, he has no charge. Here, then, we have disposed of Lord Chesterfield's *omissa*, as moralists say. Next come his *commissa*. He did not grant the interview at the moment of the Doctor's summons ; but he *did* grant two separate papers to a fashionable periodical miscellany in commendation of the Doctor's dictionary. Was *that* an insult? If they were ineffectual to aid, at least they were kindly meant. But Lord Chesterfield wrote too gracefully to be utterly ineffectual with *any* class of readers ; and it happens that the particular class which his commendations reached was exactly that which by influence and wealth and education was best qualified for giving effect to those commendations. And our private belief is, that the sale of the dictionary must have benefited materially, because instantly, by a

sort of advertisement as commanding as anything in the shape of praise from the pen of Stanhope. Waive all this, however, and suppose the two papers to have done no good ; at least they did no harm. And yet, except the dangle in anterooms which have been discussed what is there, small or great, in the Doctor's bill of exceptions against Lord Chesterfield? He says, in effect, that the praises had come too late, and that he could now do without them. Pause on that. How was Lord Chesterfield to praise a book before it was finished? That was impossible for *him*. And to Dr. Johnson it would have been useless ; for the value of the praise as regarded *his* interest was to sell the book ; which was impossible until it had been published. But it was a great misrepresentation to talk of the papers as useless because the book had now been published. A book is not really published—that is, dispersed amongst the public—simply because it has announced its own existence. Books that *in posse* are published, in the sense that at the publishers' they may be had on applying for them, very often *in esse* are never published at all. And it is notorious that in the case of heavy books like large dictionaries, moving off slowly for years until they have become talked into currency, no greater service can be done than to proclaim their merits at an early stage and through an effective organ. This Lord Chesterfield did, on Dr. Johnson's own showing, for the dictionary ; and having done this, he did the dictionary a great and timely service."

"Hear all sides" is a safe and healthy maxim, and though Dr. Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield did service to literature, which is presumed somehow to have relieved literary men from patrons, we do feel that Lord Chesterfield might have said something in self-defence had he chosen. De Quincey has tried to say that something for him, and we venture to think that Lord Chesterfield himself would have urged that it was well said. Of course, the one strong thing to be urged in favour of Dr. Johnson is, that so far as he sought patronage and went dangle at great men's doors and waited in their anterooms, he was simply proceeding according to the use and wont of authors at the time ; but when he, whether rightly or wrongly, feeling that no effectual aid was derivable from that source, struck boldly in favour of a new system, then he acted on independent and individual promptings, and did a service in detaching literature from fashionable and aristocratic protection and patronage.

But it appears from many stray hints that De Quincey was by no means inclined to countenance the hero-worshipping spirit which is

fain to translate the burly lexicographer into a pattern of perfection, towards whom literary men in all times should look, not only with gratitude for works of sterling merit and high practical value, for apt moralisings and for acute observation, for soundness of mind and for lofty benevolence, but also for unfailing veracity, depth of feeling, and the unconscious noble-mindedness which would not brook to stoop to small personalities and to mean revenges. Some of the faults of the Doctor's character seem to have been very present to De Quincey. For example, we find him, in a note to his essay on "Lord Carlisle on Pope," writing: "Dr. Johnson's taste for petty gossip was so keen that I distrust all his anecdotes"—a very bold and broad assertion, truly, and one that would savour of unreasoning severity were it not that De Quincey himself had made a very close and almost exhaustive acquaintance with the anecdotage of Dr. Johnson's day as well as of his own. The essay on Miss Hawkins's book, as well as other essays—not to speak of incidental passages scattered throughout the writings—suffice amply to prove this.

Here are a few notes upon Miss Martineau's travels in the Holy Land, which are not without their own value and characteristic insight:

"The very boldness with which Miss Martineau makes war upon many Scriptural passages under their ordinary interpretation satisfies us that she is a believer in Christianity, and that her belief is sincere. A writer that will not turn out of her path for a moment, nor make a circuit, nor stand on one side, for the sake of evading collision with innumerable prejudices, assuredly is not the writer to court a momentary acceptance by hypocrisy. That audacity which declines even a prudential *dissimulation* such as we find justified by Evangelical precedent is little likely through fear or through favour to practise the fraud of positive *simulation*. We, therefore, with this view of Miss Martineau's temper and practice, honour her whilst condemning her. Respecting her truthfulness, we lodge our protest against much that she offers us for truth. And in 'Palestine' more especially we find continual occasion to say: This woman is naturally right; she is pre-conformed to the Christian ideal by simplicity of mind, by sincerity, by sympathy with the unseen grandeurs that lie at the root of all religion; but, on the other hand, she is carried astray by a course of reading too desultory and too unharmonised, by conversation too superficial in its quality, too casual in its origin and movement, and, lastly, by the dogmatism, or tendency to dogmatism, incident to one who, as a lady, cannot have been sufficiently opposed—and, as a lady suffering under the infirmity of deafness,

must have been too indulgently humoured. Much learning, much false Germanity hath made her delirious. And this word delirious we here use advisedly, and would justify it on the ground of its primary meaning and application. To say, in the original language of Festus, that much (German) learning has made her 'mad' would be too harsh. And, after all, her true defect is, that, having much, she has yet a thousand times too little. But the word 'delirious,' construed by its etymology, exactly describes the case. This etymology, it is worth mentioning, as (35 years ago) we heard a scholar so accomplished as S. T. Coleridge totally misstate it. He was in a heady current of controversial talk, and assumed for a momentary purpose that the word *delirium* had been derived by a metaphor from *lyra*, the musical instrument. We, however, *qui musas colimus severiores*, pulled him up in a moment, reminding him that on this assumption the word would be 'delyrium.' The Latin word *lira*, the furrow made by the plough, is the true *radix*; to swerve from the normal line or to *delirate*. And this is what Miss Martineau does. Fixing her eye faithfully (as regards her purposes) upon the great master line traced and ploughed in by Christianity, too often she runs off upon side switches fraudulently laid down by some German signalman or pretended guard upon the line. And one of the most salient and unmistakable instances of this is when she shows fight, as we expected she would, on approaching Mount Carmel, and considers, in a very one-sided manner, the position of the Prophet Elijah in his conflict with Baalim."

The pain and labour that it cost De Quincey to write the original edition of the "Confessions," in 1820-21, is still attested by some remnants of the manuscript. He cancelled and rewrote over and over again many passages. This for two reasons: first, from fastidiousness as to style, and secondly, from the desire of disguise in certain particulars. Though he was, in the first edition, faithful to essential facts and impressions, he studied ambiguity in others in order that certain of those with whom he had been brought into contact in his period of wandering and trouble should not be too easily traced or identified. By the time he rewrote and amplified the "Confessions" in the final edition more than forty years had elapsed, and all necessity for this disguise and indirectness had ceased, of course, and he is frank enough as to such dates and individuals; but, unfortunately, he is less concise and consistent about some essential points, on which his memory had grown faint. Hence it happens that the original edition of the "Confessions" is that which should still be read; and Dr. Richard Garnett, in his addition

to the Parchment Library¹ has made that easy, and has supplied a sheaf of notes that presents all that is needful to be drawn for help and illustration from the latter and more extended work. One of the notes affords a good illustration of the more important point we have now before us: the careful way in which De Quincey cancelled, rewrote, and omitted most important passages. At p. 145 of Parchment Library edition, after the Easter-day dream, and the meeting with Ann of Oxford Street, a memorable passage, which concludes with the sentence, "I was far away from mountains, and by lamplight, in Oxford Street, walking again with Ann—just as we walked seventeen years before when we were both children," Dr. Garnett explains that "in the original MS. this was succeeded by the following passage, which was immediately cancelled by the writer, and has never appeared in any edition of the 'Opium-Eater.' I am enabled to insert it here by the exceeding kindness of Mr. H. A. Page:—"

"This dream at first brought tears to one who had long been familiar only with groans; but afterwards it fluctuated and grew unsteady: the passions and the scenery changed countenance, and the whole was transposed into another key. Its variations, though interesting, I must omit.

"At length, I grew afraid to sleep, and I shrunk from it as from the most savage torture. Often I fought with my drowsiness, and kept it aloof by sitting up the whole night and following day. Sometimes I lay down only in the day-time; and sought to charm away the phantoms by requesting my family to sit around me and talk; hoping thus to derive an influence from what affected me externally into my internal world of shadows; but, far from this, I infected and stained, as it were, the whole of my waking experience with feelings derived from sleep. I seemed, indeed, to live and to converse even when awake with my visionary companions much more than with the realities of life. 'Oh! X, what do you see? Dear X, what is it that you see?' was the constant exclamation of M. [Margaret, his wife], by which I was awakened as soon as I had fallen asleep, though to me it seemed as if I had slept for years. My groans had, it seems, wakened her, and, from her account, they had commenced immediately on falling asleep.

"The following dream, as an impressive one, I shall close with.

¹ Thomas De Quincey—"Confessions of an Opium-Eater." Reprinted from the first edition, with notes of De Quincey's Conversations, by Richard Woodhouse, and other additions. Edited by Richard Garnett. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

It grew up under the influence of that misery which I have described above, as resulting from the almost paralytic incapacity to do anything towards completing my intellectual labours, combined with a belief which at the time I reasonably entertained—that I should soon be called on to quit for ever this world and those for whom I still cling to it.”

Instead of these paragraphs, the words “As a final specimen,” &c. are printed in introducing that dream “which commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense—a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies.” The omitted introduction is surely well suited to the dream, and furnishes a fitting bond of connexion between that and the vision of Ann “under the Judæan palms.” It is almost unaccountable, indeed, why it should have been omitted, and still more why it should have been overlooked by the author in the laborious revision of over forty years later.

A character and genius like those of De Quincey—at once so shy, self-secluded, and full of contradictions, and yet with not a few of the characteristics of the genuine John Bull—deserves to be studied in all lights, and to be illustrated by all possible variety of expression and confidence on his part. It is much to be regretted that parcels of letters and papers dealing with considerable periods of his life had been lost and were not available when his biography was written; still more so that he himself did not undertake a thorough revision of his “Confessions” and the “Autobiographic Sketches” at a much earlier period of his life, while the mind was more pliant and the memory less treacherous. The extended “Confessions,” indeed, are not to be trusted: he introduced what must be regarded as alien material liberally at the most unexpected points, and forgot to make the changes of dates and references rendered necessary by the additions and transpositions; with the result that on certain matters of fact the more detailed version, without reference to the original one, is hopelessly unintelligible and self-contradictory. The impression of the moment is too often substituted for the fact of the past.

But in one thing De Quincey seldom fails. It is in the subtle and characteristic quality of style, of language saturated with his individuality. Tastes may differ respecting it, as a style to be imitated and to be recommended to young aspirants for study. But it is at once flowing and finished, easy and carefully elaborated, and

it carries with it a subtle undercurrent of music, and, if we may call it so, interior harmony, such as is to be found only in a few writers of English in any age, and certainly more amongst the older writers, who laid the basis of our literature, than amongst authors of the present century—Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, and old Burton being prominent amongst them.

Thackeray wrote in "Pendennis" that "if the secret history of books could be written, and the author's private thoughts and meanings noted down alongside of his story, how many insipid volumes would become interesting, and dull tales excite the reader." De Quincey's constant self-revelation and lyrical interposition, if we may call it so, to a certain class of minds must always add an intense interest to his books. In a sense, he gives us the secret history of the book along with the book itself in one form or another; and his works in truth present us to a great extent with two lines of interest alongside each other. If the reader is sympathetic enough, he can easily step from the "public" rooms of the mansion of his mind into the snug unpretentious retreat, where the master sits at ease, in his slippers, and imbibes his favoured and potent potion, and talks of his own condition—his present feelings, and his regrets about the past; his pains, aspirations, and sufferings; the penalties, as he also experienced, that attach to all pleasures that others cannot healthily share, as old Tithonus likewise found, to his cost—

Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men?
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance,
Where all should pause—as is most meet for all?—

and also the delights of triumph and the happy sense of sharing in common enjoyments and aspirations. It is this peculiar combination of confidence and of retreat from confidence that gives to De Quincey his peculiar quality, beyond what may be said to lie in his style; and on this ground he stands alone among his compeers, and may be declared egotistic without weakness, and garrulous without loss of dignity and good manners. On this account he will keep his place in English literature for many ages.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

MY BOSTON LECTURES.

AS I steamed down Lake Ontario to take train from Canada *via* Rome through to Boston, the orange and crimson glory of the woods seemed flickering out like a fading sunset. In America the streams are rivers, the rivers lakes, the lakes seas. We had soon steamed almost out of sight of land. The air was exquisitely clear, and the distant shore was lifted up in slips and blots of pale purple, jagged and fantastic in outline. After a wretched night in a suffocating sleeping-car I got into Boston about 9.30 next morning. For the first time we felt ourselves alone and unfriended in America. Not a soul came to meet us; nor did I know personally a soul in Boston, Mr. Howells, the novelist, being absent at the time. I put up at a first-class hotel, which shall be nameless, and where I was robbed of all my Canadian fees in the course of the next few days. My room was entered, my locked box broken open, and my cash-box abstracted. It being pretty evident that the hotel-keeper was responsible for the whole amount, he concluded tardily to pay me half. I took it and left his hotel. *Mem.*—Never keep your money in your box. I had crept stealthily into Boston; no reporter called, no newspaper announced my arrival, till Monday, when I was due at the Lowell Institute, but on Sunday several friends, to whom I had introductions, found me out, and called. On Monday I received official visits from the Lowell Institute Secretary, Dr. Cottings, and Mr. Augustus Lowell, and went over to see the Huntingdon Hall, where the Lowell lectures are delivered. It holds about 1,000 people, and is on the same plan as the London Institution, Finsbury Circus, but without galleries. I had heard much of the Lowell audiences. Boston is the hub of the U.S.A., and the Lowell Institute is the hub of Boston. It is the American Royal Institution, and, by paying heavier fees, prides itself on securing the best lecturers and the most enlightened audiences. I might well tremble at the ordeal before me. In the course of the day I was favoured with a great deal of good advice. I was told the sort of lecture I was to give; how I was to speak—not too fast, not too slow; not too loud, and not too low. Above all

I was to be *learned*—abstruse with plenty of hard science—and in fact prove myself generally worthy of the hub of the universe. I went back to my hotel and pondered. I had never had so much good advice in my life. I was a Royal Institution lecturer ; I fancied I had come to Boston to instruct, to enlighten. That is the spirit in which Royal Institution lecturers in London go to their work. I was quickly undeceived. Boston was going to instruct me—to judge me, to weigh me in the balance, and perhaps find me wanting. To be prompted on my own special topic—to be told how I was to address an audience after twenty years of incessant public speaking in London—“Well, well,” I said to myself, “this is indeed a novel experience, and all is no doubt kindly meant.” And so I went home to tea. But I could not help being a little shaken in my self-confidence. I have said that I never face a new audience without anxiety and trepidation, and the ample advice I had received was certainly enough to wreck any lecturer of ordinary sensibility on a first night. At last the moment came. I appeared “B 4 a c of upturned faces,” as poor Artemus used to say. The theatre was quite full. There was hardly any applause on my entrance. I had been prepared for that. Who was I? A pilgrim and a stranger indeed ! I soon felt as if I hadn’t a friend in the world. I tried a feeble little complimentary allusion to the manager of the Lowell Institute, which was received in ominous silence. I quoted one or two of their favourite poets without a gleam of recognition or sympathy from that apparently austere assembly. “This will never do,” thought I to myself, and at this moment the very atmosphere seemed to conspire against me. There were horrid echoes and harmonic sounds ringing in my ears and mocking my voice. I had a violin on the table and a gong—I covered the one and removed the other. All in vain ; the mocking echoes continued. I was speaking slowly, accurately, and with all due dulness on the anatomy of sound. I remembered the placards stuck up on the organ loft in the far west, where the rough worshippers were wont to lounge into church with bowie knives and six-shooters: “Gentlemen, please not to fire at the organist, as he is doing his best.” I was doing my best, but, sorely weighted with good advice—and bent on pleasing the Bostonians, bad was that best and dull as ditch-water. O man, vain are thy words when thou ceasest to be thyself, and art bent on finding favour, instead of speaking forth the truth that is in thee, as thy soul shall give thee utterance, heedless of praise or blame !

That night I learned my lesson for good. I had not been, after

all, quite a failure. To my surprise a great many people seemed pleased with the lecture. I certainly was not one of them. The next day I received more good advice, and I was not surprised. The local allusions, it seems, were out of place; the quotations over-trite or trivial; the learning not heavy enough. I accepted the rebuke with outward meekness, and inwardly boiling over. "Hard science" alone, it seemed, could redeem me in the eyes of Boston. This was final—I had apparently failed to please the hub of the universe. Henceforth I intended to deliver my message in my own way, and please myself. The next night was more crowded than the first; there was not a vacant seat. That evening I was fortunate enough to establish that *entente cordiale* with the Bostonians, which was to be the beginning of a very happy time, and one in which I think I may say I laid the foundation, at least, of some lifelong friendships. I at once took the bull by the horns, and warned my hearers not to expect any hard science in my lectures on music and morals. Science, I said, was not in my line; I knew nothing at all about it. I was musical and I was moral; and I then plunged at once into the mission of Art, and the special place and rationale of music. The more I pranced through all the rules laid down for my guidance and correction the more the room kindled, and the genial applause which greeted me at the close of my hour emboldened me to believe that I had this time almost satisfied the hub of the universe. From that time I looked forward to my nights at the Lowell Institute with unmixed happiness. "We regard those lectures," said a past local lecturer to me, "as ordeals to be got through somehow." "I never spent happier evenings in America," I replied. Indeed, all reserve between me and the audience seemed broken down; we almost conversed. "Conference" would have been a better word for our meetings. After the second Wagner lecture, which I concluded with a dramatic paraphrase of "Tannhäuser," Act III., the applause continued, with cries of "Let's have him out!" until, contrary, I believe, to all Lowell Institute etiquette, I was brought back to the platform, and I there remained, shaking hands with my friends, and answering questions about Wagner, until it was evident that the audience would not disperse until I retired. On entering my private room I found it full of ardent intruders, who were determined not to depart without my autograph. After that night I got no more good advice. My audience had delivered me:

I used to go to my room adjoining the platform about half an hour before lecture time. I always found the staircase blocked with people waiting for the opening of the doors, and one night the crowd was so

great that fears for the staircase were entertained, and the people after that were always marshalled in the lobbies below.

My good friend Mr. Augustus Lowell, who treated me from the first with the most delicate courtesy and generous appreciation, had been as much annoyed as I was by the non-arrival of a great Belgian bell, cast specially for me by Severin Van Aerschodt, lineal descendant and representative of the Van den Gheyns of the 16th century, who cast some of the chief suites of bells that now hang in the noble towers of Bruges, Ghent, Malines, and Louvain. My first lecture had been somewhat marred by the absence of that bell, and Mr. Lowell asked me to give an additional lecture should the bell arrive in time. After a rough voyage the bell arrived, and there was rejoicing at the Lowell Institute. Its fine silvery surface was flecked with green spots of wind, weather and sea water, but the bell, weighing about five cwt., was a treasure, a model of pure smooth casting, with "America" on one side, a beautiful proud female profile, with thirteen stars round her head, and an inscription bearing my name and that of the Lowell Institute on the other. The good janitor of the Huntingdon Hall fell in love with her on the spot, and with many powders and unguents, brushes and cloths, set to polishing her up for the evening, until on the afternoon of my seventh and last Lowell lecture he brought me to see her in triumph. As she appeared on the platform, swung on rough cross-beams, she shone like silver, and sounded as mellow as an old violoncello, giving the fundamental third and fifth as true as a piano-forte. At night the crowd was so great that every available standing-place was occupied, ladies sitting on the floor and on the platform. I had fortunately brought with me the official pamphlet issued by the Royal Institution, containing my lecture on bells, delivered therein, and the substance of this I redelivered. On being recalled at the close, I bade adieu to my sympathetic friends who gathered round me; shook more hands and signed more autographs. By this time I knew many of them by sight. I felt grateful to them for the happy evenings they had given me, and they seemed genuinely sorry to part with me. I had not taught them much "hard science," it is true, but they had taught me two things: first, that Bostonians are often misrepresented by some of their would-be representatives; and secondly, that Bostonian audiences are very much like other cultivated listeners, irresponsive to what is dull, but as sensitive as other people to that touch of nature which makes the whole world akin. For one soul *vis-à-vis* a thousand there is, after all, but one threefold counsel of

perfection that, like charity, never fails: "Forget thyself, love thy people, and do thy work."

I was pleasantly detained in Boston a week longer by an unexpected request to fix my own fees, and redeliver for a few of the *élite* of Boston three of my Lowell lectures. I did so at the Hawthorne Hall before what I was told was the "*crème de la crème*" of Boston: Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dr. Berthold, Mr. Shattuch, the venerable and gifted Miss Peabody, Mrs. Ole Bull, and other remnants of the brilliant Emerson, Bryant, and Longfellow circle occupied prominent seats and vouchsafed no advice. They gave me what was better, an almost loving attention. I was the only person, it would seem, aware of my own defects, and I kept the knowledge to myself. They did their best to conceal it from me. Miss Peabody compared me to Hawthorne; Mr. Putnam, a leading Boston lawyer, who had kindly managed the hotel robbery affair for me, assured me that since the days of Agassiz there had been no such success; and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes expressed himself very kindly. In the "hard science" days, a month before, I had almost been tempted to blow my own trumpet a little in self-defence, but wisdom and modesty prevailed. I now felt myself to be one of Wisdom's justified children. *Mem.*—Another threefold counsel of perfection: "Don't praise yourself; don't run down yourself; don't defend yourself;—leave it all to other people." Have I disregarded this in chronicling in my diary the verdict of others at a time, I confess, when my own was doubtful? If so, let Sterne's recording angel drop a tear and blot out my offence. Few things can be more humbling, after all, than a man's real knowledge of himself and his own shortcomings, what he aims at, what he achieves. He alone weighs accurately the praises lavished upon him for things which merit blame, or the blame so rashly cast for things which deserve praise; but in all his earthly striving, his successes and his failures alike, one thing is ever wholesome, ever sweet—nay, little less than sacred—it is the genuine sympathy of human hearts; and that was given me at Boston.

I preached once in Boston. It was in Phillips Brooks's grand mosque-like church, to a congregation of between two and three thousand people. Phillips Brooks and Canon Farrar conducted the service. I preached again for my kind and hospitable friend, Dean Gray, in the Episcopal Church at Cambridge, and again before the Harvard University, at the request of Principal Elliot. On this occasion the congregation consisted of Unitarians, Nonconformists, and a sprinkling of Episcopalians. The Harvard students were in force, and on that Sunday night the spacious edifice was crowded. It was

the strangest service—stranger even than that at Cornell University. Below me Dean Gray, in plain black coat, conducted an improvised service ; a hymn or two was sung, and I then rose in the pulpit wearing a black Geneva gown and a Cambridge hood. I was not in good condition, and for the first half-hour, whilst treading the thorny ground of Bible inspiration, was quite aware that I was not putting my points persuasively for the Episcopalians. My second half-hour I warmed up, but it was too late.

The next day the papers gave an extraordinary travesty of my sermon, in which it appeared I had trampled on all that was most dear to the Bible Christian. But the next day I had left Boston. However the papers pursued me, and things were made to look so bad that I broke through my usual reserve in correcting wild reports, and sent a letter mildly protesting against the misrepresentations current. Dean Gray did the same, and hearing no more I suppose the theological watchdogs of Boston lay down to sleep again. In no single instance was I treated unkindly by the Boston or Cambridge newspapers, nor, I am sure, did they willingly misrepresent me. On the whole, I wonder they did so well—I think they could hardly have meant better.

H. R. HAWEIS.

LUCY HUTCHINSON.

AT the first blush, Lucy Hutchinson is one of those characters that rather repel than attract. Viewed superficially, we consider her political opinions narrow and aggressive, her piety saturated with cant of the most effusive description, and her pride of birth somewhat out of place considering the nature of the sentiments she indulges in. Yet, when we come to examine carefully into the nature of her disposition, our prejudices are at once removed. We find in her, in spite of the phraseology which Puritanism then cultivated, a religion earnest and sincere, and which was ever the guiding influence of her life. Living at a time when society existed as a coterie, and not, as it now is, a mob, she expressed the social views of her order—an order to which only those of gentle birth were admitted ; yet, though exacting, she is never harsh or sweeping in her judgments ; conscious that she is a gentlewoman, she has but the feelings and prejudices of her kind as they then existed. In politics she was warmly attached to the cause of the Parliament ; still anti-Cavalier though she was, she had little in common with that fierce spirit of the Roundhead which never discriminated, but ever hotly followed its blind prejudices. After reading her memoirs the only conclusion we can arrive at is, that among the women of her day Lucy Hutchinson stands out as one of the purest and most accomplished.

She was born towards the close of the second decade of the seventeenth century. "It was on the 29th day of January," she writes, "in the year of our Lord 1619-20, that in the Tower of London, the principal city of the English Isle, I was, about four o'clock in the morning, brought forth to behold the ensuing light. My father was Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower of London ; my mother, his third wife, was Lucy, the youngest daughter of Sir John St. John of Lidiard Tregooze, in Wiltshire, by his second wife. My father had then living a son and daughter by his former wives, and by my mother three sons, I being her eldest daughter." The career of Allen Apsley was a somewhat singular one. A younger son of an old county family, which had held its lands from before the days of the Conquest,

he at an early age wearied of books and all they taught him, bought himself some good clothes, put what money he could scrape together by the sale of an annuity in his purse, and came to London. Thanks to the influence of a relative, he obtained a place in the household of Queen Elizabeth, "where he behaved himself so that he won the love of many of the Court; but, being young, took an affection to gaming, and spent most of the money he had in his purse." Finding his resources at a low ebb, he saw that it behoved him to seek employment. His first effort was to accompany the expedition of Lord Essex to Cadiz—in what capacity we know not, but a post was provided for him by his friend the victualler of the navy. So well he fulfilled the duties imposed upon him that on the return of the fleet he was appointed to an influential office in Ireland. Here he married a rich widow, and, shortly after the accession of King James, received the honour of knighthood for some eminent service, "which," writes his daughter, "having only heard in my childhood, I cannot perfectly set down." His marriage was but short-lived happiness; the wealthy widow died a few years after her union, when Apsley, with rare disinterestedness—he having no children by her—distributed all her estate among the children of her first marriage, for whom he ever preserved a fatherly kindness. The father of Lucy Hutchinson was certainly not influenced by the views of the elder Mr. Weller, for he again married a widow, the daughter of Sir Peter Carew, and after a brief union was again a widower. Twice married, and twice married to widows, Sir Allen Apsley, now Lieutenant of the Tower, was on the point of uniting himself for the third time to a widow, "who was a lady of as much discretion as wealth," when he came across the mother of Lucy Hutchinson, who was a beauty, unhappy in her home, and but sixteen years of age. Miss St. John, like many impressionable girls of her years, tired of the world of which she had seen nothing, and generalising from her unhappy surroundings deemed everything bitter and miserable, was about to devote herself to the cause of religion. Apsley now came on the scene, and saved her from the life of a morbid recluse. "He fell so heartily in love with her," writes his daughter, "that he persuaded her to marry him, which she did; and her melancholy made her conform cheerfully to that gravity of habit and conversation which was becoming the wife of such a person, who was then forty-eight years of age, and she not above sixteen." In spite of this disparity, the marriage was a most happy one. Sons and daughters were born, and when in the sixty-third year of his age Apsley passed away, attacked by consumption, he was regretted by all who knew him. If we

accept the estimate of his daughter—and there is no reason to discredit it—he must have been a very fascinating person. A fond husband, a kind but discreet father, a genial companion, a most loyal subject, the pink of honour, he was a favourite not only with his own family and immediate surroundings, but by all the prisoners who were then in his keeping as Lieutenant of the Tower. “He was a father,” writes his daughter, “to all his prisoners, sweetening with such compassionate kindness their restraint, that the affliction of a prison was not felt in his days.” Among these prisoners was Sir Walter Raleigh, who Lady Apsley allowed, at her own cost, to make the chemical experiments he loved to beguile himself with.

From such parents Lucy Hutchinson sprang. “The privilege of being born of,” she writes, “and educated by such excellent parents I have often revolved with great thankfulness for the mercy and humiliation that I did no more improve it.” The education of the young lady was carefully looked after, and the pupil appears to have been most promising. The pleasures and amusements of the ordinary girl she detested. “Play among other children,” she writes, “I despised, and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and plucked all their babies to pieces and kept the children in such awe that they were glad when I entertained myself with elder company.” Lucy was evidently a very superior young lady, and looked upon as the bluest of blue stockings. Nor does she seem to have cared for the accomplishments peculiar to her sex. “As for music and dancing,” she says, “I profited very little in them, and would never practise my lute or harpsichords but when my masters were with me; and for my needle, I absolutely hated it.” But in books and all that could be learnt from books and in conversation with her elders she greatly delighted. “My genius,” she says, “was quite averse from all but my book, and of that I was so eager that my mother, thinking it prejudiced my health, would moderate me in it; yet this rather animated me than kept me back, and every moment I could steal from my play I would employ in any book I could find when my own were locked up from me.” English literature in those days was limited, and to read much it was necessary to study the languages of the ancients. She took up Latin. “I was so apt,” she not too modestly says, “that I outstripped my brothers who were at school, although my father’s chaplain, that was my tutor, was a pitiful dull tutor.” At one time she had eight tutors, all instructing her upon separate subjects, and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that when Lucy Apsley grew up to womanhood she was ranked among the most accom-

plished of her sex, and that, too, in an age when it was the dominant characteristic of her sex to be accomplished. In after life, when Lucy Apsley had changed her name to Lucy Hutchinson, she became a strict disciple of the "Geneva discipline," and considered wicked many things which were purely innocent; but in her youth, though always soberly inclined, she does not appear to have held in all its severity the creed of the "saints." "It pleased God," she writes, "that through the good instructions of my mother, and the sermons she carried me to, I was convinced that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly applied myself to it and to practise as I was taught. I used to exhort my mother's maids much, and to turn their idle discourses to good subjects; but I thought when I had done this on the Lord's Day, and every day performed my due tasks of reading and praying, that then I was free to anything that was not sin; for I was not at that time convinced of the vanity of conversation which was not scandalously wicked. I thought it no sin to learn or hear witty songs and amorous sonnets or poems and twenty things of that kind, wherein I was soapt that I became the confidante in all the loves that were managed among my mother's young women; and there was none of them but had many and some particular friends beloved above the rest."

The time was soon to come when this cultivated and somewhat prim young Puritan had to attend to her own *affaires de cœur*. Buried among her books, or taking part in the "profitable and serious discourses" of her elders, "to whom I was very acceptable," she gradually became, as the girl developed into the woman, a personage of local repute. Her elegant beauty, all the more set off by her tasteful but strict simplicity of dress, the charms of her conversation which sparkled with wit and a quiet sarcasm, her modest demeanour, which, though reserved, had nothing of the shyness and awkwardness of the conventional Puritan, her devotion to her mother and her cheerful attention to all home duties made her the fond object of more than one young man's thoughts. But though various advantageous offers were made to the fair girl of eighteen and approved of by her parents, she declined all such proposals, "not wishing to give her hand where her heart was not." And now it was that her future husband came upon the scene. He was staying in the neighbourhood, and, from all he had heard of Mistress Apsley, as young ladies were then styled, vowed that he must be acquainted with her. This desire on his part was all the more increased by his being told that the fair Lucy shunned the society of men. "She is of a humour," said a mortified swain: "she will not be acquainted

with any of mankind. She is the nicest creature in the world, but shuns the converse of men as the plague; she only lives in the enjoyment of herself, and has not the humanity to communicate that happiness to any of the other sex." Mr. Hutchinson was, however, not to be discouraged. "I will be acquainted with her," he said, and anticipated, when the moment came, creating a favourable impression.

Nor was Mr. Hutchinson unduly conceited in entertaining this hope. Everything was in his favour to excite the sympathies of a young girl, however austere and reserved might be her disposition. He was a man of ancient birth, being on his father's side sprung from the Nottinghamshire Hutchinsons, whilst his mother was one of the Birones of Newstead. Handsome and singularly accomplished in all those arts which at that time constituted a fine gentleman, he yet in an age of much debauchery wore the white flower of a blameless life, and sympathised far more with the tenets of Puritanism than with the fashionable Arianism of the Cavalier. On his father's second marriage, and not best pleased with the attention his stepmother exacted, he came up to town and entered himself at Lincoln's Inn. Here we learn "he was soon coveted into the acquaintance of some gentlemen of the Inn; but he found them so frothy and vain, and could so ill centre with them in their delights, that the town began to be tedious to him, who was neither taken with wine, nor gaming, nor the converse of wicked or vain women, to all which he wanted not powerful tempters had not the power of God's grace in him been above them." The study of the law did not, however, prove very attractive to the young man, and he was on the point of abandoning it altogether, to take a lengthened tour in France, when one of those accidents occurred which often change the current of our lives and form the turning point of a career. He was invited to Richmond, where the Court then was, with its usual accompaniment of pleasant society and brilliant gaieties. This was in the summer of 1637. Hutchinson, as an exquisite dancer and a finished musician, was soon looked upon by the Court and local magnates as a very valuable acquisition to the neighbourhood. Yet flattery and attention failed either to conquer or spoil him. Society courted him and invited him to its houses, "where," writes his wife with a touch of the sarcasm of the successful rival, "he was nobly treated with all the attractive arts that young women and their parents use to procure them lovers; but though some of them were very handsome, others wealthy, witty, and well qualified, and all of them set out with all the gaiety and bravery that

vain women put on to set themselves off, still Mr. Hutchinson could not be entangled in any of their fine snares ; but without any taint of incivility, he, in such a way of handsome raillery reproved their pride and vanity as made them ashamed of their glory, and vexed that he alone, of all the young gentlemen that belonged to the Court or neighbourhood, should be insensible of their charms." This insensibility was not long to characterise him. Staying at Richmond, and indeed in the same house with Hutchinson, during the absence of her mother in Wiltshire, was a younger sister of Lucy Apsley. An acquaintance, as was natural, sprang up between the two, and the conversation occasionally turned upon the charms and accomplishments of the elder sister, to whom the younger seems to have been devoted. The interest and curiosity of the young man were excited. He regretted that so much grace and talent should then have been absent from Richmond (for Lucy was with her mother in Wiltshire), where it appears Sir Allen Apsley had a summer seat as a relief to the gloom of the Tower of London. "Then he grew to love to hear mention of her"—we are quoting the words of the future wife—"and the other gentlewomen who had been her companions used to talk much to him of her, telling him how reserved and studious she was and other things which they esteemed no advantage. But it so much inflamed Mr. Hutchinson's desire of seeing her that he began to wonder at himself that his heart, which had ever entertained so much indifference for the most excellent of womankind, should have such strong impulses towards a stranger he never saw." Indeed, his imagination was so excited by all that he heard of the young lady, and his thoughts became so restless and feverish as he brooded over his unknown charmer, that he longed for her return to Richmond with an impatience and anxiety for which he could not account. He had not seen his mistress—hearsay and that alone had created his passion. So sensitive and emotional had he become on the subject that he said if the idol which his imagination had depicted should have been given to another—and there was some talk of a suitor in Wiltshire—he would have for ever remained inconsolable.

One evening whilst Hutchinson was staying with some friends, it was reported that Lady Apsley and her daughter had returned to Richmond ; but that her daughter was Lucy Apsley no more, having in the interim become a married woman. This intelligence was too much for the high-strung nerves of the imaginative lover. "Mr. Hutchinson immediately turned pale as ashes"—we must remember that it is the future wife who writes this, and make certain allowances for the exaggeration inspired by vanity—"and felt a fainting to seize

his spirits in that extraordinary manner, that finding himself ready to sink at table he was fain to pretend something had offended his stomach, and to retire from the table into the garden ; where the gentleman of the house going with him it was not necessary for him to feign sickness, for the distemper of his mind had infected his body with a cold sweat and such a depression of spirit that all the courage he could at present collect was little enough to keep him alive. His host was very troublesome to him, and to be quit of him he went to his chamber, saying he would lie down. Little did any of the company suspect the true cause of his sudden qualm." The report of Miss Apsley's marriage, like so many of its kind, proved to be false, and a few evenings afterwards Hutchinson met at supper the goddess of his dreams. Happily the reality did not put to shame the ideal, and the young man—he was but four years her elder—was all the more a worshipper at her shrine as he gazed upon her fair oval face, blue eyes, golden hair, and smile that was all the more bewitching because the expression of the face was generally sedate. The impression of each upon the other appears to have been mutual. "In spite of all her indifference," writes Mrs. Hutchinson, in allusion to the occasion of their first meeting, "she was surprised with some unusual liking in her soul when she saw this gentleman, who had hair, eyes, shape, and countenance enough to beget love in anyone at the first, and these set off with a graceful and generous mien which promised an extraordinary person." The end of this acquaintance is not difficult to foretell. Opportunity favoured the frequent meeting of the two, and the young couple finding they possessed a harmony of tastes, an intimacy was gradually developed. "This soon passed into a mutual friendship between them," writes the wife, "and though she innocently thought nothing of love, yet was she glad to have acquired such a friend who had wisdom and virtue enough to be trusted with her counsels, for she was then much perplexed in mind. Her mother and friends had a great desire she should marry, and were displeased that she refused many offers which they thought advantageous enough ; she was obedient, loth to displease them, but more herself, in marrying such as she could find no inclination to. . . . Mr. Hutchinson appearing as he was a person of virtue and honour, who might be safely and advantageously conversed with, she thought God had sent her a happy relief." After a courtship of six weeks Hutchinson proposed and was accepted. The marriage was, however, delayed by an incident which might have been attended with fatal consequences. On the eve of her wedding-day Miss Apsley was attacked

with small-pox, and her life despaired of. She recovered, but at the expense of her beauty ; the disease making "her the most deformed person that could be seen for a great while after she recovered." The love of Hutchinson was, however, staunch and deep, and based upon a more solid foundation than external appearances. "He was nothing troubled at it," writes his wife, as always in the third person, "but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her ; but God recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered to be as well as before."

No one can read the memoirs of the husband, written by the widow, without being convinced at every page that the marriage was pre-eminently a happy one. Fascinated by his handsome person and engaging manner, Lucy Hutchinson was yet the more impressed by the high moral qualities of the man—his piety stern but tolerant, his learning, his intense love of justice, his exquisite sense of honour, his courage and generosity. He was the idol of her life, and when taken away nought was left to her but the darkness and duty of resignation. The husband, on his side, was equally devoted. "Never was there a passion more ardent and less idolatrous," writes his wife ; "he loved her better than his life, with inexpressible tenderness and kindness, had a most high obliging esteem of her, yet still considered honour, religion, and duty above her, nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him from marking her imperfections : these he looked upon with such an indulgent eye as did not abate his love and esteem of her, while it augmented his care to blot out all those spots which might make her appear less worthy of that respect he paid her ; and thus, indeed, he soon made her more equal to him than he found her ; for she was a very faithful mirror, reflecting truly, but dimly, his own glories."

For the next few years after their marriage nothing worthy of special record occurred. Children were born, a child died. John Hutchinson took to studying divinity, which strengthened him all the more in the Calvinistic views entertained by his wife, and as an eldest son, having no occasion to look out for his livelihood, he settled himself at Owthorpe, his father's seat in Nottinghamshire, Sir Thomas Hutchinson being then in London attending to his Parliamentary duties as member for the county. Here the newly-married couple remained peaceful and happy until the feud between Crown and Parliament broke out, and the country was plunged into all the

horrors of civil war. We have no intention of repeating the thrice-told tale of the Rebellion. All who hold dispassionately the balance between Crown and Parliament on that unhappy occasion can but come to one conclusion. There can be no doubt that Charles, after his first quarrels with the House of Commons, entertained the fixed purpose of destroying the old Parliamentary constitution of England, and substituting personal government for government by Parliament. Until the year 1641 every lover of liberty and constitutional government must approve of the conduct of those who opposed Charles ; but after that date we cease to sympathise with the demands of the Houses, and in the war which ensued it is clear that the Parliament were the aggressors. This was, however, not the view taken by the Hutchinsons. When the country was drifting into civil war both husband and wife ranged themselves on the side of the Parliament. Lucy Hutchinson, writing of this agitated period, takes no pains to hide her opposition to the proceedings of the Court and its advisers. She is just in her estimate of the private character of the king, and equally just in her view of his political policy. "King Charles," she writes, "was temperate, chaste, and serious ; so that the fools and bawds, mimics and catamites of the former Court grew out of fashion ; and the nobility and courtiers who did not quite abandon their debaucheries yet so revered the king as to retire into corners to practise them. Men of learning and ingenuity in all arts were in esteem, and received encouragement from the king, who was a most excellent judge and a great lover of paintings, carvings, gravings, and many other ingenuities." Yet his public conduct was detestable. He was under the influence of his popish wife, and invariably advanced Papists, whilst he persecuted Puritans "till the whole land was reduced to perfect slavery." He was a prince that had nothing of faith, or truth, or justice, or generosity. "He was the most obstinate person in his self-will that ever was, and so bent upon being an absolute, uncontrollable sovereign that he was resolved either to be such a king or none." Nor did the advisers round the throne check this ambition. There stood Noy, "his attorney-general, who set on foot that hateful tax of ship money," and Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, "a fellow of mean extraction and arrogant pride," and, worse than all, "the Earl of Strafford, who as much outstripped all the rest in favour as he did in abilities, being a man of deep policy, stern resolution, and ambitious zeal to keep up the glory of his own greatness. In addition to these there were the judges "who perverted judgment," and a "great rascally company of flatterers and projectors," as well as the Puritan prejudices here revealing them-

selves, "all the corrupted, tottering bishops and others of the proud, profane clergy of the land, who by their insolencies, grown odious to the people; bent their strong endeavours to disaffect the prince to his honest godly subjects, and to get a pretence of power from him to afflict those who would not submit to their insolent dominion."

When the opposition to the Crown broke out into open war Hutchinson was at his own house at Owthorpe. He had, during the dispute between King and Parliament, made a point of mastering the contents of all public papers touching the matter, and the conclusion he had then arrived at was the one which posterity now advances—whatever course the king had pursued it did not justify the going to war. "Although he was clearly swayed by his own judgment and reason to the Parliament, he, thinking he had no warrantable call at that time to do anything more, contented himself with praying for peace." The times were, however, too stormy for any man of mark in his county to remain neutral. Hutchinson had long been looked upon by the Cavaliers as a Puritan, and when they proceeded to denounce him as one of the disaffected, and endeavoured to seize his person, he was forced to attach himself to the opposite side. "Mr. Hutchinson," writes his widow, "was not willing so soon to quit his house, to which he was so lately come, if he could have been suffered to live quietly in it; but his affections to the Parliament being taken notice of, he became an object of envy to the other party." Though a Parliamentarian, Hutchinson was far from being in favour of war, for he would much rather that the differences between Crown and Parliament could have been settled by accommodation than ended by conquest. Nor did he affect any of the peculiarities of the Puritan zealot, the snuffle, the cant phrases, and the hair cropped like a modern convict. His wife resents his ever being called a Roundhead. "It was very ill applied to Mr. Hutchinson, who, having naturally a very fine thick-set head of hair, kept it clean and handsome, so that it was a great ornament to him, although the godly of those days when he embraced their party would not allow him to be religious because his hair was not in their cut nor his words in their phrase." Somewhat significant of the indifference to military capacity on the part of the Parliamentarians a regiment of foot was raised in the neighbourhood, and John Hutchinson, who appears to have had no military training whatever, was appointed lieutenant-colonel. In spite of his inexperience, a duty was now imposed upon him which would have made demands even upon the tact and discretion of a man long accustomed to command. Hutchinson was appointed governor of the town of

Nottingham. This town was much divided in opinion upon the burning question of the hour, and feeble both as to numbers and ammunition. "He knew well enough," writes his wife, "that the town was more than half disaffected to the Parliament; that had they been all otherwise they were not half enough to defend it against any unequal force; that they were far from the Parliament and their armies, and could not expect any timely relief or assistance from them; that he himself was the forlorn hope of those who engaged with him and had then the best stake among them; that the gentlemen who were on horseback, when they could no longer defend their country, might at least save their lives by a handsome retreat to the army; but that he must stand victorious or fall tying himself to an indefensible town." Yet, in spite of these cumulative disadvantages, his reign of office was one of triumph. He successfully resisted the Royalists who from time to time beleaguered Nottingham; he crushed the factions in the town which essayed to oppose his authority, and so thoroughly did he fulfil the duties entrusted to him that an order of Parliament came down appointing him governor both of the town and castle of Nottingham, with an acknowledgment of the good service he had done in preserving the place.

With the designs of the Royalists against Nottingham, and the factious opposition of the enemies of the governor, we cannot here concern ourselves; sufficient to say that Nottingham did not fall into the hands of the Cavaliers, and that the appeals against the rule of Hutchinson were dismissed by the Parliament in London. On the meeting of the new Parliament Hutchinson was elected representative of the shire of Notts, and "went up to London to attend his duty there, and to serve his country as faithfully in the capacity of a senator as he had before in that of a soldier." When the trial of the king was determined upon, Hutchinson sat on the bench as one of the members of the High Court of Justice. "Very much against his will," we are told, "he was put in; but looking upon himself as called hereunto he durst not refuse, as holding himself obliged by the covenant of God and the public trust of his country reposed in him, although he was not ignorant of the danger he run as the condition of things then was." As we know, the Court passed sentence of death upon Charles. The Puritans who came to this decision were of opinion that the king was bent on the ruin of all who opposed him and of all the just and righteous things that had been contended for, and hence it was upon the consciences of many of them that if they did not execute justice upon him God would require at their hands all the blood and misery which should ensue by their

allowing him to escape when God had brought him into their hands. Lucy Hutchinson thus ingeniously essays to vindicate the ruling of her husband on this occasion : "As for Mr. Hutchinson, although he was very much confirmed in his judgment concerning the cause, yet herein being called to an extraordinary action, whereof many were of several minds, he addressed himself to God by prayer ; desiring the Lord that if through any human frailty he were led into any error or false opinion in these great transactions He would open his eyes, and not suffer him to proceed, but that He would confirm his spirit in the truth and lead him by a right enlightened conscience ; and finding no check, but a confirmation in his conscience that it was his duty to act as he did, he upon serious debate, both privately and in his addresses to God, and in conferences with conscientious, upright, unbiassed persons, proceeded to sign the sentence against the king. Although he did not then believe but that it might one day come to be again disputed among men, yet both he and others thought they could not refuse it without giving up the people of God, whom they had led forth and engaged themselves unto by the oath of God, into the hands of God's and their own enemies ; and therefore he cast himself upon God's protection, acting according to the dictates of a conscience which he had sought the Lord to guide, and accordingly the Lord did signalise His favour afterwards to him." This attempt to palliate one of the gravest deeds which modern history has had to record, by pretending that it was directed by Divine influence, is an excuse which can be brought forward on every occasion where responsibility has exceeded its just limits. A section of the Puritans—which called itself "the godly"—considered that it alone correctly interpreted the Divine will, and therefore what it did and counselled must be right. The death of Charles is only another proof among many of what political hate and fear can be guilty of when inspired by fanaticism. Until now Hutchinson in all his actions had led a spotless life ; he had been decided without cruelty, tolerant without weakness, and pious without the surroundings which in those days made piety contemptible. Yet when the critical moment came he allowed himself to be guided by his prejudices, and directed by an influence which was nothing less than a delusion. No course of reasoning can justify the execution of the king. Charles was made the scapegoat on whose head were laid, and in whose person were expiated, all the sins and misdeeds of his predecessors for more than a hundred years. With respect to the faction which persecuted him even to death, but one opinion can now be formed. They were no friends to liberty, as we shall see, for never under the most arbitrary

monarch were the English people subject to a more rigid tyranny; neither did they compose the majority of the nation, which, at least latterly, had recovered its reverence for the royal power. Even of the commissioners appointed to sit in judgment on the king scarcely one-half could be induced to attend at his trial; and many of those who concurred in his condemnation subscribed the sentence with mixed feelings. Yet it is ever so in revolutions. A few violent men take the lead—their noise and activity seem to multiply their numbers—and the great body of the nation, either indolent or pusillanimous, are led in triumph at the chariot wheels of a small but dominant faction.

The substitution of a so-called republic for the old order of things failed to give satisfaction to our Puritan colonel. He thoroughly disapproved of the hypocritical and intriguing proceedings of Cromwell, and upon the installation of the protectorate went down into the country and busied himself with the daily duties of a simple country gentleman. He suppressed vagrants by giving them work to do, he put down all unnecessary alehouses, he took to flying his hawks, and, what with superintending his various building operations, attending to the education of his children, interesting himself in music and the fine arts, and acting as adviser-in-chief to his neighbours, his time was well occupied. "As for the public business of the country," writes his wife, "he would not act in any office under the Protector's power and therefore confined himself to his own, which the whole country about him were grieved at, and would rather come to him for counsel, as a private neighbour, than to any of the men in power for greater help." Lucy Hutchinson was evidently of the same opinion as her husband of the character of Cromwell—ambitious, arrogant, unscrupulous, using religion as a mask to conceal his nefarious projects, the portrait of the man stands out vividly against the canvas of the painter. "His Court," she writes, "was full of sin and vanity, and the more abominable because they had not yet quite cast away the name of God, but profaned it by taking it in vain upon them. True religion was now almost lost, even among the religious party, and hypocrisy became an epidemical disease, to the sad grief of Colonel Hutchinson and all true-hearted Christians and Englishmen. Almost all the ministers everywhere fell in and worshipped this beast and courted and made addresses to him. So did the city of London, and many of the degenerate lords of the land with the poor-spirited gentry. The Cavaliers in policy, who saw that while Cromwell reduced all by the exercise of tyrannical power under another name, there was a door opened for the restoration

of their party, fell much in with Cromwell and heightened all his disorders. He at last exercised such an arbitrary power that the whole land grew weary of him." Cromwell, aware of the integrity of Hutchinson, and conscious of the influence he exercised over the people, was most anxious to number him among his council. "Dear Colonel," said he to Hutchinson, "why will you not come in and act among us?" In reply the Colonel told him plainly he liked not his ways, since he was leading the country on to destruction and paving the way for the restitution of all former tyranny and bondage. Cromwell acknowledged his precipitateness in some things, but now expressed his earnest desire to restore the liberties of the people and begged Hutchinson to join him, offering him high office. The Puritan declined by saying "he could not be forward to make his own advantage by serving to the enslaving of his country." Cromwell was not to be rebuffed. He embraced Hutchinson tenderly, and said, "Well, Colonel, satisfied or dissatisfied you shall be one of us, for we can no longer exempt a person so able and faithful from the public service, and you shall be satisfied in all honest things." In spite of this profession of friendship and regard Cromwell was really in fear of Hutchinson. He dreaded that the honesty and independence of the man would have such influence over the people, now weary of the bondage of the protectorate, that circumstances might place him as the successful leader of a revolt. He resolved, therefore, to send his guards down to Owthorpe, there apprehend Hutchinson and conduct him prisoner to the Tower. Orders had been given to this effect when they were rendered null by the sudden death of Cromwell, or, as Mrs. Hutchinson puts it, "death had imprisoned him, and confined all his vast ambition and all his cruel designs into the narrow compass of a grave."

Upon the Restoration the position of Hutchinson caused great anxiety to his friends. He had been chosen member for Nottingham in the new Parliament, but his antecedents were well known at Court, and no mercy, it was said, would be shown to one who had signed the death warrant of the father of the restored king. He was advised to fly as Ludlow and others had fled, but scorned such refuge. When called upon in the new Parliament to defend his conduct as to the judicial murder of Charles, he declined to express, like Ingoldsby and others, piteous repentance at the deed. He manfully faced the House, and neither blushed nor hesitated in what he had to say. "If he had erred in those days," he said, "it was the inexperience of his age and the defect of his judgment, and not the malice of his heart, which had ever prompted him to pursue the general advantage of his country

more than his own ; and if the sacrifice of him might conduce to the public peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortunes to their disposal. The vain expense of his age, and the great debts his public employment had run him into, as they were testimonies that neither avarice nor any other interest had carried him on, so they yielded him just cause to repent that he ever forsook his own blessed quiet to embark in such a troubled sea, where he had made shipwreck of all things but a good conscience ; and as to that particular action of the king, he desired them to believe he had that sense of it that befitted an Englishman, a Christian, and a gentleman." This speech was a dexterous piece of special pleading ; it confessed nothing and denied nothing, but could be interpreted as the hearer pleased. Hutchinson was, however, suspended from the House. Great interest was now made to obtain his pardon. His wife, of course, took a prominent part in petitioning the Crown for mercy, and she was powerfully aided by her brother, Sir Allen Apsley, who was a staunch Cavalier and commanded a troop of horse for the king, and certain Royalists who spoke of the protecting hand which Hutchinson had extended to them in the rough days of Puritan persecution. These efforts were successful, and the name of Hutchinson was included in the act of oblivion. For this consideration the colonel does not appear to have been very grateful. "His wife," writes Mrs. Hutchinson, "who thought she had never deserved so well of him as in the endeavours and labours she exercised to bring him off, never displeased him more in her life, and had much ado to persuade him to be contented with his deliverance, which as it was eminently wrought by God, he acknowledged it with thankfulness. But while he saw others suffer he suffered with them in his mind, and had not his wife persuaded him he had offered himself a voluntary sacrifice." He was, therefore, not in the most amiable mood when he was summoned to London by the attorney-general, and expected, since he had been pardoned by the act of oblivion, to offer evidence against his former comrades. He sternly refused to say a word which could incriminate any of his former friends, and indeed so angered the attorney-general by his reticence that that high official "made a very malicious report of him to the chancellor and to the king, inso-much that his ruin was then determined, and an opportunity only was watched to effect it."

It soon presented itself. Some disaffected Puritans had entered into a plot—the Northern Plot it was called—to stir up insurrection for the restoration of the "old Parliament, gospel ministry and English liberty." Hutchinson was quietly passing his days at

Owthorpe, occupied with his plantations and gardening operations, and giving never a thought to politics, when by Buckingham's orders he was held to be connected with this plot. There was not a shadow of testimony for this assertion, but that in those days mattered little; when an innocent man had to be convicted means were always at hand to find him guilty. Hutchinson was arrested, shut up in Newark gaol, and afterwards brought to London and imprisoned in the Tower; there "he stood committed for treasonable practices, though he had never yet been examined by any magistrate one or another." Here he was kept close prisoner for several months, and it was only during the latter part of his confinement that his devoted wife was permitted to be near him. Yet he was happier as a prisoner than as a free man under Charles the Second; it seemed to him a reproach to be at liberty whilst his colleagues, with whom he had been equally guilty, were the subjects of bitter persecution. "Mr. Hutchinson," writes his wife, "was not at all dismayed but wonderfully pleased with all these things, and told his wife that his captivity was the happiest release in the world for him; for before, although he had made no express engagement, yet in regard that his life and estate had been freely left him when they took away others', he thought himself obliged to sit still all the while this king reigned, whatever opportunity he might have; but now he thought this usage had utterly disobliged him from all ties, either of honour or conscience, and that he was free to act as prudence should hereafter lead him, and that he thought not his liberty out of prison worth purchasing by any future engagement which would again fetter him in obligations to such persons as every day more and more manifested themselves to be enemies to all just and godly interests. He therefore charged his wife that she should not make application to any person whatsoever, and made it his earnest request to Sir Allen Apsley to let him stand or fall by his own innocence, and to undertake nothing for him, which, if he did, he told him he would disown. Mrs. Hutchinson, remembering how much she had displeased him in saving him before, submitted now to suffer with him according to his own will." The colonel was therefore kept in durance vile. It is probable that even had he permitted the interest he possessed to be exercised in his favour it would have been of no avail. The council, irritated at his silence and at his resolve not to impart any information as to the proceedings of his brother regicides, were determined to treat him with marked harshness. "Other people," said the chancellor, "conform to the government and go to church, but Hutchinson is

the most unchanged man of the party." For months this obstinate Puritan soldier was kept in the Tower a close prisoner; the company of his wife was denied him, and he was threatened with the terrible prospect of transportation to the plantations. At last, sick with fever induced by the bad drainage of the Tower, he was removed to Sandown Castle, in Kent, "a lamentable old ruined place, the rooms all out of repair, not weather-proof, no kind of accommodation either for lodging or diet or any conveniency of life." Here the condition of his confinement was more miserable than it had ever been. He was still denied the society of his wife, who took lodgings at Deal to be near him, whilst the food and accommodation provided for him were of the wretchedest description. Yet his temper does not seem to have suffered, for we read that he was as cheerful and contented as ever. The wonderful faith of the real Puritan sustained him—the faith which caused him to look upon himself as being specially under Divine protection, and that whatever happened was specially ordained, and should therefore be cheerfully met and endured. "His wife," writes Mrs. Hutchinson, "bore all her own toils joyfully enough for the love of him, but could not but be very sad at the sight of his undeserved sufferings; and he would very sweetly and kindly chide her for it, and tell her that if she were but cheerful he should think this suffering the happiest thing that ever befell him." Still, in spite of this resigned spirit, confinement in a damp and agueish spot, the privation of good and wholesome food, the want of the society and companionship which had formerly brightened his life, told their tale. At the end of a few months Hutchinson was seized with fever, and before his devoted wife, who was absent at Owthorpe getting certain necessities for him, could be summoned to his bedside, he passed away. The verdict of the doctor who attended upon him, and accepted by the coroner's jury which sat upon the body, was that *the place had killed him*. He died September 11, 1664. Of the details of the life of Lucy Hutchinson during her widowhood we know nothing. The brief autobiography she has given us breaks off abruptly shortly after her marriage, and was never resumed. Of one thing we may be certain, that, since she was with her husband in the early part of 1664, she certainly did not die in 1659, as some of her biographers allege.

These memoirs of a distinguished Puritan soldier, written by an accomplished and devoted wife, will never lack readers. The style is sometimes high-flown and pedantic, but—when it runs naturally—the pathos is exquisitely deep and simple, and nothing can exceed the clearness of the descriptions given in the volume. And it is

essentially as a descriptive work that the biography of Colonel Hutchinson is of value. We have here laid before us a vivid and contemporary account of the manners and mode of life in England during one of the most active and important periods of her history. A careful perusal of this work cannot but remove many of our prejudices, and stamp out some of our most cherished preconceived opinions. The name of Puritan is generally associated with a gloomy fanatic, sprung from the lower classes, hating everything that gives an intellectual pleasure to others, trampling on the fine arts, uncouth in appearance and conversation, and indulging in sanctimonious phrases, whilst he deals out the bitterest and narrowest judgment on men and things which the peculiarities of his creed inspire. Yet Hutchinson was a Puritan among Puritans. He came of a stock that claimed gentle birth for centuries, he was a leading man in his county and highly respected by his brother magistrates, he was a lover of books, he danced, he was devoted to music; conscious that he was a gentleman, he was particular as to his attire, and so far as external appearances were concerned there was little to distinguish him from a Cavalier. But when we come to consider conduct as the result of religion, Hutchinson reaches a standard which few can attain. In his life there was nothing of the looseness which often characterised the Cavalier; we come across humour and amusement, but never vice or levity; in him fixedness of purpose was never allied with cruelty or revenge; the principles held by him were always maintained, whether they suited his interests or no; nor did his sense of courtesy, in order to escape inconvenient answers, ever cause him to trespass upon the boundaries of falsehood. It is difficult to consider such a man as the Puritan modern history has been accustomed to depict; yet we have no reason to doubt that Hutchinson was but a representative of the class, and that among the ranks of the Puritans were many sprung from a cultivated and refined gentry, enjoying life to the full, and pursuing all its legitimate amusements. His wife was cast in a different mould, and it requires some penetration and discrimination to disentangle her from her apparent inconsistencies. Socially no woman was more aristocratic in her sentiments—how wide and deep is the gulf separating her from persons destitute of “blood”!—and yet politically she was in favour of equality, and warmly supported the establishment of a republic. Proud, dignified, and always conscious of her position whenever she was placed in contact with suffering—as when she tended the sick during the siege of Nottingham Castle—or whenever, as we see in the memoirs of her husband, calls were made upon her

humanity, she was exquisitely considerate, mock, and sympathetic. *Grande dame* in her set, she was a sister of mercy to those beneath her. Her intellect was masculine—witness her clear and hard sketches of contemporary history—yet was she essentially feminine in the conclusions she drew from her premisses, and in the penetration displayed in her descriptions of character. Her memoirs will always be read, not only because they give us a vivid account of the times she lived in, but because they reveal to us, from the remarks and reflections interspersed throughout the book, the character of a genuine, accomplished, and high-minded woman.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

AMONG THE BIRDS.

THE river flows to-day with a full stream, much discoloured by what fishermen call "snow-broth;" only a few catkins and much-swollen buds on the willows which skirt it tell of early spring. What birds may be expected to-day in the valley?

The migratory birds generally arrive within a week on one side or other of the average date assigned by naturalists to their respective arrivals. A gleam of sunshine lights up this patch of kingcups. There is a low fence beyond, running down to the willows; and since our floral dial tells unerringly by these vernal indications, as did Thoreau's, that the time must be towards the end of March, we are busily looking for the little willow-wren, which is among the earliest of our spring visitors. He who knows the spots in his neighbourhood which are most favoured by the migratory birds on their first arrival is seldom at a loss to find the birds themselves year by year. It is just as we thought. Down this old fence a willow-wren is actually flitting. Now it is on the hedge, now on the willow; ever moving, sometimes indulging in snatches of song; up and down it flies, very fearless, evidently much pleased to find itself in its old house again after the long journey from Khartoum, or even from the Holy Land, where the bird abounds. When this bird has once reached its familiar haunts in England it may be confidently asserted that spring is here. Soon the rest of the spring migrants will be with us—the swallows, redstarts, whitethroats, the nightingale and cuckoo, the goatsucker, and the very latest comer of all, the sober-coloured flycatcher, and nesting cares will begin apace.

Hinc ille avium concentus in agris,
Et lætæ pecudes, et ovantes gutture corvi.

It is not often that the spring migratory birds are seen on their arrival. They come in the night, and forthwith scatter over the country. It is different with the autumnal immigration. We have stood on the chalk cliffs of Flamborough in October, and watched the Royston crows winging their heavy way by twos and threes in

the afternoon over an illimitable waste of plunging grey seas to our shores. More curious is the arrival of the woodcocks, about the twentieth of November, on the dull, sandy coasts of Lincolnshire, near Donna Nook, a few miles south of Grimsby. These birds arrive in the night, but are much fatigued with their flight, although in excellent condition. They lie the day after their arrival under any hedgerow, or on the first grassy bank near the sea, scarcely able to rise on the wing until the next night, when they generally flutter up and pass inland to the moist woodlands and combes of the west. Gunners innumerable, and even boys with sticks, know from long experience the night on which the unhappy "cocks" will arrive, and are on the "fytities" (as the grassy strips of land by the sea are called) long before dawn. Then commences an indiscriminate fusillade. Thirty or forty are shot within the space of two or three miles, and the boys, aided by dogs, knock down the poor birds with their sticks, until, as in November 1885, woodcocks can be bought at sixpence each. We remember the servant of a clergyman, who lived near the coast, opening her master's front door early one morning to clean the steps, when she saw a woodcock on the gravel road in front of them, and dexterously flinging the brush which she carried, at once knocked the tired bird down and secured it. About the same time vast flights of our smallest British bird, the golden-crested wren, arrive night after night. There are certain tracts on the eastern coast—as, for instance, on the long sandy spit running from Holderness to the Spurn lighthouse—which are overrun by thickets of the sea-buckthorn (*Hippophaë rhamnoides*), and these singular willow-like shrubs swarm with the little birds, like so many bees, morning after morning. The records of the Migration Committee, appointed by the British Association, are full of curious details respecting the arrival and departure of our migratory birds. If a glimpse is desired of them on their perilous voyage, Mr. H. Seebohm's "Siberia in Europe" (p. 242 *et seq.*) should be consulted. The reader can then somewhat understand the countless thousands of birds which often on a single night pass the lighthouse on Heligoland during their autumnal flight from the arctic regions: 15,000 larks have been caught on this little island in a single night. No more excellent chapter on the migration of birds has ever been written.

Varied as is the bird-life of our gardens, and that seen on the edge of a wood in spring, with the different songs and cries and plumage and mode of flight of each species, the scene is as nothing to the prodigality of bird-life which may be found in certain clearings of tropical forests, in the Australian bush, and the like. Our birds

are for the most part soberly clad, not aggressive, like the Indian kite or crow ; not tricked out, as in the valley of the Amazon, in rainbow shades of beauty. And yet, like English scenery, if not very striking when compared with the birds of warmer latitudes, our birds are homely, and all the more beloved in consequence. How very remote from any associations of familiarity and love are, for instance, the birds of India ! Even old residents never acquire much affection for them, partly because the climate represses enthusiastic feelings, and partly because they have suffered so much from the screams and the pilfering of the best known birds. Edwin Arnold recalls the birds of India in lines which savour of true poetry :

In the mango sprays
The sun-birds flashed ; alone at his green forge
Toiled the loud coppersmith ; bee-eaters hawked,
Chasing the purple butterflies ; . . .
. . . . the mynas perked and picked,
The nine brown sisters chattered in the thorn,
The pied fish-tiger hung above the pool,
The egrets stalked among the buffaloes,
The kites sailed circles in the golden air,
Above the painted temple peacocks flew,
The blue doves cooed from every well.¹

Hérons appear to have increased of late years. They do great damage to trout streams, although the eel is said to be their favourite food. They seem to doze a good deal as they stand in the water, in the attitude in which artists have so frequently depicted them, so that the quiet observer may often draw near without detection. Great is then the commotion ; the heron splashes off, laboriously gets on the wing, and sails slowly away, with its feet thrust behind and projecting far beyond the tail. Occasionally two or three herons perch in a tree at some little distance from water, but we have only once noticed a single bird sitting in a tree. Its ash-coloured plumage then rendered it very conspicuous. Many birds behave in a ludicrous fashion during their mating season. Jackdaws, ordinarily so restless and chattering, are completely sobered at the contemplation of the serious step they are about to take in choosing a mate. They may be seen sitting in pairs on weathercocks, the roofs of churches, or even the boughs of tall elms, in early spring ; getting as close to each other as they can, like avadavats, and then neither cawing nor moving, as if the adorable one's perfections entirely annihilated their ordinary activity. At a certain age the shy human male often exhibits this jackdaw kind of love, and is entranced if he may but

¹ *The Light of Asia*, p. 20.

gaze upon his lady's beauty. Very confiding are lapwings in their mating season. They leave the uplands, or the fields by the river, and draw near roads and habitations, preferring pastures to their ordinary haunts in arable fields. Here they are tolerably fearless as men and carriages pass by, in a fashion very different from their shy mood a fortnight ago, and run about erecting their beautiful crests, and showing off the sheen of their feathers to the greatest advantage. The love-making of the blackcock is a grotesque exaggeration of these antics, while the capercailzie has a regular spot on which to exhibit these Cyclops-like dances—his *lek*, as the Scandinavians call it—to an admiring circle of hens, both these birds being polygamous. Something of the same kind of gambols might have been seen on grassy platforms of the Lincolnshire fens in old days, when the ruff displayed his Elizabethan magnitude of collar to his attendant reeves. Those days, alas! are all but gone for ever, and the ruff in Britain is fast following the great auk, the kite, and the avocet to extinction.

Early in spring the pretty wheatear comes to flirt its tail and flit gently onwards before the wayfarer, resting every twenty yards or so on a heap of stones, turf, and the like. This is the bird supposed to be alluded to by the Laureate as the "sea-blue bird of March." Though the wheatear does not exactly answer to this description, for the purposes of poetry the comparison is near enough; and it is difficult to say, if not the wheatear, what other bird the poet can intend. Multitudes of these birds were snared on the South Downs in old days by the shepherds when they arrived. In February this bird may be seen on the Maidan at Umballah, under the distant snow-clad peaks of the Himalayas. Often must it remind both the officers and soldiers who drill there of their far-distant homes. Thence the ornithologist can fancy its onward advance over the Hindoo Khoosh, past Herat, over the steppes to Russia; then along the shores of the Baltic, past Heligoland, and so to the pleasant country road here, where we see it daintily flying before us, by clumps of primroses and through the wafts of violet-odour under the hedges. What dangers from storm and cold and the claws of rapacious hawks has not this little bird lately overpassed in safety! How much would we not give for the skill of Helenus, who knew the language of all fowls that fly, and would have been able to gather from our migratory birds the story of their wanderings! Ulysses-like, each of them has seen the cities and manners of many men, escaped from sirens, and traversed pathless seas.

On the Irish moors and in the West of England the curious short-eared owl (*Otus brachyotus*) appears to be a resident. Often,

when sportsmen are grouse-shooting in Ireland, one of these innocent birds rises before them ; not unfrequently, if the sportsman listens to the attendant's cry—"Kill him, sor ! he kills grouse !"—to fall the next moment mortally wounded. The nest, which is placed among sedges or heather, is always harried ruthlessly by gamekeepers ; consequently, in many districts this is a scarce bird. It is a pleasure in this connection to quote the words of Prof. Newton, our highest living authority upon birds. Would that game preservers could impress them upon their prejudiced and ignorant keepers ! "The owls are probably the very best friends the preservers of game could possess" (Yarrell's "*British Birds*," ed. 4, vol. i. p. 164). On the eastern coast, however, the short-eared owl is a regular migrant. It comes in October, about the same time as the woodcocks, and is often known in the east of England as the woodcock owl. We have kicked it up (for it lies very closely after arriving) in that month from the short grass on Flamborough Head. It is universally found over Europe as far as Japan, and seems intended by nature to keep down small birds, rats, beetles, and the like. Its still more innocent brother, the barn owl, suffers much diminution of its numbers wherever the murderous pole-traps are fixed. These abominable engines of destruction ought to be abolished by law if the humanity and good feeling of game-preservers do not speedily suppress them. Day and night they are killing birds, and, what is worse, indiscriminately killing them ; the blackbird and kestrel by day being involved in the same murderous doom as the harmless fern owl and barn owl at night. Whatever lights on the tempting pole is caught, and is then so sadly maimed that even a gamekeeper is moved by compassion to kill the poor sufferer, whether it be a destroyer of game or not. Few people are aware of the reckless destruction caused to bird-life by the keeper's pole-trap.

August ; and our boat is rocking far out at sea off Exmouth, while the long green surges fly by under the wings of a north-west breeze. Every now and then the lines which are being towed behind are briskly pulled up, generally having a mackerel on them. This fish "plays" more after the lively fashion of a trout than the dull despairing struggle made by most sea fish when hooked. What is that succession of splashes ahead, where the spray is dashed up, and for a brief moment catches the iridescent hues of the sunlight ? Now a large white bird emerges, and then another, and again there is a splash and much activity among a crowd of sea-gulls accompanying the larger birds ; and now we can distinctly see, by the snow-white plumage and long bills of the birds which are diving and splashing,

that several solan-geese are feeding off the "scule" of mackerel as it approaches the surface. With autumn the old solan-geese desert their young ones, and go far afield for fishing excursions. The nearest breeding colony here is at Lundy Island, off North Devon; but in all probability these birds have wandered down from the western coasts of Scotland, from Ailsa Craig, Borrera, or it may be from far Myggenæs, the island which is nearest the sunset of the Faroe group. The association of ideas at once carries us off to the Sutherlandshire coast, and the wonderful scene presented by Handa Island at the breeding-time. The gannet (or solan-goose) prefers its own time-honoured breeding haunts, although it does not discourage winged neighbours. At Handa many species of birds—guillemots, gulls, divers, swimmers, and fliers innumerable—sit in long lines on the face of the rocks, like the Roman senators when the Gauls broke in upon their deliberations, or lie like white clouds on the slopes, all in perfect unity, and each on her own nest, while the spectator's head grows dizzy at the crowds of birds which fly and dart and dive around their stronghold, their cries, screams, and whistles almost bewildering his ear as they are heard over the grand diapason of the Atlantic surges, rolling in far below, and jutting up in pillars and sheets of foam. Many of these birds are annually killed to supply the frugal western population of Scotland with food, feathers, and oil. Luckily, the wanton destruction wrought by gunners brought from large towns by cheap trips in times past at Flamborough is here absent. 'Arry, the tourist, or the carpet-bagger, does not often find his way to Handa. It is a much further cry than even to Loch Awe.

The lover of birds is indeed an enviable man. Wherever he goes, and in whatever month, he is sure to find some kind of birds around him, all with more or less of an interesting history, if he can but read it. And the problems of ornithology are endless. What, for instance, is the osprey doing in Lincolnshire autumn after autumn? Almost always the unfortunate bird falls a victim to the local gunner, and furnishes a paragraph to some county *Times*. What has tamed the curlew, found screaming in summer round the intruder on the wild heaths of the Breconshire Black Mountains or the Sutherlandshire moors, whereas in winter it stalks solemnly through the mud and ooze of the eastern coast line, and cunning must be the sportsman who can shoot it? Why should the green sandpiper fly up with its wild cry before the trout-fisher on our summer streams, while no man has ever found its nest there? What keeps the Royston crow on the east rather

than the west of our island? For what purpose did that wonderful influx of sand-grouse (*Syrnhaptes paradoxus*) seek our country from far distant Tartary in the summer of 1863, and never before or since, so far as ornithology has been able to discover? What mean the irregular visits of the red-necked phalarope to England, or why should the corncrake, normally a summer visitor only, not uncommonly remain through the winter in the West of England? Could any fabulous narrative be more wonderful than the story of the cuckoo's economy and breeding, as told in the last edition of Yarrell's "British Birds"? Such are some of the easier questions which can be asked about the habits of a few of our common as well as our uncommon birds. The student need never hope to solve more than a tithe of these difficulties, while very many more remain undiscovered. Ornithology is, indeed, a science in which, if in any other, the disciple grows old learning.

Having denounced the cruel custom of killing birds in the interest of game by means of a pole-trap, we should like to conclude by emphatically condemning that thoughtless custom of many ladies, the wearing of a small stuffed bird or its plumes in their bonnets. If this mischievous fashion did not originate in America, at all events it has there attained such enormous proportions as seriously to diminish, in some cases, the whole number of birds which form a species, more especially when the unfortunate birds are tricked out in beautifully coloured or well-marked plumes. If the fair sex could only realise the agony with which, in many cases, these gaily hued feathers are purchased by the slow death of their original owners, and mentally conceive the absence of so many bright-plumaged birds from their suitable haunts, we are certain that no lady would any longer wear the cost of so much blood and anguish. "Young persons," indeed, would still continue to wear such feathers for a time, because they are impervious to all such considerations, but time would bring its revenge. They would see that their superiors had entirely dropped the custom of wearing such ornaments, and would themselves, in deference to fashion if not from a regard to humanity, give up their plumes. The author will be thankful if this protest should show any lady the cruelty as well as the bad taste of pinning birds' wings in her hat. Nothing could look more flighty, and this might be deemed a serious consideration for the fair sex. Surely here, if ever, beauty unadorned is adorned the most.

M. G. WATKINS.

THE ENGLISH LEMAITRE.

EXCEPT Edmund Kean, no English actor ever resembled so closely the great Frederick, in conduct and character, and in strange and perpetually varying vicissitudes of fortune, as the erratic and ill-fated Charles Dillon.

The French and the English Lemaître both fought the battle of life from hand to mouth ; both emerged from obscurity ; both leaped into fame and fortune ; both, alas ! ended their chequered careers in poverty and obscurity.

The bent of their genius was identical, and the Englishman gained much of his popularity from essaying certain characters which the Frenchman had created ; *par exemple*—Palliasse, Maurice (" La Dame de St. Tropez "), Le Docteur Noir, Don César, Ruy Blas, &c

Both evoked smiles or tears with equal facility, both thrilled their audiences with passion, or melted them with pathos, and it may be truly said of both these gifted men, that their capacity was as unique as their versatility was boundless.

The Frenchman, however, had one advantage over his English compeer : the one passed his dazzling and starry life upon the Boulevards, the other was unfortunately, for the greater portion of his life, relegated to the backwoods.

The barest record of the trials and struggles of the English Lemaître would have been more replete with interest than ninety-and-nine romances out of a hundred.

It would have revealed a childhood of poverty and misery—a youth, devoted to trudging half over England, ragged, and almost barefoot—acting in barns and shows, at wakes and fairs, at what he called " dukies " or penny " gaffs," in slums off King's Cross, the New Cut, or Drury Lane ; a manhood, which culminated in the management of the most fashionable London theatre of the period, where, for two entire seasons, he was the idol of the populace and of the fashionable world ; a maturity, which ended in the street of a

petty provincial town, whose best claim to be remembered hereafter will be from the fact that he died there.

I cannot pretend to give even the faintest outline of this meteoric career. I can only recall the impressions of a personal acquaintance which commenced in my youth, illustrated by certain incidents which occurred during the period of our early intimacy.

In my boyhood I lived at Westbourne Green. We dined at six, and as soon as I had bolted my dinner I usually "made tracks" for some theatre. The Marylebone, being the nearest, frequently came in for my stray sixpences, or less frequent shillings. Upon one especial evening I made the best of my way to Portman Market, attracted thither by the announcement of Elton (the poor fellow who was soon afterwards drowned off Holy Isle, in the wreck of the *Pegasus*), as *Virginus*.

When I had parted with my sixpence, and an additional twopence for a playbill, I found that, from some cause or other, Elton could not appear, and "The Dog of Montargis," with the renowned Coney and Blanchard, as Landry and Eloi, the dumb boy, were substituted for Elton and "Virginus."

This was a disappointment; still, a play is always a play to a lad of fourteen; besides, "The Dog of Montargis" is a very good play of the kind. I had never seen it, and it was admirably acted; at least I thought so then, and I am disposed to think, even at this interval of time, that my boyish impression was a correct one.

The principal performer, the "dawg," was a magnificent Mount St. Bernard, who went about his work as if he had been born to it. He licked his dead master's face, rang the bell, carried the lantern, led the way to the forest, seized the murderer by the throat, and strangled him, to my great satisfaction.

The heroine of the drama, Miss Clara Conquest, was the most charming of village maidens. She was a brunette, with a plump, beautifully-balanced figure, dark curling hair, bright sparkling eyes, with just the *souffron* of a cast in them, which rather enhanced their sprightliness, teeth like pearls, a mouth like Cupid's bow, a saucy tip-tilted nose, and the daintiest feet and ankles I ever beheld.

Macaire was a wonderful "bowld" speaker, one Mr. Mark Howard.

The Seneschal was the famous "Bogey" King, so called because he was the mildest man in the world, with the most sepulchral voice.

Blaise was Tom Lee, the Irish comedian from Drury Lane, a capital actor.

Landry, the villain, as I have said before, was acted by Coney, a great, hulking fellow, who carried his shoulders up to his ears, and shouted incessantly, but who, nevertheless, fought a capital broadsword combat.

Blanchard, who played Eloi, the dumb boy, was, at that time, a singularly handsome, symmetrical young fellow, and an elegant pantomimist.

The hero of the night, "The murdered Haubri," was enacted by an abnormally ugly young man, whose name did not appear in the bill. This gentleman had a huge, cavernous mouth, with protruding and irregular teeth, a corrugated nose, snake-like, glittering eyes, a head of long, lank black hair, growing very low down on a broad but receding forehead, over the brows of which two great bumps projected. In fact, to maintain the semblance of a forehead at all, a quantity of the front hair was shaven off, and as evidently he was not an adept in the artifices of the toilet, the blue-black mark clearly indicated the exact locality of this tonsorial operation.

But when Aubri had been on the stage five minutes, I lost sight of his plebeian appearance in my admiration of his ability.

He moved with ease, grace, and distinction. In his one great, indeed, his only scene—the scene of the murder—his sword play was magnificent; his pathos and his passion were alike admirable. Such was my first impression of Charles Dillon.

His subsequent performances at this period did not strike me so favourably. The parts in which I saw him placed him to singular disadvantage. They were Lothair ("Miller and his Men"), El Hyder, and Philip, in his own adaptation of Bulwer Lytton's "Night and Morning."

For years previous he had combined the functions of author, actor, and stage manager, and had starred at the "minors" in his own pieces of "Marco Sciarra, the Brigand of the Abruzzi," "The Maid of Zaragossa," "The Mysteries of Paris," &c. All wild, exaggerated youthful productions, but containing strong lines and powerful situations enough to make half a dozen West-end dramas nowadays.

From this time I saw no more of him for a considerable period; but as he was persistently coming to the fore, I heard of him continually, and soon learnt that he had gone into management in the country.

The first time I came in personal contact with him was at Wolverhampton.

While acting at Stafford a good many years ago, seeing G. V.

Brooke (whom I knew slightly) announced as Othello, and Dillon for Iago, we chartered a coach and pair, and drove over to see them act. I went round behind the scenes to call on Brooke, and to ask the customary courtesy of admission for our little party. Dillon, who was dressed for Iago, came forward and introduced himself very affably.

He was, I thought, very much improved in appearance. He had now mounted the huge black moustache, which hid the cavernous mouth, and he ever after sedulously cultivated that hirsute adornment.

His Iago was quite as good as Brooke's Othello, and they were both as good, or better, than any actors of those parts I have ever seen since.

Miss Clara Conquest (my pretty brunette with the twinkling feet) had now become Mrs. Dillon, and she made a very interesting Desdemona; the Emilia, I am ashamed to say, I have forgotten. Harry Widdicomb was Roderigo, and the late Mr. F. B. Egan, a veritable son of Anak, and the handsomest man I have ever seen, was the Cassio.

When the play was over, Brooke, Dillon, and Widdicomb took us to the Peacock, entertained us right royally, and sent us on our way rejoicing.

Two or three years elapsed, and I saw no more of Dillon.

One morning, while strolling along the Market Place at Norwich, after rehearsal, I encountered an elderly man attired in a shabby clerical suit of black.

It seemed to me as if I ought to have known him. That *souçon* of swagger, that broad receding forehead, those two swelling bumps projecting over either brow, the iron grey hair shaved upward towards the poll, those snake-like eyes, that rugged irregular nose, that abysmal mouth, where could I have seen them before?

Where, indeed? The stranger evoked an impression, not a recollection; an impression which vanished as I passed by, and went for my "constitutional" amongst the quaint nooks and interesting relics of olden time which abound nowhere more than in that delightful old city.

When I got home, just as we were sitting down to dinner, a card was brought up, bearing the inscription "Charles James Church, B.A., Balliol College, Oxford."

I desired my visitor to be shown up, when, lo! the B.A. turned out to be the seedy-looking gentleman I had met in the Market Place.

He was an actor as well as a B.A. He had been at the theatre the night before, had seen my Othello, and had called to pay his respects to the Youthful Tragedian of the Norwich Circuit; a circuit to which, he said, he had been formerly attached.

Now this gentleman did not look much like a B.A., but he looked very hungry, and — dinner was on the table.

The rites of hospitality are sacred, so we called for another knife and fork.

Our guest made himself at home, and did ample justice to our frugal repast.

Over his after-dinner pipe he talked incessantly: grew eloquent about his friend, the "divine" Edmund Kean, and other distinguished actors; glanced modestly at his own peaceful triumphs at college or theatre; aired his acquaintance with politics, poetry, and the drama; talked like a senior wrangler; quoted Cicero and Demosthenes; and altogether impressed me with his erudition.

He also impressed me with his apparent aversion to soap and water, and the paucity of his linen. Objectionable as were these peculiarities, they merely struck me as being the offspring of the eccentricities of genius. Since then, strange as it may appear, I have seen other actors and other B.A.'s (and eminent ones, too!) with whom a little linen and a little soap and water went a long way.

Evidently my new acquaintance, not to put too fine a point upon it, was "hard up." By-and-by, when he had had a glass or two of whisky-and-water, he began to quote Juvenal, and became a bore. So I brought our interview to an end. Then, as we say in the theatre, he "came to cues."

He was on his way to town and lacked a few shillings to make up his fare.

This difficulty being got over, he presented me, as a mark of his esteem and gratitude, with a new little French book (in a yellow cover, prix 1 fr. 25 c.), by Lamartine.

It was something about a wonderful dream of "The Parliament of Man—The Federation of the World," evoked by smoking a pipe or two of Haschisch.

I had been vainly endeavouring all the afternoon to recall who it was that my visitor reminded me of. At the moment of his departure the recognition dawned—I may say leaped upon my mind.

"Pardon me," said I, "Mr. —"

"Church, sir, Church."

"Precisely. Well, Mr. Church, do you know that you remind me in the most surprising manner of Mr. Charles Dillon?"

"Not in the least surprising, sir, considering that I happen to be the unfortunate father of that unfilial son!"

"Good gracious! You don't say so? Pray sit down, sir, and have another glass of whisky-and-water."

Nothing loth, Mr. Church sat down again, and returned to his potations, while he gave me a scene from "The Stranger."

With a fine flow of Brummagem, he informed me that "he had taken a serpent to his bosom, who had betrayed, dishonoured him; that he had been left a lonely, blighted, broken-hearted man; that the ungrateful boy, on whom he had looked forward to be the prop of his declining years, had brought his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave; had assumed the badge of infamy; had taken the name of his deadliest foe; but that a time would come," &c. The time *did* come—with the end of the bottle of whisky, when it occurred to the B.A. to take his departure, invoking maudlin benedictions in Latin and Greek, and prognosticating a glorious future for me.

Years after, Dillon himself told me that he certainly had the misfortune to be indebted for his existence to this wandering vagabond, who, by-the-by, instead of being a B.A., was a distinguished painter (and glazier!). How the fellow acquired his knowledge of the classics no one ever knew; he certainly never graduated at Balliol. He had turned stroller in some small company where he met Dillon's mother, whom he abandoned and left to starve. The poor woman, while the lad was but a child, found a friend and benefactor, and her son a father, in Arthur Dillon (a theatrical agent and a popular actor at the Surrey), whose name Charles ever after bore, and whom he loved with filial devotion.

A few months after I first formed the acquaintance of my friend, the distinguished painter and glazier aforesaid (who, by the way, made periodical descents upon me in divers places, until I intimated that his room was preferable to his company!), I went to Sheffield, where I encountered Dillon for the second time.

Apròpos of Sheffield, he told me afterwards that he commenced his managerial career there with Bulwer's comedy of "Money," which had never before been acted in the town.

The theatre was crowded with an excited audience, who followed the play with eager interest.

The "king of the gallery," as he was called, was a chimney-sweep, who elected to guide and control the opinion of the gods. This fellow was a personage to be feared and "squared," for his hostile verdict was simply damnatory to any play or players, or even

to the management itself. Being strongly exercised in his mind as to the persistent interruptions of the Old Member in the Club Scene, when the irate old idiot had for the sixth or seventh time called out, "Waiter ! snuff-box !" the sweep got up and roared from his perch, "Oh, shut up ! Mesther Dillon ; let yon owd rooster ha' his d——d snuff-box ; bundle him out, and get on wi' t' play."

At the period of my arrival, Dillon was concluding a six-weeks' stay at the Royal. At this time his Belphegor was being much talked of. Indeed, it was so popular in Yorkshire and Lancashire that the part was practically prohibited to any other actor. During all the time I was in Sheffield I never attempted it, except on one memorable occasion, to which I shall hereafter refer. As this particular part was the one with which Dillon's name was so intimately associated, it may not be out of place to mention the circumstances connected with its original production.

It was first acted by him to a wretched house of something like ten or twelve pounds, and the sight disheartened him ; but he found, as many other actors have often found, that his scanty audience represented the heart, the blood, and brains of the theatrical public.

The sparsely peopled pit gathered themselves together, and began to listen with interest. He "went" for them, and they "went" for him ; and, despite the "beggarly account of empty benches," the piece was an extraordinary, a triumphant hit.

Upon its next performance, during the following week, the theatre was crowded from floor to ceiling ; as, indeed, it was for years afterwards, whenever and wherever he was announced for Belphegor.

In consequence of his success in this and similar parts, in which at that time he stood alone and unrivalled, it was the fashion amongst certain presslings to denominate him *a melodramatic actor*.

In using a phrase, the meaning of which they did not comprehend, these gentlemen sought to depreciate his ability as a tragedian, while they really paid him the highest compliment possible ; but this is neither the time nor place to discuss this vexed question.

During my engagement, having a night's holiday, with the actor's usual craze for the enjoyment thereof, I went to the other theatre to see Dillon in "The Black Doctor."

It was summer, and the performance was supposed to commence at eight o'clock.

Upon my arrival, at about a quarter past, I found the bold Charles strutting up and down the side of the theatre, with his everlasting cigar in his mouth, attended by a select troop of parasites, to whom

he was recounting his latest funny story, pausing between whiles to look into the pit to see "how many more grinders had dropped in."

I went up, and reminded him of our meeting in Wolverhampton. He looked at me incredulously, and said :

"Good God ! you're not that boy ? Well, by Jove ! you have shot up. All right, sonnie, you'll have the boxes all to yourself, so in you go, and I'll get dressed."

He had been playing to enormous "business" for a month, but had re-engaged again, and yet again, and although then at the height of his popularity, had outstayed his welcome.

There was a wretched house.

He walked on for Fabian in the street trousers and boots I had seen him in ten minutes before—in fact, he had only slipped on a blouse and "made up" his face, and yet how admirably he acted the part throughout, how splendidly he played the mad scene ! I came to be critical, I remained to cry ; so there was an end of my criticism.

During the performance he sent round, and asked me to meet him at the inn opposite, when the play was over.

Now I must premise that two or three months previously I had produced for my benefit at Newcastle-on-Tyne a drama which I had adapted from Dumas' novel of "Monte Cristo." It was a crude, boyish thing, but my own—although I must confess that the idea was suggested to me by seeing the French players at Drury Lane, when the memorable row occurred which led to two or three English actors, who ought to have known better, being lugged off to Bow Street.

When we met at Sampson's, Dillon astonished me by opening fire thus :

"Young shaver, I've a crow to pluck with you. You've cribbed a copy of my 'Monte Cristo.'"

When I could recover my breath, I assured him that I had never even seen his "Monte Cristo." He replied :

"Well, if you haven't, Sydney Davis" (a distinguished actor of that period, and brother of the Newcastle-on-Tyne manager) "has. He was with me in Dublin, and played in the piece with me."

I indignantly retorted : "He may have played in your piece, sir, but he has never played in mine." And so we parted with a little temper on both sides.

Two or three nights afterwards he took his benefit, with the following modest programme :

The play of "The Cavalier," the Princess's drama, "The Violet, or Napoleon's Flower," and "Monte Cristo" !

At our theatre we played "Othello."

As we did not commence till eight o'clock, by the time I had got the black off my face it was well-nigh twelve.

At this moment Richard Younge, who played Iago, came to my room, and invited me to go up to the Royal to see "Monte Cristo." I replied, "It's useless going now; the play will be over by the time we get there."

"Ah! you don't know Dillon!" replied Younge. "Anyhow, come and chance it." So away we went.

When we arrived at the theatre, about a quarter-past twelve, the curtain was just falling on the prologue, so we were in time for the last three acts.

A capital piece of the kind, and, as far as Dillon was concerned, a capital performance; but the other people were here, there, everywhere, nowhere; a circumstance which did not surprise me when I learnt that the prompt-book had been lost, and the play had been acted without a MS., and even without a part, Mr. and Mrs. Dillon telling the people, at their only rehearsal, that they came on here and went off there, and that they had to say "so-and-so." This was the only actual practical illustration of the pernicious practice christened by poor Tom Robertson "ponging," that ever came under my personal observation.

On this occasion, although the curtain did not fall till past two in the morning, the audience sat it out to the last.

My next meeting with Dillon led to a few hasty words, "all on account of" "Monte Cristo"; and thus commenced a misunderstanding which ultimately led to disastrous results for both.

Next season, in conjunction with my friend Mr. Sam Johnson (the comedian of the Lyceum), I took the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, and Dillon went into opposition at the other theatre; and a very stupid opposition it was for both parties. For two years temper and petty jealousies embittered the conflict; and we were continually defeating Dillon or being defeated by him.

At that period, if we had only coalesced and put our forces together, with his artistic ability and my commercial aptitude, we might easily have made our fortunes.

The idea struck me so forcibly that I made friendly overtures, and invited him to come and act at Bolton, where I was making a summer season.

He came, as usual, without properties or dresses, and laid mine under contribution.

We had rows about rehearsals, to which he would never come,

unless literally dragged to the theatre ; but he was so agreeable, had such a flow of anecdote, such remarkable and romantic experiences, that I really became fascinated by him ; but, as to business, I could not bring him to book, and nothing ever came of his visit.

A month afterwards, in the dog days, he appeared, with a scratch company, as Belphegor, at Sadler's Wells, then under the temporary management of young Webster, Ben Webster's nephew.

This young gentleman had sufficient influence to coax John Oxenford up to the wilds of Islington.

The genial John came, he saw, and was conquered by the country actor. Next day there appeared a flaming article in *The Times*, and Dillon was famous.

Three months afterwards he was manager of the Lyceum.

Now, it must be remembered that at this time "there were giants in the land : " the memory of Macready was still kept green ; Phelps was at the height of his popularity at Sadler's Wells ; Charles Kean was the favourite of the court and of the public, and had an enormous following at the Princess's ; the Wigans were drawing all fashionable London to Wych Street ; the new Adelphi was just opened ; the Haymarket still enjoyed a great prestige ; Drury Lane had Charles Mathews and the pantomime ; yet, notwithstanding these potent attractions, Dillon's success was immediate and pronounced.

With ordinary prudence, he might now have become one of the first if not *the* first manager in London. Apart, however, from his erratic mode of conducting his business, he unfortunately commenced his enterprise with borrowed capital, was overwhelmed with old debts, and had not even the scintillation of an idea on the subject of finance.

Besides these drawbacks, his defective early training, his eccentric mode of dress, his disregard for the *convenances* of society, perpetually asserted themselves to his serious disadvantage. When out of the theatre he was never happy unless when loafing around the nearest bar with congenial companions, who swallowed his stories (which were by no means bad ones) and his libations with equal avidity.

In this respect he was wonderfully like Edmund Kean and Lemaître, who, at the height of their prosperity, preferred the society of their old "pals" to that of peers and princes.

It must be admitted, however, that Dillon "bore his blushing honours meekly," and that he never was so affable in his life as during this brief spell of prosperity.

The only extravagance he ever indulged in was a brougham, which was usually ordered at ten, to bring him to the Lyceum, but

it was generally two or three hours later before he started. It was again ordered to take him home to dinner, but was invariably kept waiting all the afternoon, while he oscillated 'twixt the Albion and the Strand, when it was not infrequently dismissed altogether. Then he would adjourn to his own room in the theatre, where, over a rumpsteak and a pot of stout, with a few intimates he would discuss his last or his next performance, until it was time for the doors to open, when he would take a stroll round the Strand, to smoke his cigar, and to see the people flock into the pit; a habit he could never get rid of to the last.

At the end of his first season he went straight to Drury Lane, where he appeared as Richelieu, Hamlet, and Othello. From thence he went to Manchester with his company.

We met there, and he proposed that we should go into partnership for "a flutter," as he termed it, at Sheffield.

If the affair turned out to our mutual satisfaction, we were to talk about my putting a little coin into the Lyceum.

We had by this time each our special band of partisans, and if the Guelphs and the Ghibellines would only unite, and come to the theatre, we were bound to make a great thing of it.

An agreement was duly prepared, in which, among other things, it was stipulated that we were to alternate Othello and Iago, Jaffier and Pierre, The Corsican Brothers and Chateau Renaud, Romeo and Mercutio, King John and Falconbridge.

He elected to open in "Richelieu."

Unfortunately, with the commencement of the partnership our misunderstandings began.

Rehearsal was called at ten.

Ten, eleven, twelve came, still no sign of Dillon. If we meant to open that night there was nothing for it but for me to rehearse the play, so as to be ready to play the part myself if necessary.

Of course, I rehearsed my own stage "business," which was totally different to his, and the result was that when he at length turned up at seven o'clock, there was a disreputable performance and a dreadful breakdown.

Through the "mull" of "Richelieu," we had indifferent houses for the next two or three performances, but on the first and second nights of "Othello," we were crowded in every hole and corner.

Next day my partner was a changed man, and became unbearable and unendurable.

The following week he altered the programme, and insisted upon closing the theatre on Wednesday and Thursday, involving the firm in a loss of fifty or sixty pounds—a liability which he repudiated in

the most airy manner. This circumstance brought our short partnership to an abrupt and disagreeable termination.

From that moment to the day of his death we never spoke again.

During his second season at the Lyceum he took large sums, but as fast as they came in they were appropriated by creditors. The result was disastrous, and his management ended like that of his predecessor, Charles Mathews, in Basinghall Street.

In these days of long runs it may not be uninteresting to recall the work done, and done well, too, during those two seasons. The opening bill was "Belphegor" and the burlesque of "Perdita." After a run of six weeks "Belphegor" gave place to "The King's Musketeers," a production which, for elegance and good taste, remains unsurpassed. Edmund Falconer's play of "The Cagot" enabled Dillon to distinguish himself in a congenial and sympathetic original part, besides which he appeared at intervals as Othello, Hamlet, Claude Melnotte, Richelieu, Virginius, William Tell, the Black Doctor, and Citizen Sangfroid in "Delicate Ground."

These plays, combined with a magnificent production of "Conrad and Medora" carried him with a flowing sail up to February 16 in the following year, when "A Life's Ransom" achieved a considerable success.

Of minor productions I note Mr. John Hollingshead's first farce, "The Birthplace of Podgers," and another by Edmund Yates, and Harrington, called "Doing the Hansom."

The season terminated with a performance of "Richelieu," which recalls a somewhat amusing occurrence. This play was frequently acted upon alternate nights with "The King's Musketeers," in which, it will be remembered, the great Cardinal plays a somewhat subordinate and ignoble rôle.

One of the members of the company was Tom Stuart, "the caged lion," as he was irreverently called, from his having been heard one night in the Haymarket Green Room, while contemplating his imposing outlines in the mirror, during the intervals of a wickedly bad "heavy father," to apostrophise himself thus: "Ah, Tom, Tom! you are a caged lion, but the time will come when you shall stalk abroad, and the wide forest shall tremble at your roar!"

Well, this gentleman played Richelieu in "The Musketeers," while Dillon played the Cardinal in Bulwer's play.

"Ah! well, well!" growled Tom; "we play Richelieu every night. Charlie does the old buffer one night, I do him the other; and, by goles, I think I get the best of it!"

The muster-roll of Dillon's first season attests the production of two original works, two Shaksperian plays, two revivals of Bulwer Lytton, two of Sheridan Knowles, three romantic dramas. Half a dozen farces and *two* magnificent spectacular burlesques, either of which, supported by such a cast as they then obtained, would, independent of any other attraction, crowd a West-end theatre for an entire season nowadays.

During the last campaign an original play by Leigh Hunt was produced, called "Love's Amazement," another by Westland Marston, called "A Hard Struggle," and an adaptation from the French of "Madame Girardin." Of Shakspeare, "Macbeth" and "As you Like it," in which Helen Faucit appeared, and "Othello." Besides these great works, Whitehead's play, the "Cavalier," Kotzebue's "Stranger," and Casimir de la Vigne's "Louis XI." "John Bull," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "Wild Oats" were acted in conjunction with the burlesque of "Lallah Rookh," which was produced on a scale of oriental splendour. This season, if not so prolific of events as the first, showed, notwithstanding, the goodly record of two original works, three Shaksperian productions, three legitimate plays, three standard comedies, two or three original farces, and one spectacular burlesque, besides various revivals from the first season. Be it remembered, none of these works were pitchforked upon the stage; they were all done excellently, and many of them were elaborate and sumptuous productions.

When Dillon quitted the Lyceum, he left behind him a few people who have since made their mark upon "the very age and body of the time," notably, Miss Marie Wilton, who made her first appearance in town upon his opening night, as Henri ("Belphegor"), and Perdita, in Brough's burlesque, "The Royal Milkmaid"; Toole, who played Fanfaronade and Autolycus; Calhaem, who played Leontes; Edmund Falconer and F. B. Chatterton.

Toole went to the Adelphi; Calhaem clung to the fortunes of Falconer at the Lyceum and Drury Lane, of which he became manager, in conjunction with Chatterton, who ultimately became lessee of Old Drury, the Princess's, and Adelphi; while Miss Wilton crossed over the way to the Strand, of which for years she was the cynosure, until she went to the Prince of Wales's, where her subsequent career marked an epoch in the annals of the modern stage.

A year or two later I was engaged to act for the Christmas and the week following at Sheffield,

At or about this period, an unfortunate dissension had occurred between Mr. and Mrs. Dillon, which ultimately led to their total estrangement.

To my astonishment, I received a letter from the lady, applying for an engagement, and I engaged her at once to play the opposite parts in my pieces.

During my second week, the manager urged me to play "Belphegor." Upon my observing that I did not wish to trespass on Dillon's *donnée*, he pointed out that as I was no longer in management, I had a right to fight for my own hand—that the play, especially in conjunction with Mrs. Dillon, would be sure to attract a great house.

Ultimately I yielded to his wishes, and the result was exactly what he had prognosticated. We were crowded from floor to dome.

It so happened that Mrs. Dillon dressed in the room adjacent to mine. I had barely got upstairs after the play, when there arose from the next apartment a scream, which startled and alarmed me. It was followed by the thud of a heavy fall. Then, silence!

I rushed round, knocked at the door, again, and yet again. It was no time for ceremony, so I burst it open.

There lay stretched upon the ground the pretty little brunette of my boyhood, now a wan and woe-worn woman. Yes, there she lay, pale, rigid, and senseless.

Beside her was a telegram with these words:

"Charles Dillon sailed to-night from Queenstown for America."

The fact was that Dillon's creditors had become as unreasonable and impatient as they had hitherto been rapacious, and his flight to America had been precipitated by his morbid dread of being arrested.

He had the utmost difficulty in scraping together the money for his passage, and as he had no engagement to go to, he went out on pure speculation—which is about the worst thing an impecunious actor can do anywhere.

Amidst a terrible tempest which arose during the voyage, a violent lurch of the vessel flung him from one side of the deck to the other, breaking his leg in two places, so it came to pass that when the unfortunate man landed in New York without a dollar, he was also a cripple.

It was some weeks before he could move, and when at length he was enabled to crawl out, it was with the greatest difficulty that he could obtain an engagement at all.

The theatre in which he made his appearance was "out of the track of ships," and on his opening night it rained in torrents, consequently there was a wretched house.

When he came limping on the stage he met with a most chilling reception, but he pulled himself together, and by the time he had got to the end of the first act of "Belphegor," the audience felt that a great actor was before them.

The press, however, was anything but gracious in its recognition—the theatre was unpopular and out of the way, and the engagement was financially a failure.

His necessities placed him at the mercy of the managers, who invariably had the best of him, and I fear his demeanour was not ingratiating; hence all the time he was in America he was in perpetual hot water.

His arrangements were so badly managed, that from New York he went direct to San Francisco, where he found himself announced for both theatres, and there was the very deuce to pay between the rival managers, with little money for Dillon.

From "Frisco" he went into the mountains of Nevada, where he acted in tents among the diggers. From thence, back at a bound to Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Even if he had taken large sums of money, these dreadful journeys would have swallowed up every cent.

From America he made his way to Australia and New Zealand. In Australia he did a little better.

At this time he was at his best, and with a little skill and prudence, might easily have amassed a fortune. But he was so erratic, so undependable, that he never gave himself the ghost of a chance anywhere, or at any time.

Mr. Charles Wilmot, manager of the Grand Theatre, Islington, gave me the other day a characteristic illustration of the fatal facility with which Dillon kicked the ladder from under his feet on every occasion.

While Wilmot was managing the theatre at Brisbane for Miss Julia Mathews (remembered here chiefly for her sprightly performance of "The Grand Duchess"), Dillon came to fulfil an engagement, and was announced to open in "Virginius." He put in an appearance at rehearsal (of course an hour late), ran through a few scenes, and, as usual, disappeared, leaving the company to finish it as best they could. At nightfall, when the time of commencement approached, Virginius had not arrived. Now the theatre was the joint property of two

publicans—each Boniface had a bar, and no one could enter the temple of Thespis without passing through one or other of these shrines of Bacchus. Away went Wilmot to bar No. 1, where he found the missing “star” in company with one Ben Canter, a costumier, from Vinegar Yard, who had found his way to this remote region. The tragedian was complacently stroking his imperial, and regarding his “counterfeit presentment” as Belphegor, in an old copy of the *Illustrated London News*, which Canter had brought down to show him.

“Time to begin, Mr. Dillon!” said Wilmot.

“Coming, my boy, coming. Look here! Isn’t it marvellous I should meet this old vagabond in these ‘diggins’? He used to dress us at the Marylebone when I was a lad. Still more marvellous that *this* should turn up at the Antipodes! It was taken during my first season at the Lyceum, sir. I remember the night well. It was the night when Charles Dickens came round to me with John Oxenford, and said, ‘Charley, my boy——’”

“Really, Mr. Dillon, I must remind you that the stage is waiting.”

“‘Let the forum wait for us.’ There isn’t much of a house—I’ve been counting the beggars as they dribbled in.”

“They come in late, sir. There will be a splendid house by-and-by, if you’ll only get dressed.”

“All right. Have a drink?”

Against his inclination, poor Wilmot was obliged to imbibe. At last he coaxed the recalcitrant tragedian (not without making a halt at the other bar) to his dressing-room.

“Now, my dear, where are the ‘props’?” blandly inquired Dillon of his fair *compagne de voyage*.

“I haven’t the faintest idea,” replied the lady, “unless you left them behind in the last town.”

“Good heavens! You don’t say so? This is a lively look-out! Wilmot, what is to be done? I can’t go on without ‘props,’ you know. You had better dismiss the house.”

“Heaven forbid!” replied Wilmot. “But do you really mean to say, Mr. Dillon, you have neither properties nor dresses?”

“Not a rag for Virginius! Better dismiss, I tell you.”

“Dismiss the devil!” roared the manager. “Wait a moment.”

So saying, he ran to his lodgings, which were in the immediate vicinity, and returned with his own fleshings, sandals, and a Roman shirt, into which Dillon struggled as well as he could, while Wilmot went round to the wardrobe to see if he could find a toga. There was only one in the theatre, and that had

been already appropriated by Appius Claudius, who could by no amount of persuasion be induced to relinquish it. "No, sir," exclaimed that noble Roman, "Virginius is only a centurion : I am the first decemvir, and was born in the purple. I have lived in it, and mean to die in it." And die in it he did in due course, when Virginius strangled him in the last scene. Away rushed poor Wilmot back to his lodgings again, from whence he emerged with a sheet which he had plucked from his bed, and which Dillon had to arrange as the *toga virilis* as best he could.

Later in the play, when he had to don his fighting gear, one of the supers was obliged to be stripped of his armour. It may easily be surmised that under the circumstances the Brisbane public were not profoundly impressed with the great metropolitan tragedian.

This, it is to be feared, is only one of the many instances which marked his progress through the colonies.

After an absence of some years, he returned to England physically weakened, and, I fear, not otherwise improved by these sordid experiences ; besides which, his voice was unfortunately affected by some subtle malady, which at any moment paralysed the vocal chord, and left him suddenly speechless.

After the fatigues of the long voyage he needed rest and recuperation. Could he have gone to some quiet home, and given himself up entirely to domestic influences, could he have found some shrewd sympathetic friend to advise him and look after his interests, I believe, even then, it would not have been too late to have retrieved everything.

The London public, and the populations of the great towns, were prepared to receive him with enthusiasm, but impelled by the direst necessity (for he landed at Liverpool almost penniless) he was driven into the hands of Mr. Knowles (the Manchester manager), who advanced certain moneys, and who, being a man of purely commercial mind, stipulated for prompt and, indeed, immediate repayment.

For upwards of a quarter of a century Knowles's Christmas productions had excelled in splendour most of the metropolitan pantomimes. Unfortunately, this year he had met with a failure, and the idea occurred to him that Dillon might enable him to recoup his losses. In a weak moment, before he had recovered either his strength or his voice, the unfortunate tragedian was induced to open in "Lear"—the result was disastrous. The bad news spread in every direction, and preceded him wherever he went, and failure followed upon failure.

During his prolonged absence Mrs. Dillon had requested me to bring her only daughter on the stage—and I had felt it a pleasure, a duty, to comply with her request. He now wrote, thanking me for my action in the matter, and begging me to let by-gones be by-gones, and I was only too delighted to say, “Yes, with all my heart.”

Later on he applied for an engagement at my theatre in Hull. I was glad to accede to his request, and looked forward to a pleasant time, during which we might “act our young encounters o’er again.” I had announced him for Macbeth.

He did not turn up at rehearsal, but that did not surprise me, and as it was what we call a “stock piece” (*i.e.*, a piece in which the company were accustomed to act frequently) his absence neither occasioned inconvenience nor apprehension.

At about two o’clock in the day, I received a telegram from Blackburn, stating that he was taken suddenly and dangerously ill, and was unable to act. Although concerned to hear this bad news, the difficulty was easily surmounted by my playing Macbeth myself.

Forty-eight hours later I was amazed to learn that he had acted Belphegor in Blackburn on the very night he was due in Hull!

Next day he telegraphed that he was better, and would act in Hull on Friday or Saturday; but my sympathy had changed to indignation, and in my anger I resolved that he should never act again in a theatre of mine.

Two years after, when I went to Manchester to fulfil an engagement, I found that he was to close on the night before I opened. Charles Reade, who was staying with me at the Palatine, had never seen Dillon in “Belphegor,” which was announced for that night, and as I had not seen him since his return to England, I persuaded Reade to accompany me to the play.

Two things struck us as we entered the theatre. There was an awful house, but there was yet a more awful sight upon the stage.

A worn, haggard man, in the dress of Paillasse, stood before us. He was vainly trying to speak, but failed to articulate a syllable. At last he shook his head sadly, pointed to his throat, and motioned for the prompter to ring down. As the curtain shut out this sad picture we rushed round behind the scenes.

When we reached the prompt entrance some men were leading, partly supporting, Dillon off the stage—and thus it was that we two, who had once been rivals, friends, enemies, after all these years, met face to face.

For the moment I had only one feeling—"The pity of it, the pity of it." The old time came back to me, and I wanted to rush at him and hug him ; but "the eye can be as vocal as the tongue," and his eye said as plainly as his tongue could have uttered the words, "To Hades with you and your pity, I'll none of it." So some proud blood which I inherit instinctively caused me to draw back.

I remember this critical moment only to regret it. At that time I was proprietor of a number of large and important theatres which I might have opened to him, and so perhaps have changed the whole current of his life.

I can truly say that I have never forgiven myself, and never shall to my dying day, for not following the dictates of my heart, and availing myself of an opportunity for reconciliation, which, alas ! never came again.

It was in 1868 that he reappeared at Sadler's Wells as Lear, a part which he had never acted in London. This performance was unquestionably his master-piece, but neither the play nor the player attracted much attention.

The following year he acted a round of Shaksperian characters at Drury Lane, where he also enacted the part of Valjean in Bayle Bernard's unsuccessful play, "The Man of Two Lives," founded on Victor Hugo's great work "Les Misérables."

At this time he complained, and I fear with justice, of the small impertinences to which he was now continually subjected by certain presslings, who had neither the capacity nor the culture to comprehend his mature and virile art.

After this engagement he remained in the country, acting here, there, and everywhere for upwards of four years. He returned to town once more in 1878, and opened at the Princess's in the revival of "Manfred," after which another interval of five years occurred, prior to his next and last appearance in London.

On Saturday, September 26, 1878, he reappeared at Drury Lane in the part of Leontes in "The Winter's Tale," and I regret to relate that on that occasion he met with even worse treatment than ever at the hands of his detractors.

At the maturity of his powers, his Othello and Iago, his Lear and Macbeth, his Coriolanus, Virginius, and Beverley (I shall never forget his exclamation, "My God ! my head turns round !") were distinctly in advance of any actor of his epoch ; while his first and second acts of "Belphegor," his Black Doctor, his Maurice ("La Dame de St.

Tropez"), for fervour and grace, for passion and pathos, were equal to the best efforts of Frederick himself.

Of parts of society the only one in which he ever distinguished himself was Reuben Holt, in Westland Marston's delightful little play called "*A Hard Struggle*," which I saw on the first night of its performance. I remember well, how, overcome by emotion, he was about to collapse and sink into a chair; how he "missed his tip" and fell; how he baffled ridicule, and converted defeat into victory, by the marvellously graceful pose into which he instinctively threw himself, as he reached the ground.

Mrs. Dillon too (who was doubtless frequently overweighted in the parts she played with him) was charming in "*Medora*" and "*Lallah Rookh*," and more than delightful in "*Lilian*." She gave a little burst of hysterical emotion in one situation of this play equal to anything I have ever seen.

This work, essentially modern, was altogether admirably acted—be it remembered, too, that it was produced years before the Robertsonian epoch. Paddy Barrett, as the male Malaprop (I forget his name), was capital, Shore was stylish and manly as the young doctor, and a youthful member of the Conquest family was charmingly sympathetic as the girl Amy.

Dillon's Evelyn was detestable—almost as bad as —; but I must not become personal.

I did not subscribe to the popular appreciation of many of his most admired impersonations, notably his Hamlet, Richelieu, Melnotte, Don Felix, Benedict, Charles Surface, D'Amagnan, and Don Cæsar. Both of the latter were, to my thinking, more like "swaggering Bob" than the Gascon scion of a noble house, or the blue-blooded Hidalgo, who claimed the privilege of remaining covered before the King of Spain.

Up to thirty years of age, Dillon was a conventional actor. After that period, although he could never quite overcome his tendency to "strut," he set conventionalities at defiance, and although at no period did he ever descend from the colloquial to the commonplace, he became one of the most distinguished precursors of the modern school of acting.

No actor of our time ever had so many chances, and no actor, except Fechter, ever so stupidly neglected them. It must, however, be urged in excuse, that Dillon was a born Bohemian—his childhood had been passed in poverty and in constant struggles to earn a precarious subsistence. His education, such as it was, was picked up by himself in highways and byways, and yet how

thoroughly informed, and, indeed, saturated his mind was with dramatic literature from the time of *Æschylus* to our own day. His powers as a talker were brilliant—indeed, he practically monopolised the conversation wherever he went—but whatever the theme of his argument, it always harked back to the one engrossing topic of Charles Dillon. His vanity was so frank, so *naïf*, so openly ostentatious, as to be amusing, though when it ceased to be amusing, it became trying and even intolerable. Yet, while subject to his personal influence, he was so engaging, so agreeable, and so ingratiating, that it was impossible to take him seriously or to be angry with him.

He could often be generous, but he frequently failed to be just. From the very commencement of his managerial career to the end he was always in debt and difficulties. Borrowing money at one hundred per cent. and frequently paying two, may be pleasant as long as it lasts, but the issue cannot be doubtful.

Speaking to him once of a recent bankruptcy, he reminded me of the story of the drunken nigger, whose master reproached him with being "drunk again."

"No, not drunk again, Massa," said Sambo; "him same old drunk."

After his last appearance at Drury Lane, as *Leontes*, Dillon was practically banished from London to the day of his death.

When I recall the last time I ever saw him, it seems, in connection with our early associations, almost like a page from a romance.

It will be remembered that Sheffield was the battlefield where, through his jealousy, and (I may as well admit it) through my boyish folly, we had alternately ruined each other.

The fickle, ungrateful public had at length forgotten their former idol, and his last engagement had been a direful failure.

Goodness knows, I had suffered sufficient reverses of fortune in that locality, but on this occasion the wheel had turned, and we were playing "*Henry V.*" to great houses.

I had been very unwell, and was only just recovering from a great commercial disaster, in which I had lost every shilling I possessed.

Richard Younge (my *Iago* during my first visit) was the manager, and he accompanied me to the railway station to arrange about conveying our luggage to the next town. The station-master had been very obliging, and we invited him to take a glass of wine.

As we were in the act of pledging each other, a train glided slowly past the open doorway.

At that instant, I caught sight of a way-worn, but well-known face, leaning forward from a third-class carriage, and eagerly looking at me. As our eyes met, the face vanished as if by magic.

For the moment, I really thought that, carried away by old associations and a morbid imagination, "mine eyes were made the fools of the other senses," but the station-master assured me that I was under no hallucination. It was Charles Dillon himself I had seen.

Of what was he thinking while the iron-horse ploughed his way to Chesterfield, I wonder?

Was he stirred by the memory of some ancient kindness, or was he recalling our foolish rivalries, our futile contests—perchance wishing that we had the game to play over again; the game we two, man and boy, had in our own hands once, had we only have known how to play it?

Perhaps! We shall never know now.

I only know that we never met again, and that he acted his everlasting Belphegor that night in the little town with the crooked spire, while I remained to play Harry of Agincourt, in the very theatre in which we had both encountered such strange vicissitudes of fortune. *Telle est la vie!*

From that moment I lost all trace of him, and can only piece out the remainder of his career, as I have heard it from those who were with him during its close.

The year of the great snow-storm, which ventilated the London theatres, and ruined so many managers in town and country, found him acting with a "fit-up," in the wilds and fastnesses of Wales. He was supported by a compact little band of staunch comrades, all ladies and gentlemen of more or less repute, who stood faithfully by their chief to the last.

Their efforts were in vain. The Celestial Host itself would not have tempted the good people of the Cwmry (small blame to them) from their comfortable firesides during that inclement weather.

He had been for years a martyr to rheumatic gout, and that incursion to Wales, telling upon an already enfeebled constitution, accelerated his end.

After this unfortunate campaign, he acted in Manchester, Liverpool, and other of the larger cities, and then resumed the direction

of his loyal little company, with whom he went to a number of small towns in Scotland.

As there were no theatres in these places, he travelled with his own scenery, and the rooms in which he acted were fitted up from week to week or night to night—an operation involving incessant labour, trouble, and anxiety.

It was hard that it should come to this !

There can be no doubt that the mortification and the humiliation attendant upon these squalid and ignoble experiences preyed upon his mind.

The iron had entered his soul, and in moments of despondency and despair, he was wont to say, in the bitterness of his heart, that, in the future, he saw before him the vision of a grim and grizzled man at a prompter's desk !

In other and more defiant moods, he would exclaim—

“ Never ! while an arch of Waterloo Bridge remains standing ! ”

“ Quick death is easy. He who dies slowly dies a thousand times.”

When death came to him, fortunately it came quickly, and found him erect and smiling.

It was at a small border town, called Hawick, that the summons came.

On the opening night he played Othello, and although there was a wretched house, amounting to barely a few pounds, it was generally remarked that he acted with all the old grace and fervour.

After the play, when he had finished dressing, he came and sat upon the stage, waiting for the acting manager to bring him the miserable pittance which constituted his share of the receipts.

The primitive orchestra consisted of a piano, on which *entractes* were played behind the scenes by a member of the company.

Evidently the “ chief ” was in a despondent mood, for he remained silent and saturnine. Noting this, one of the young fellows of the troupe sat down to the piano, and began to play some lively airs.

When he had finished, Dillon muttered :

“ You have a light heart, a light heart, sir ; how I envy you ! ”

With that he sighed and turned away.

Could he have had a presentiment that the end was so near ?

Next morning he went down to the theatre to inquire if there were any letters. He was now elate and confident. Although the house had been so bad on the preceding night, the impression created upon the scanty audience was so favourable that a capital week's business was anticipated.

After his usual custom—and a very bad one it was—he took the company to the adjacent tavern, and stood drinks of humble malt all round, told them some piquant story of his adventures in America and Australia, then they sallied forth together to explore the town.

As they reached the middle of the High Street, laughing and talking, he paused suddenly, put his hand to his head, just as he was wont to do in Beverley, and exclaimed, “God, can this be death?”

As the words left his lips, he fell dead without a groan!

His muscles had been so trained to harmonious motion, that habit had become second nature, and one of those who stood beside him in that supreme moment, assured me, that in the very *rigor mortis*, he instinctively fell in an attitude of classic grace, even as Cæsar might have fallen beneath the steel of Brutus at the base of Pompey’s statue.

It was best that the end came as it did, for the aspirations which had been more than fulfilled in the summer of his existence, died out in its dreary autumn, and the future was a hopeless blank.

I was in Hastings when I heard that my poor lost comrade was to be buried at Brompton the following day.

One hour after the news reached me I was on my way to town. On the morrow, with a few staunch friends who loved him living, and who mourned him dead, I followed him to his last resting-place.

Although there had been no public notice of the funeral, a prodigious crowd—amidst which were many women—assembled to do honour to his memory.

As an actor, he was unquestionably one of the first of his epoch; as a man, he had many genial and lovable qualities; as for his faults, may they lie gently on him—as gently as the flowers those pale and weeping women cast that day upon his grave.

JOHN COLEMAN.

OUR MARITIME SUPREMACY.

WHEN the Brussels International Conference met in 1874 to formulate, if possible, some laws of war to be binding between future belligerents, the only condition on which the English Conservative Government, then in power, would consent to send a representative, was a written assurance from every other Power that the existing laws of war with regard to the sea should be kept outside the range of discussion. This implied that those laws, as they were left by the Treaty of Paris after the Crimean war, left nothing more to be desired from the English point of view, and that we had every reason to be content with the practice it omitted to touch, which subjected the commerce of a belligerent Power to the regular cruisers and war-ships of a hostile State, though no longer to commissioned privateersmen.

The retention of this practice may therefore be regarded as article number one in that system of war customs at sea wherein is supposed to lie the secret of our maritime supremacy. Yet there is probably no custom more than this very one that we are so interested, as a commercial community, in getting removed by universal consent from the code of legitimate international warfare. And for reasons that are sufficiently obvious.

It is imagined that the practice of preying upon an enemy's merchant shipping and commerce gives us an infinitely greater power to damage him than any he can have to damage us in retaliation. But this is to forget the infinitely greater surface we present to attack ; the infinitely greater amount we stand to lose. Dealing with commercial statistics is something like dealing with astronomical distances, but the round numbers convey some idea of the far greater value of our shipping and oceanic trade, compared with that of other countries, and prove that, unless we can adequately protect our interests at sea in time of war we run an amount of risk as compared with that of the rest of the whole commercial world rather in the proportion of two to one than of one to two. Some 800 million pounds represent the value of our export and import

trade, as against 280 millions for that of France or 250 millions for that of the United States ; which is to say, that our trade is half as much again as that of the two countries that come next to us in maritime trade. And the amount of our steam and sailing shipping is rather more than that of the whole of the rest of the world put together ; a fair indication of the vast importance of our carrying trade.

Moreover, by far the greater part of the trade of any European nation with whom we are likely to be at war (say, for instance, Russia) is over land, not over sea; is territorial not maritime ; so that our apparently greater powers of injury against the commerce of such an enemy is more than compensated for, not only by the far greater extent of our commerce, but by the fact of its being entirely maritime.

Let us suppose ourselves at war with any Power or Powers who either possess, or are able to purchase, a large number of fast steam-cruisers to prey upon our commerce, and let us trace the effects. Our sailing fleet, which still constitutes more than one-half of our total shipping tonnage, and on which we depend for the 200,000 tons of wheat that come to us annually from California, would be rendered useless, for such sailing vessels would lie at the mercy of the enemy in a way they never did before the days of modern fast steamers ; nor could any convoy easily protect a fleet of sailing vessels from a nocturnal attack from steam-cruisers. Consequently, the ships would have to be sold, and sold at a loss, or the ships would be transferred nominally to neutral, say, French owners, for the safety afforded by the neutral flag. In either case, there could not fail to be a great loss of trade.

Nor could the slower class of steamer, which now carries the greater part of our trade, fare much better than the sailing ships. Our own fast cruisers, fully employed, we may suppose, against the enemy's commerce, would not be numerous enough to supply protection to our own commerce at more than a few points—certainly not along the whole of our many trade-routes. We might possibly obviate this by a costly multiplication of fast cruisers, but unless we were so prepared at the opening of war, we should have no pleasant time before us if for six months our supplies of foreign corn and other food could be stopped, or if our cotton-mills and other trades could be brought to a stand-still for want of the raw materials on which they subsist. And to our colonies it would mean bankruptcy on a large scale, if owing to the interruption of war, they could not send their goods to market and realise immediately upon them : a

reason which might lead them to estimate afresh the value of their dependence on their mother country.

In this emergency, the best thing for our trade-carrying steamers as for our sailing vessels would be their transfer, real or fictitious, to a neutral flag, under which they would travel unimpeded. But such sale, if real, could only be effected at a depreciated value ; whilst a nominal transfer to the register of a foreign country would be so far a loss that the merchantmen so transferred would be no longer available as a resource for strengthening our navy. Moreover, our carrying trade thus having passed into the hands of a neutral Power—say the United States—would tend to remain permanently with it, and would not be recoverable till the changes and chances of politics made that Power in its turn belligerent, and ourselves, who were belligerents, neutrals.

If, therefore, by the transfer to a neutral flag our exports and imports remained undiminished, going from or coming to us in ships originally English but since denaturalised, it could only be at the cost of heavy pecuniary loss to our shipowners or of heavy naval loss to the country. Nor would our enemy, by an equal necessity of resort to the neutral flag, suffer nearly so much as we should, since the greater part of his trade, being territorial and not maritime, would remain less affected by the change in question.

But here we are met, as at every point of the laws of war at sea, by the extreme desirability of a general maritime code, and by the necessity of our forming a rational appreciation of our interests by a broad view of future contingencies. The view here taken, that the further restriction of belligerent rights is to the interest of this country, provokes dispute from some quarters, but it is often forgotten that we have actually bound ourselves by our own municipal law, and by contract with the United States, to a course of conduct towards neutral Powers which they are in no way bound to reciprocate, and which places us at a clear disadvantage with regard to them. Thus, by our Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870, it is made illegal for any Englishman, among other things, to build or cause to be built, or to equip, or despatch or cause to be despatched, any ship believed to be intended for the service of a foreign State at war with a Power with whom we are at peace. Any ship suspected of being built with such design may be seized, searched, and detained by the Secretary of State till released by a Court of Law. But unless and until the restriction is one of universal international obligation, it evidently places our shipbuilding trade at a disadvantage with that of other countries. It is a good thing that it

should no longer be possible for an "Alabama" to be built in our docks for so bad an use as she was put to ; but if we thus bind ourselves not to build cruisers for one Power against another, it is only fair that they should equally debar themselves from building cruisers for service against ourselves. As it at present stands, we might not, for instance, build cruisers for Russia should she be at war with France, but there is no legal impediment to preclude France from building cruisers for Russia against ourselves, should we chance to be at war with the latter Power. We might resent it as a breach of neutrality and seek redress by war, but the remedy would only be worse than the disease, since we should then have two enemies instead of one. And thus in the event of an Anglo-Russian war, while every neutral port of the Continent would be free to assist our enemy with cruisers to injure our commerce, we are incapacitated by our own laws from acting towards them, in reverse circumstances, in a retaliatory way. Those who are in favour of the laws of war as they now exist, are bound to show in what way this inequality conduces to our advantage.

Then again, the famous three rules of the Treaty of Washington (1871) bind both us and the United States, as neutrals, to observe a course of conduct towards other Powers that is a purely optional obligation upon the latter in their relation, as neutrals, towards ourselves. By the first rule, each Power contracted to use due diligence to prevent the fitting-out, arming, or equipping, within the jurisdiction of any vessel suspected of being intended to cruise or wage war against any belligerent for the time being at peace with either Power ; and to prevent the departure of any such vessel from its harbours. By the second rule, each Power contracted not to let either belligerent use its ports or waters as a base of naval operations against the other, or for the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms, or for the recruitment of men. The third rule merely repeated the obligation of reciprocal due diligence.

Both countries agreed to invite all other maritime Powers to accede to these rules, so as to make them of universal obligation ; but this has never been done, partly owing to the different interpretations that were placed upon the rules, and partly owing to a difference of opinion between the two contracting Powers themselves as to the meaning of the second rule. Did it mean that either Power was to prevent the sale of arms to a belligerent in the ordinary course of commerce, at the risk, of course, to the vendor of its confiscation as contraband ? Or did it mean that only the open sale of such arms was to be prevented, and not the concealed sale under which such

shipments are usually made? At all events, whatever the right interpretation of the rules, they only restrict England and the United States in the exercise of their neutrality, and not other countries. As neutrals we are bound by duties towards belligerents by which, as neutrals, they are not bound towards us in our capacity as belligerents. Our shipbuilders may not build ships for any Power at war with another ; but the shipbuilders of any foreign country, save the United States, are bound by no treaty or international agreement not to build ships for any other Power with which we may chance to be at war. Is it not clearly to our interest that there should be one and the same duty obligatory on all neutrals ; and that, since it is as practicable to bind all nations as to bind two, the three rules, better defined, should be made binding between all nations? We gain nothing by binding ourselves to duties towards others by which they are not bound towards ourselves. If, in the American Civil war, in the Austro-Prussian war, in the Franco-German war, in the Russo-Turkish war, and the Chili-Peruvian war, we issued instructions that no belligerent cruiser should be allowed to ship at any of our ports more coal than would suffice to take her to her own nearest port or some specified destination, nor to ship any more without special license till three months after the original supply, we have a right to expect other Powers to treat us in the same way in the event of our being engaged in hostilities. One law should bind all nations alike.

In another point we gain nothing from the present unsettled state of maritime law, namely, from leaving it undefined what constitutes contraband of war. An international definition of contraband is as much our interest as it is every other nation's, so that it should not happen again, for instance, as in the Franco-German war, that one of the belligerents should claim to regard the supply of coal to the other as a supply of contraband. And having defined contraband, it is as much our interest as it is that of every nation, that the supplying of a belligerent with such contraband should be as much an offence punishable by the common law of each country, as by our Foreign Enlistment Act is the supplying of a belligerent with cruisers.

To suppose, therefore, that our maritime supremacy consists in, or depends on, keeping maritime international law in its present one-sided condition, is to leave or place us at a great disadvantage compared with other Powers. Our main interest is clearly that there should be one and the same law for each and every nation ; that if we may not supply other belligerents with ships or coal against one another, neither should those belligerents, when one is neutral, be free to so supply the other against ourselves ; that if we

and all the signatory Powers of the Treaty of Paris may not commission privateers, Spain and the United States and Mexico should no longer stand apart as not included in that agreement.

The United States did so stand apart from that agreement, because it omitted to insure the immunity of private property from plunder and destruction at sea ; and compared with this reform in the law of nations, every other is indeed of secondary importance. It has already been argued that our greater vulnerability in the vast extent of our commerce cancels our greater power of attack on the commerce of our neighbours, and that, therefore, we have no real interest in keeping alive this relic of piracy. The mere apprehension, indeed, of capture is almost as detrimental to us as capture itself, and tends to drive our carrying trade into the hands of a nation like the United States, which is less likely to be engaged in war than ourselves. And in actual war, no loss we might suffer from the capture of many of our most valuable cargoes would be so great as that which would be involved in the loss of employment that would result from the inability to go to sea of such of our sailing ships or slow steamers, as their owners could not afford to transfer, at a loss, to some neutral flag. Were we at war with Russia, we could, by the liability of her commerce to capture, inconvenience her, no doubt ; but whilst our commerce on every route of the seas would lie at the mercy of the cruisers she could equip in all the ports of the Continent, our enemy, even if his own enormous corn supplies fell short, could satisfy his needs freely and without difficulty from every country that touches his borders.

But let us imagine for the moment the practice abolished by general consent, like the practice of privateering, and suppose the principle recognised of the sanctity of private property at sea during hostilities. Suppose a war comes: we are then freed from all anxiety with regard to our food supplies, which will come to us without danger from our colonies or foreign countries ; the majority of our ship-owners are not reduced to the necessity of leaving their capital lying idle, or of transferring their ships from our mercantile marine to a foreign flag. There is no longer any fear of our carrying trade, one of the chief sources of our prosperity, passing into other hands. Our enemy loses any advantage he may have from his liberty to equip cruisers against us in most neutral ports. Should we not gain more advantage from this than any we could ever hope to gain over an enemy by our liberty of preying on his commerce and shipping? Ask any merchant or shipowner. Reduce it to a calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence, as regards the loss or

gain, either to the nation itself as a whole, or to the individual commercial interests that make it up ; and then let us decide accordingly.

President Buchanan, in reference to the proposal of the New York Chamber of Commerce to render private property exempt from capture at sea, argued that such an innovation would be useless so long as a belligerent, by means of a blockade, could prevent such private property from being on the seas at all ; that it would be necessary to obtain the consent of powerful naval nations not to blockade merchant vessels in port, but to let them pass through the blockading squadron into the open sea. But this is to forget the loss of power that blockading has undergone as a weapon of war, through the development of railways. The sea is no longer the exclusive outlet or inlet for trade that it was when we used the blockading plan so effectually at the beginning of this century. But even then, trade found means of defeating the obstacles opposed to it ; how much more easily would it do so now, with the aid of the railways ! If we blockaded all the Russian ports, we could not prevent the railways supplying them with a passage for their trade through the ports of Germany or any other neutral country.

But what would remain for navies to do if commerce might no longer be attacked ; if contraband, checked at its source, left no pretext for search ; and if it be true that blockade has lost its power ? There would still remain the possibility of sea-fights ; there would still be hostile cities to be attacked and bombarded ; there would still be armies to be transported to the scene of action ; there would still be colonial possessions and native coasts to defend ; there would still be some damage to be done by blockading. For all these purposes, which should supply scope enough for the brutal fighting instincts that still disgrace our civilisation, our maritime supremacy will ever require to be strenuously upheld ; but it consists in maintaining a great superiority in the number and efficiency of our ships, not in leaving the customs of war at sea in their present unequal and unsettled condition, as was thought when the chance of improving them offered itself twelve years ago, and was then so wilfully and unwisely rejected.

J. A. FARRER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A NEGLECTED FARMER'S FRIEND.

A WORK of considerable scientific interest and practical value has recently been prepared by Mr. Charles Whitehead for the Agricultural Department, Privy Council Office. It is a "Report on Insects injurious to Hop Plants, Corn Crops, Fruit Crops, &c., in Great Britain."

Among our natural enemies there described is the familiar daddy-long-legs or Crane-fly. This animal when arrived at years of discretion, or rather weeks of discretion, is harmless enough. It is during its youthful career, when it has the form of a crawling, sneaking maggot, that it injures the plants of corn and grass "by attacking them with its strong jaws and eating into them just below the ground, so as either to kill them or make them sickly." Mr. Whitehead tells us that "in the early spring, if wheat plants which show signs of failing are examined, large ash-grey grubs or maggots will often be found close to the affected plants. Oats and barley are equally liable to harm from these grubs, not perhaps quite to such an extent as autumn-sown wheat, and especially wheat sown after clover leys."

The eggs of these beasts, and also of their equally mischievous co-partner, the *Tipula maculosa*, whose maggots are called "leather-jackets," are laid in the autumn; one mother may lay 300. They hatch in early spring, and then the maggot grows rapidly until the beginning of July, doing great mischief all the while. Mr. Whitehead gives an example of a crop being reduced from nine quarters of oats to four per acre by their ravages.

I have lately amused myself by watching the proceedings of ducks and drakes in my cockney garden. I find that when allowed free range there they work with great energy and curious intelligence in grubbing up grubs of all kinds, and extirpating snails and slugs. They are not to be trusted within reach of young lettuces, nor currant bushes when the fruit is ripening; they are epicures in reference to strawberries, and are capable of swallowing gooseberries without

mastication. Otherwise they are trustworthy enough, and they do no scratching up of seeds.

My practical suggestion is that British farmers should give more attention than they now give to the breeding of ducks, and should run them upon their corn-fields at a suitable season, *i.e.* when the blade is about 6 inches high and the maggots are young. The ducks must not be sent into the corn-field before the plants are well started and firmly rooted, as they would otherwise grub up the seeds, or damage the young plants by treading them down.

It is a mistake to suppose that a pond of water is necessary for ducks. They require much water for drinking, but their swimming propensities depend upon the education they have received. Mine are so demoralised that they detest the water, escape immediately they are put upon it; make their faces disgracefully dirty in doing their grubbery, and are shamefully negligent in respect to personal ablution. They fatten nevertheless, and their flavour when roasted is not appreciably altered.

It should be noted that the demand for their services in extirpating the maggots ceases in the beginning of July. Green peas then arrive, and the faithful duck enters upon a new sphere of usefulness.

I find that ducklings are much hardier than chicks, that they grow more rapidly, feed largely on rubbish and garbage, and commence their career of usefulness in the work above described at a very early age. The young ducklings will, doubtless, be found the most useful in the corn-fields; they are too light to do any serious damage in treading down the young plants, and they arrive at the season when their services are required.

GRAPHITE.

A CRUEL case of libel, misrepresentation, and misunderstanding is presented by this interesting substance. The vulgar call it "black lead," and those who translate their ignorance into Latin call it "plumbago." It is neither black lead, nor white lead, nor red lead, nor in any degree plumbaceous. It contains no lead whatever, in any shape or of any colour. In the third edition of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*" it is described, under the article *Lead*, as a variety of that metal. In some works of scientific pretension it is described as a carburet of iron, or percarburet of iron. It is neither, though impure specimens may contain a little iron, about as much as may be found in ordinary clay. When released from such admixtures it

is simply carbon, the purest of carbon, of greater purity than the diamond.

Some observations I have recently made lead me to question the usually accepted description of carbon as existing in *three* states, viz., carbon *alpha*, carbon *beta*, and carbon *gamma* ($C\alpha$, $C\beta$, and $C\gamma$), respectively represented by the diamond, graphite, and charcoal or soot.

My conclusion is that there are but two forms, the crystalline and amorphous; the first being, of course, the diamond, and the second including both charcoal in all its forms and graphite.

The observations that have led me to this conclusion are rather odd, but may easily be confirmed by any inhabitant of London or visitor to the metropolis. On the staircases of the stations of the Metropolitan Railway are hand-rails of wood. These hand-rails after some use become coated with a delicate film of true graphite, presenting its characteristic lustre and unctuous smoothness. They are all in the condition commonly described as "blacklead." Suburban hand-rails display the same, but very faintly. In rural stations it is barely or not at all distinguishable.

Whence comes this graphite film? Why is it developed as we approach the centre of London—reaching its maximum in the most densely-populated and sootiest regions of the metropolis?

My answer to these questions is that it consists of a selection of the very finest particles of London soot. The hands of passengers in rubbing along these rails conduct a debtor and creditor transaction. There is soot carbon on the hands and soot carbon on the rails, as on everything, animate or inanimate, that is exposed to a London atmosphere. Some of the soot particles on the rails are brushed off by the hands, some rubbed down and smeared on the wood; some are abstracted by the hands, and some are contributed by the hands as additions to the smearing. It is obvious that in such proceedings the coarser particles are those that will be brushed off or carried away, while only the very finest, the impalpably minute particles, will adhere as a black varnish-like unctuous film to the hard wood.

My theory then is that these excessively fine particles are true plumbago, and that plumbago is simply charcoal or soot in a very finely divided condition.

It is a remarkable fact that, although a lump of plumbago presents us with an example of the very softest of solids—so soft that the asperities on the surface of the softest and smoothest of paper are sufficient to file it away and leave the well-known pencil mark—yet the particles of which plumbago is composed are very hard. This

is shown by the rapid wearing out of the saws that are used in cutting it.

Such hard minute particles can bury themselves in the hard wood, and there remain as we see them.

A further confirmation of this theory is supplied by an examination of the various qualities of lampblack and "vegetable black" supplied commercially to japanners and the makers of printers' ink, black wax, &c. These vary in price from twopence to fifteen or twenty shillings per pound. They are all artificial soots, variously prepared, their value depending upon the fineness of their particles. Take first a sample of coarsest lampblack or ordinary soot; second, a sample of finest vegetable black; and, third, some powdered plumbago. With one finger rub some of the first on a piece of paper, with another some of the second, and with another some of the third. The smear and general appearance and character of the second will be found intermediate, or half-way between soot and plumbago, a hybrid or imperfect graphite.

DIATOMS.

ALL who possess a microscope, and use it, are familiar with these wonderful and beautiful creatures. When I first made their acquaintance they were called *naviculae*, or little ships, on account of their prevailing boat-like form, and their curious habit of leisurely sailing across the field of the instrument. My text-book was Pritchard's "Infusoria," containing pictures of some hundreds of species.

They were then described, as they were originally by Ehrenberg, as animals.

Buckland said: "The remains of such minute *animals* have added more to the mass of materials which compose the exterior crust of the globe than the bones of elephants, hippopotami, and whales." If all the rest of the mammals had been added to these three the statement would still be true, although the flinty skeletons thus deposited are so small that 150 millions are required to make up a weight equal to one grain troy. Diatoms are curiously ubiquitous. I have never failed to find them on smearing a piece of glass with the slimy mud that is deposited on the bottom of any river or ordinary pond. They may even be found in the temporary pools made by the impression of a horse's hoof on a public road or country lane, and they largely contribute to the pavement of the ocean and the material of mountains.

They are now generally regarded as vegetables rather than animals. I discovered this for myself more than thirty years ago,

and although the discovery is now very much out of date, its conditions are still interesting, and I will therefore describe them.

At that time a mania for domestic aquaria had newly become epidemic, and I, was one of the maniacs, then resident at No. 7 Cannon Street, Birmingham, in the modest rooms of the infant Birmingham and Midland Institute.

I had some sea water in a newly established aquarium, on the bottom of which were placed some lumps of white quartz. No animals were yet introduced, and the aquarium was placed in a sunny window—*i.e.*, sunny for Birmingham.

In the course of a few days the white quartz was tinged with a brownish hue, which steadily became more and more pronounced, especially on the sides most exposed to the sun. Bubbles of gas rose freely from these brown surfaces. I found the brown matter to be a slimy deposit, and on microscopic examination it proved to be almost entirely made up of countless diatoms.

I then filled a test-tube with sea water, inverted it while full, put the tube of a glass funnel up the test-tube while still full, and with mouth below the water surface; then stood the inverted funnel over one of the sunlit brown surfaces, so as to catch the bubbles from a considerable area; these bubbles, of course, rose into the inverted test-tube. In the course of a few days more than an inch of the upper part of the tube was thus filled with gas, which relighted a smouldering splint of wood, and was otherwise proved in subsequent experiments to be nearly all oxygen.

Animals expire carbonic acid, vegetables expire oxygen. Therefore the diatoms were vegetables.

This experiment may be easily repeated by anybody, either with river or sea water. In removing the tube containing the gas the left thumb should plug the tube, still inverted, under water; then on turning the tube the gas is at the top under the thumb. With the other hand ignite a thin splint of wood or small wax taper, blow out the flame so that a red glowing tip may remain, plunge this deftly into the gas immediately on lifting the left thumb, and it will burst into flame with a small report, as with oxygen any otherwise prepared

WHY IS THE NEGRO BLACK?

THIS question has puzzled all the physiologists who have given it any amount of thought. Not only are human beings black or dark in hot climates, but other resembling animals vary in like manner. Pigs are usually (as far as I have seen invariably) black

in hot climates. Blumenbach included this variation among the resemblances of pigs to ourselves.

If we expose two surfaces similar in all respects but colour to the glare of the sun, the black becomes the hottest, and the other colours graduate according to their degrees of darkness on to white, which is the least heated. Franklin's celebrated experiment of placing pieces of differently coloured cloth on the snow while the sun was shining, and observing the depths to which they respectively sunk in the snow, illustrates this very strikingly.

According to this a black skin should be specially unfit for enduring the fierce radiation of the tropical sun. Many speculations, some rather far-fetched and pedantic, have been offered to account for this apparent paradox, but the only satisfactory one I have met with was suggested lately by a correspondent to *Nature*.

He states good reasons for believing that the penetration of *light* through the skin to the internal organs of the body is injurious, and he further suggests that such penetration may occur to a considerable extent unless special provision is made against it.

One of my schoolboy experiments was to shut myself up in a windowless store-room, the side of which was freely exposed to the sun, and then place my hand over the keyhole or crevice of the door. Sufficient light passed through to illuminate my hand, especially the fingers, and show therein the position of the bones. I have not repeated it since my hand has become full grown, and therefore cannot say whether it is still as translucent as then. It has lately been proposed to examine the stomach by causing the patient to swallow an electric lamp, which will illuminate it sufficiently to show something of its condition through the integuments. I say "proposed," but suspect that the lamp is too hot.

The carbon layer in the *rete mucosum* of the negro, being opaque like other forms of carbon, must form an effectual veil, and thus protect that most important organ below, the *cutis vera*, or true skin, a bodily envelope of vascular tissue presenting a vast surface of circulating blood, which is certainly subject to brilliant illumination when only protected from sunlight by the thin translucent cuticle.

We know that sunlight has considerable chemical energy, and also that sunstroke, to which light-complexioned people are especially liable, is more dependent on light than on mere temperature; and, such being the case, the value of an effective veil or screen extending over the whole of the body may be very great, even though accompanied with considerable absorption of heat and roasting of the cuticle, which is itself insensible. The shading effect of the blackness is, in fact, due to the conversion of light into heat.

FAT PEOPLE AND FLUIDS.

THE question whether water is fattening or otherwise has been much discussed. Formerly it was generally asserted that the victims of obesity should mortify the flesh and reduce the fat by abstaining as much as possible from liquids and remaining in a continual state of thirst. Latterly the opposite has been affirmed, and I am told that a reduction of weight is one of the results claimed by "the hot water cure," provided always the water is taken as hot as possible, painfully hot, and in great quantities.

Experiments have been made in Paris by Dr. Debove which controvert both these doctrines. These experiments indicate that, provided the same amount of solid food is taken, large quantities of water make a man neither thinner nor fatter. They were carefully made on a friend who took weighed quantities of food daily, and while these remained equal doubling the quantity of water had no measurable effect on the weight of the body.

Still, it is quite possible that the old theory of thirst cure and the new theory of hot water cure may both be correct. Both violate the natural conditions of health. Scalding hot water, like tea or coffee or grog of similar temperature, unquestionably injures the teeth, the stomach, and other organs concerned in the early stages of digestion, and it is very probable that deficiency of liquid impedes the latter stages, whereby the chyme, by the aid of the digesting fluids, becomes converted into chyle and blood.

A fat man may easily become thinner by injuring his health. "Banting" is dangerous, as many who have fairly tried can prove. The difficult problem is to reduce the fat without reducing the strength at the same time. A skilful trainer will undertake to bring any man down to his "fighting weight," *i.e.* to the best condition for violent exertion; but as soon as the discipline of the trainer is relaxed the obesity, when constitutional, returns; and a long continuance of high training is murderous.

Perhaps the old prescription, "Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open," when followed with judicious limitations, is the best. Eat less, sleep less, and walk more, are safe injunctions, provided they are obeyed in moderation.

Dr. Debove's conclusions apply to water only, not to other beverages. The fat man who uses malt liquor as a daily beverage deserves to be buried under cross roads at midnight, according to the ancient modes of degrading the wilful perpetrators of *felo de se*.

TABLE TALK.

MR. IRVING AT OXFORD.

IF proof were wanted of the revival of interest in the actor's art, which is perhaps the most remarkable of modern social phenomena, it would be supplied in the welcome afforded Mr. Irving upon his appearance as a public lecturer before the University of Oxford. Twice before Mr. Irving has lectured upon his art before similar audiences, once at the University of Dublin and once at that of Harvard. No such triumph as was involved in Mr. Irving's presence at this venerable seat of learning and prejudice was, however, involved in either of the previous appearances, and the tribute to the actor of the vice-president of the University, at whose bidding he was present, marked something almost approaching to a revolution in academic theories of government. Mr. Irving's lecture, which dealt ingeniously and sympathetically with the four great English tragedians of past times—Burbage, Betterton, Garrick, and Edmund Kean—was delivered in the actor's best style, and was heard with closest attention. Mr. Irving's serious method in recitation is both earnest and impassioned. The side-light of comedy which he throws upon his subject adds, however, indescribably to the effect, and the reception was, it is needless to say, enthusiastic. It is scarcely saying too much to affirm that this occasion marks the rupture of Oxford with what is narrowest in the traditions of its past.

"THE CENCI" ON THE STAGE.

THE conditions under which Shelley's drama, "The Cenci," was given by the Browning Society at the Grand Theatre, Islington, bring into question the refusal of the Censor to license the work. No post, probably, is more difficult than that of the reader of plays, a helpless prey on the one hand to the "unco' guid," and on the other to the idolaters of turbulent genius and the founders of societies. Whether "The Cenci" is fitted for stage presentation before an in-

discriminate audience is not a question easy to solve. That the youth of England was corrupted by the performance of the tragedies of Ford, and other dramatists of the Elizabethan age who dealt freely with the most difficult subjects, does not appear. Squire Western, in the eighteenth century, in presence of Sophia, speaks of the relations of the sexes with a freedom that is now reserved for the lecture-hall of our medical institutions, yet that young lady remains a model of virginal purity. "Other times other manners" is, however, an acceptable proverb, and no young lady of to-day would sit out a performance of Ford's "Tis Pity, &c.," or listen for five minutes to Western's post-prandial utterances. With "The Cenci" it is different, since the significance of the action will scarcely be apparent to the uninitiated. None the less it is calculated to inspire "questionings," the advantage of which is doubtful. The performance was given, as is generally known, before a non-paying audience, and under conditions that rendered unnecessary the sanction of the Lord Chamberlain. To that functionary there is one piece of counsel to be given: his functions as censor of literature are an anachronism, and interference should be limited to cases of extreme necessity. The tribunal is in the world, not in his office. If the performance of "The Cenci" meets general approval his refusal of a license stands condemned. Laws which fail to carry with them the support of the thinking class are at once oppressive and futile.

SCOT'S "DISCOVERIE OF WITCHCRAFT."

THE issue by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, well known in connection with our literature of the Shakespearean epoch, of a new edition of Reginald Scot's "Discoverie of Witchcraft,"¹ does something more than enrich the book-loving world with a precious bibliographical possession. It introduces to the knowledge of an enlarged circle of readers one of the most daring and original thinkers of the sixteenth century. That no inconsiderable danger attended the publication of a work in which orthodox views concerning witchcraft were opposed, and the poor creatures who on their own confession were being put to death in droves were shown to be the victims of self-delusion, is established in many ways. The work itself was burnt by the hangman, and its arguments were opposed by no less a personage than James I. Slowly, however, the courageous and erudite utterances of one of the boldest thinkers after Rabelais won its way.

¹ Elliot Stock.

It was first issued with no address of printer or publisher. Its merits speedily, however, won recognition, and Wood, "in the *Athenæ Oxonienses*," tells us that it made great impression on "the magistracy and the clergy." Subsequent writers, such as the elder D'Israeli and Professor Gairdner, have done justice to a work which the last-named describes "as a perfectly unique example of sagacity amounting to genius." The new edition is, as regards prefatory and supplemental portions, a model of erudition and painstaking work which can never be repaid. Should subscriptions be forthcoming, Dr. Nicholson contemplates reprinting the answer of James I. That he will do so is much to be hoped.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES, when executed in good faith, constitute the most delightful of all reading. A score works may be cited, including some, such as the "Confessions" of Rousseau, the scandalous memoirs of the Chevalier de Seingalt, and the recollections of Restif de la Bretonne, which are among the most curious and the least edifying products of human vanity and intellect, which will always be prized at topmost rate by the student of history and of manners. The delightful diary of Pepys is, indeed, nothing more than an autobiography, the more attractive for being in part unconscious. One of the most enchanting works of this class is the "Autobiography of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury." This work, which is almost as stimulating as the life of Benvenuto Cellini and as naïve as Pepys, has received less attention than it merits. It will now, probably, upon its appearance in a handsome shape, and with a scholarly and valuable introduction by Mr. Sidney L. Lee,¹ obtain the recognition to which it is entitled. Mr. Swinburne, one of the most competent of judges, has classed it among the best one hundred books. A picture such as is supplied in it, of a handsome, vain, frank, pugnacious Welshman, is not elsewhere to be found out of Shakespeare. Some of the records of adventure which are given are delightful, and the manner in which the hero construes his vows of knighthood is indescribably amusing. A few opening pages, devoted to the glorification of the Herberts and their pedigree, are likely to warn off the idle reader. These once past, a literary treat of the highest order is in store.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

¹ London : John C. Nimmo.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1886.

A FATAL LOVE.

BY R. J. KINKEAD.

What I have done
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never Hamlet :
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not. Hamlet denies it.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHY do I write it all down? Is it likely that any man, knowing that love, pure, true, passionate love for a woman lured me to destruction, will refrain from love?—will hold women in abhorrence as fickle and untrue?—will recognise them as creatures who will use all the wiles the evil one has given them—the beauty of form and feature, the graces and allurements with which nature has endowed them, loving words, soul and body-inflaming looks—to chain him with bonds he cannot break; but which to them are as ropes of sand to be burst asunder and dissolved by the mere breath of caprice?

No, he will not think of me, nor remember my story; but will believe it fantastic and unreal; when he looks into the eyes which soften and as it were melt with love beneath his gaze; when the pupils expand with emotion until he seems to look through them into a world of love and passion; when the red lips slightly parted, pouting and quivering, demand the kiss, through which his very life appears to pass; when the supple body, sinking and moulding itself to his own, forces him to feel in that embrace that it indeed were bliss could it last for ever; that life, fortune, honour were well spent to obtain it; that she is his own for ever—for time and for eternity.

Is it true that the love-light in her eyes, the flush on her cheeks, the quiver of her lips, the yielding of her body, are all for you, for you alone, and will be so for ever? No, it is a lie, false as hell. She who has vowed to love you and only you will repeat the same to another. The looks, the kisses, the fond embraces, will be transferred to some other. She will lie and deceive, take all you have, rob you of your heart and reason, and then, if better comes in her way, with infernal cruelty cast you off.

What does she care for your torments? What to her is the agony which makes your heart feel bursting and unhinges your reason, which makes your brain throb and wander so that you can think of nothing but your misery and wrong; strive as you may, no other thoughts will come but the death-blow to your love and life, the appalling deceit of her you worshipped?

Did God create such creatures? Is there no punishment for such? Can they murder your life with impunity, and yet go about rejoicing to lure some other to his doom?

The thought is maddening, it bores into your brain day and night.

By day, the light, the work that must be done, is some distraction; you go about as if in a dream, with a heavy aching weary sense of pain. But at night, in the dark silent sleepless hours, the awful crime committed against you, the total wreck of your life, presses with overwhelming force on your fevered brain; nothing, not even drink, will drive it away or give one fleeting hour's oblivion from your misery.

God help me! I must stop. I must be calm, or I shall go mad again, and be unable to tell my story.

I do not tell it that my fate may be a beacon shedding a lurid light on the shoals of passion—assuredly not. The man who loves as I do, who may be betrayed as I was, if he has a brain like mine, will not be stopped by my example, hindered by any human law, nor deterred by fear of punishment from doing as I did.

I tell it because it is borne in on me that I ought to do so, because it is a relief to write it all down, and helps me to pass the time before I join my darling in heaven.

Of my childhood I cannot say much. We were humble folk. My father was a land steward, but proud of our integrity and good name. He and my mother brought us up to love God, to do our duty, and to hate a lie.

I do not know if there was anything strange about me as a child or youth. I was eager and impulsive, but owing to the example and

training of my parents, I fell into no gross sin. I did my work thoroughly, I never drank or gambled, but lived at home where love of God and of each other was the ruling principle.

My father, I have said, was proud of his integrity. He taught us to consider a lie the gravest sin ; that all deceit, dishonesty, idling at school, not giving all our energies to our employer's work, were forms of lying ; that God had shown by the death of Ananias and Sapphira that liars were unfit to live ; that all sin and sorrow, even death itself, came into the world through a lie.

His favourite story was the "Heart of Midlothian." He never tired of holding up Jeanie Deans as an example to us ; that for the truth's sake we ought to sacrifice everything ; that not even to save our own lives or those of our nearest and dearest, should we dare tell a lie or be guilty of the slightest subterfuge.

No shadow darkened our home. Nothing ever came between us until I met my love.

As if premonitory of evil, my parents opposed the match ; proud of our respectability, they thought I should look higher. She was only a servant !

What was that to me ? I loved her, and she was worthy of my love ; no breath of scandal, no light act, no word of hers, has made her unworthy. I can see that now. The months of quiet in my prison cell, and the teaching of the chaplain, have shown me that.

Oh how lovely she was ! How beautiful ! I cannot describe her, only I know that all the light and beauty of the world seemed to me to lie in her golden hair and loving blue eyes.

What agony of uncertainty, what doubts and fears, possessed me before she avowed her love ! Could she ever care for me ? Could so bright, so glorious a creature ever love a humble fellow like me ? She who was worthy of the noblest and strongest, was it possible that she would give her heart to one so insignificant in appearance, so unworthy in every respect, as I was ? I was only a working man—she in beauty and goodness a mate for a prince.

Had I not read of the prince who married a beggar maiden, and heard at our Young Men's Society of how the Lord of Burleigh wooed and won a village girl ?

But when I ventured to tell her of my love ; when I saw the love-light in her eyes ; when she gave herself to me ; I had no doubts, no fears, she was my idol. Alas ! I fear my God ; my trust in her was implicit.

What unalloyed happiness to talk with her of our future home !

How we planned over and over our house!—how we would save up all our earnings; what we would get for it, from the tables and chairs, the delft and crockery, to the few pictures on the walls; how she would keep it clean and tidy; what she would do while I was away at my daily work; and then the inexhaustible delight of the evening hours; how we'd cultivate the little garden; how, the labour of the day being done, we two would be alone together in our own home.

I can hardly think of these times with calmness; my pulses throb, my brain whirls, the thoughts pass too rapidly and confusedly through it.

So time passed on, till one day in summer I was at work under a shed. It was intensely hot. Not a breath of wind, and the heat flowed down in waves of burning air from the bright metal roof. Suddenly there came a rushing in my ears, a blaze of light before my eyes, a feeling of inability to breathe, an agonising pain in my head, and all was dark. I don't remember much about it; I managed, somehow or other, to crawl or stagger home and get to bed. Then I was very sick and faint and became unconscious—for how long I know not; it may have been only a few minutes, it may have been hours, but when I came to myself I was very weak and felt as if I was dying. In a day or two I was able to be up and about, but for a long time I could not sleep. I had constant headache, used to get dizzy and stagger, I was troubled with a ringing in my ears, and flashes of light before my eyes.

I seemed to get well; could eat, work, write, read, and keep my accounts. Yet somehow I did not feel quite myself. I did not sleep well. Now and then a feeling of faintness came over me; on stooping, or turning quickly, light flashed before my eyes, a singing came in my ears, and my head seemed to swim round.

I felt an irritability, too, which it was difficult to control. I was ashamed of all this and struggled hard and successfully to conceal it.

Now it was that a doubt of my love first entered my mind. How it came there, what caused it, I know not. Thinking—as I now can—clearly over the past, with every day's action and even thoughts passing vividly before my mind, I cannot recollect that any act or word of hers could have raised a doubt of her truth and faith.

She was so dear to me, so inexpressibly precious, that it seemed to me I must lose her. What was I, to win and hold the love of one so beautiful and good? I was poor, too. She had only to be seen and known by others far richer and better than I for them to seek to win her. I felt, too, that I was severe—I could not help it—

thinking the slightest wandering from the absolute truth in word or deed a crime ; angry at and censuring every simple and friendly look she gave another.

I had no thought but for her ; present or absent, she filled my life. Other women were hateful to me. Fool that I was ; when she told me of flattering words or compliments paid her, I was wroth that they should be said, that she should be proud of them, and blamed her for listening to them.

I can see now it was only natural she should be proud of admiration ; that half her pride was on my account, and her telling all to me was the best proof she could offer of her trust and truth.

I did not, could not, think so then. Each day became a torment and a joy. While at my daily work my mind was torn between doubt and trust ; at one moment confident in her faith and love, the next wretched with suspicion and fear.

In the evening, when with her, all was peace. One look in her face, every fear was gone. The sound of her voice brought perfect calm to my storm-tossed soul.

But at night all my jealous doubts came back with redoubled force. I had heard of fair false women. What if she were false, too ?

I thought there was less love in her look and greeting, that her eyes avoided the earnest gaze of mine ; her kisses had been cold ; she seemed uneasy and apprehensive when with me, anxious for me to go. Yes, there must be another more favoured. Some richer rival is stealing, has stolen, her heart from me. She is now watching for him ; with him perhaps ; giving him kisses which ought only to be for me ; looking at him with those blue eyes, which, while the pupils expand, grow liquid with passion, deepen in colour to the richest violet, and draw by their power the very soul from the body ; his arm is round her, words of love are being exchanged. Such fancies fill my mind, till, maddened beyond endurance, I spring from my bed, rush wildly back to her master's house, search the plantation, and pass the night before her window.

Yet it was curious the motion, the rapid walk, the cold night air, dispelled my fears and put to flight the phantoms of my mind.

At home—in bed, I was convinced, I had no doubt, of her falseness. I saw it all clearly. The whole scene was distinct before my eyes—it was real. I knew what I should find. My mind was made up—her lover should die. I had no doubt as to the result. I'd surely kill him, while to her dying day the wild struggle would rise constantly before her eyes, the death of her lover would haunt her, the grief and remorse with which she would live out the rest of her life would be balm to my tortured heart.

But as I sped along all seemed to change. The picture faded. The certainty of finding them together passed away ; the conviction that it all was the creation of my own miserable imagination gathered strength ; I became certain that she was pure, innocent, true, and loving ; that I was a vile, wretched fool, grossly insulting by my doubts one whom I was unworthy to approach.

Then I'd stop and go back a few steps ; I'd go home. It was mean, unworthy of her and me to play the spy.

Yet a doubt would flash back. Was it so impossible that she could be untrue ?

Then I'd go on again ; and again the last shadow of doubt would clear away, and with a laugh at my folly I'd stop once more and turn round to go home again.

Then the conflict would take another shape. " John, my boy," I'd say to myself, " she is incapable of falsehood ; nothing but perfect truth can be read in her face ; such candour, innocence, and trust are there depicted as should satisfy the jealousy of another Othello.

" But then you are such a fool. So surely as you go home you'll be tormenting yourself again : you'll say, if I'd gone on might I not have found out something ? If you don't think so to-night you will to-morrow. Forward then ; search the woods, examine the doors, watch before her window, hunt for every trace. Satisfy yourself you have done her an injustice, convince yourself of the groundlessness of your suspicions, and you will never doubt again ; and as punishment you must confess it all to her to-morrow, take the shame of the avowal, and ask for pardon." And on I'd go ; spend half the night in the laurels before the house, then creep home, perfectly convinced of the absurdity of my doubts, and thoroughly worn out from the mental struggle and bodily fatigue.

Day after day the same doubts and fears, culminating at night. Night after night the same belief of her falseness, the rapid walk, the search and watch. When we met, the happiness of our interviews clouded by the confession of my misgivings, prayer for pardon, and the assurance that never, never again should the least shadow of suspicion come into my mind.

Yet I carefully concealed it all from my family ; they had no idea of my suffering, no notion of my nightly wanderings. I could not bear the slightest word, the least hint from any one, that she was unworthy of me—even in position.

That I myself should suspect her was bad, was torture—but I comforted myself with the assurance that no one knew it—that it was a proof of the intenseness of my love—just as a miser, whose whole

soul is absorbed in his gold, always fears its loss, is never content, never happy, but when gloating over it ; never assured of its safety but when handling it. That another—no matter who—should disparage her, or try to come between us, appeared to me a sacrilege, an unpardonable crime.

I tried to make up for my doubts by increased devotion. All I could save of my wages I spent on her. As far as I could I anticipated her wants. At length my mother remonstrated with me. Her words were few and not unkind ; but on me they acted like a spark on powder : a flame flashed before my eyes, the sound of bells rang in my ears, my whole body throbbed and tingled. The woman before me was no longer my mother, but a wretch who dared to speak slightly of my peerless love. She wanted to come between us, to separate us. She was unworthy to live ; a constant menace ; she merited death ; she should die. I shouted her death-sentence, and turned to get my gun. My sister threw herself between me and the door—while she clung to my neck—what she said I know not, my emotions were overwhelming—a feeling of faintness came over me—I sank helpless on a chair.

In a moment or two I recovered. A new idea struck me. I would see my love first—time enough afterwards to punish her detractor ; so I seized a present I had bought her and rushed out of the house. They say I met my father in the avenue—I suppose it is true—I am not conscious of it. I saw nothing but the image of my love whom they wanted to take from me, and knew nothing but a wild longing to clasp her in my arms and protect her from their machinations.

I heard long after—when in prison—that they believed I was mad, and thought of putting me into an asylum, along with my uncle. Better far had they done so ; how much suffering and sorrow would have been saved if fear of compromising the respectability of the family and creating a scandal had not induced them to leave me at large ! I was, however, too dangerous to be kept at home, and hoping that change would restore to me self-control, another situation was procured. I was sent away.

In one respect the move was wise. No one where I went to knew my darling ; there was no one to oppose my love, therefore nothing to arouse my violence. In another respect, however, it was injurious, my tortures were doubled.

If when I saw her daily I had suffered so much, what must my agony have been when unable to do so ? Day by day it grew in intensity and force, until, unable to bear it, I started off to see her for

an instant. I did not feel the fatigue of a twenty-mile walk. I knew nothing of the weather ; calm or storm, wet or dry, I was utterly unconscious which. Only now, on looking back, I notice that the long walk had a soothing effect, dispelling my doubts and calming my nerves. While the joy of the sight of her, the reassurance of her constancy, so filled me with rapture that the miles passed unnoticed, as I hurried back to snatch a brief rest ere my work began with the dawn of another day.

Soon a deeper shadow, a terrible calamity, fell. Her relations claimed her ; she must go far away ; she was raised above me, and must have comfort and means that I could not give her. In a last long interview she swore she would be true—vowed that she loved me with all her heart. Nothing could make her change. She did not care for wealth, only for me. She was altogether, entirely my own. She declared that in a few short months we should have saved enough to provide a home, and then we would be married.

I could not see her now. When tortured by my thoughts, I could not walk them off or have them changed by a loving look or word. I could only write to her. How happy I was when there was a letter from her ! How I watched the postman, counting the hours and minutes till he came ! How my heart fell—what agony, what grief, what rage—when there was none !

At length my condition became unbearable, and getting leave from my master, I went to see her.

Those few days were almost unmixed happiness. She was so loving. What did I care that her friends now objected to me ? She declared she loved me, and would marry me in spite of all opposition. So we settled our plans, and fixed the day ; in less than three months she would come to me, never to part again till God called us home.

I thought, when I got back, that the old unrest was dead. My heart was so full of her, my mind so occupied with our home planning and arranging how everything was to be worthy of her, that there seemed no room for evil thoughts. It could not last. I began to think her letters breathed less love, they appeared constrained, written with effort.

All the old fears came back stronger than ever. I could not sleep ; the night was dreadful, filled with horror ; my head ached constantly, and the old faint feeling recurred more frequently.

I had always abhorred intoxicating drinks ; even when ordered by the doctor to take a little whisky, I did so with reluctance and gave it up in a day or two. But now a craving for stimulants suddenly seized me. I did not care for the taste. I did not desire

to drown my cares in drunken forgetfulness. I needed no excitement, I had enough of that and to spare. There seemed to be a want within me, an imperious need, which must be satisfied. I drank largely, but was never drunk, nor even tipsy.

While the stimulant supported my bodily strength and staved off that awful faintness, it appeared incapable of affecting my mind ; yet the more I drank the more the need grew, and soon I had to take whisky or brandy at short intervals both day and night.

All the time my brain was perfectly clear. Strange as it may appear, the more I drank the clearer and stronger grew my judgment and reasoning powers. My whole existence hung on my love's truth and constancy. Yet I was able to contemplate with calmness her giving me up. It was the calmness of despair, for now I could see distinctly the end approaching. Her letters were changed—short, constrained, and cold, while the intervals between them became longer.

It was my own fault. I wrote sternly, I wore out her love by jealousy and suspicion. The high spirits, the natural love of admiration of a young and lovely girl, I magnified into crimes, and treated with exaggerated severity. I did not see it then, I do not always see it now ; as when I think over the past and dwell upon my wrongs, I feel the old sensations flowing back, and can only regain calmness by hours spent on my knees in prayer to my God, Who has mercifully cleared my mind and enabled me to see, as the hour of death approaches, how I have sinned and how infinite are His mercies.

But as I felt how it must end, there grew up in my mind, chiefly in the night, for sleep had altogether left me, two over-mastering, all-pervading emotions—increasing love for her, a sense of the enormity of her guilt.

Without her, life would be to me unbearable, existence unendurable. Not a mere blank devoid of happiness, but a torture so terrific, so exquisite, that Hell itself seemed less appalling. While the contrast of the fulness of joy, the unutterable delight of her continued presence, only made the picture of what life would be without her stand out in more lurid colours.

Better far we both should die. For me, I could not live ; as for her, she would merit death. Would she not have murdered my life ? Would she not be guilty of a lie ? A lie so great, so full of enormity, that that of Ananias and Sapphira sank into insignificance beside it. Yet God slew them, showing us that death is the fitting punishment of a lie.

She had taken all from me— my means, my heart's love, the very

motive of my existence, and given herself to me ; sworn the most solemn oaths of truth, of love, of constancy and faith ; bound herself to me by irrevocable pledges. She was mine wholly, mine altogether. It was my duty to punish her crime, to keep her as my own, if not in life, at least in death.

I tried hard to put such thoughts from me. At night I had no power. I was convinced I was right. During the day doubts arose. She might not be false, I might have misjudged her letters. Even if she did throw me over—even if guilty of the deadly sin of such a lie—who was I to take punishment into my own hands? God was the judge. Was I sure He had appointed me to execute His sentence? If I was not sure of my title, of my appointment, would I not be a greater criminal than she was, a murderer, cast out from the presence of the Lord, even as Cain?

Thus daylight struggled against darkness. Torn with conflicting emotions—never sleeping—never at peace ; the only thing which gave me strength of body and calmness of thought, which seemed to enable me to form a judgment and give me the will to carry it out, was whisky.

How long this lasted I do not know. It cannot have been long, or I must have died. But at length the blow fell. She wrote to say all was over between us ; that she was sending back my presents ; that she was going to marry another.

For a moment I was stunned ; it seemed as if I had been shot through the heart, or received a crushing blow on the head. Then I was calm and cool. No more hesitation. No more perplexity. My way was made clear. I knew what it was my duty to do.

As God had shown what the fate of liars was to be, so it was plain she had merited death.

Moreover, she was my wife in God's sight ; true, no religious ceremony bound us, nor had we come together, but we had taken each other before God for better or for worse. Did not solemn vows and fervent pledges constitute in His eye as binding a marriage as the mere ceremony in a church before the minister? Her marriage with another, though to human laws justifiable, would be in God's sight adultery. On me, as her promised, nay, her very husband, was laid the duty of preventing this sin. My title was clear, the imperative necessity plain. I must kill her. No help from the laws of man. All trust in her word gone for ever. If she swore never to wed, I could not trust her. There was no other way to save her from damning sin. She must die. I must do it.

It seemed as if the shock of that fatal letter had placed me out-

side myself. I remember all my thoughts, all my actions, not from mere memory alone, but because I saw them. I could see myself then, I can see myself now—a slight-made man, with pale, haggard face ; dark hair ; dark overhanging bushy eyebrows meeting over the nose ; the nose long, with sharply-defined, clear-cut nostrils ; the mouth firmly set ; large ears standing out from the head ; dark, eager, glittering eyes, closely set with concentrated gaze. The face of a man with a deed to do, determined to do it, whom nothing could turn from the course marked out.

As I could see the face and figure, so I could see the thoughts and working of the mind.

What I was commissioned to do was clear, the object of it plain. I would save her from deadly crime ; I would get her for my own.

For, as I shrank from causing her pain, as in the weakness of my flesh I hesitated to inflict injury, it came home to me that I could avenge her on myself ; that I, too, would feel all the bodily suffering she did ; that as on me the fearful duty of executing the sentence was cast, so the discharge of that duty would exonerate me and be my justification for taking my own life. And it was shown me that by thus faithfully doing my duty, I would get her as my own, never to part, never to separate again. Here we could only have lived a few short years together ; now, purified by suffering and death, we would be joined by God for ever and ever.

When this came home to my mind I could not contain my joy. I wished to tell every one, but I knew that what I had to do would be called murder : that, if suspected, I would be stopped, and then on me would fall the guilt of her marrying another whilst I, her husband, was alive.

I had, therefore, to be cautious, and not betray myself ; to keep down the happiness within me, to pretend not to care.

That night seemed to fly. I had much to do. I had to think over how I was to do it. At first I was perplexed. The sight of my revolver cleared it up. It was made plain to me that was the proper way. It was my duty to kill her, and that duty, more solemn than had ever fallen to the lot of man, must be effectually performed. There must be no mistake, no failure. Therefore, it was shown me the revolver was the weapon. She was to have as little pain as possible. It must be done quickly, so that there might be no suffering. She must not linger in torture ; two or three shots through the heart, so rapidly can the trigger be pulled, will cause instantaneous death. None will dare to interfere with a man with a loaded revolver. One shot will be enough for me—I can't miss myself. I will die like my

darling. Our hearts beat together in life, they shall be one in death. We will both suffer alike. We shall both die shot through the heart.

In the early morning I set off on what I hoped and believed would be my last journey in this life. I can't tell how that journey passed over. I saw nothing, felt nothing. I was absorbed by the great ideas which possessed me ; the solemn duty imposed on me ; the supreme joy of having my darling for my own.

I slept that night. That my path was marked out for me ; that within a few hours my love and I would be beyond the reach of enemies to sever ; joined in bliss for time and for eternity—produced a great calm, soothing my mind, so lately storm-tossed and torn with conflicting emotions.

I rose early. I had no hesitation, no doubt ; but I was weak and faint in body ; fearing my strength might fail, that, through physical debility, my duty might not be performed, my happiness lost to me, I took some whisky.

How my heart welled over with love when I saw her—how my heart beat, and temples throbbed ! Yet my hand never shook, nor my resolution faltered. I did what I had to do ; and then, pointing the pistol towards my own heart, shot myself.

I felt the blow ; yet there was no pain. I was as full of life as ever. Somehow, I was not surprised ; I was glad there was so little suffering. She, too, must have felt no pain.

I went out into the street. I told those who ran up what I had done. I had merely done my duty. Why should I not announce it ?

According to man's law it was murder, but I obeyed a higher than man's law. I too should soon die.

I was taken to the police barracks, and a doctor came and examined me. I was unwounded save a slight scratch on my chest.

I had executed the duty imposed on me. I had failed to obtain the reward. I was in despair, but not for long. They must hang me, and then I shall join my love. I entreated them to try me at once.

NOTE.—This tale is a careful study from life. It illustrates a phase of insanity, probably common enough, though difficult for the public or those who have not closely studied insanity to discriminate from wickedness.

A phase more dangerous than pronounced madness, because to the casual observer—indeed, often to medical men—the sufferer appears quite sane.

The intellect seems undisturbed, Memory, judgment, and will

appear perfect. There are no delusions or hallucination, yet instead of the intellect governing the emotions, the emotions govern the intellect.

From such an one violence is not expected nor guarded against. When it occurs, it is frequently done so deliberately and with such evidence of foresight that it is difficult, if not impossible, to convince people that it is the outcome of disease.

So long as the dominating passion or emotion is not called into action, all is well ; but when it is aroused, then *quâ* that emotion, all the mental faculties are perverted. Trifles become grave matters ; small things are magnified into enormities ; wrong appears right, and the perverted intellect compels the man deliberately to do what he knows to be criminal, while it convinces him that it is both just and right.

In the majority of such cases there is probably some hereditary taint, or the nervous centres may have been impaired by accident, disease, over-strain, or intemperance.

In some instances, intense passion, or excitement of itself, seems able to produce mental alienation, varying in different cases from slight eccentricity to total depravation of mind.

When original or acquired instability of the nervous system, and intense or long-continued emotional excitement, are combined, madness of an insidious form culminating in crime is more likely to result.

Such cases are not recognised by the law as it exists, which requires, to exempt an insane person from criminal responsibility, either that he shall not know the nature or quality of his act, or that the thing he did was wrong, i.e., illegal ; or that if he suffers from delusions, his criminal act is such that if his delusion was true, he would have been justified in committing it, e.g., if he believed some one was about to kill him and he killed him :—definitions which exclude from the category of criminal lunatics over seventy-five per cent. of the insane.

ANTS AND BUTTERFLIES.

AMONG the morals and maxims drawn from natural history few are so popular, or so unfair, as that which contrasts the "industrious" ant with the "idle" butterfly. It requires only the most rudimentary knowledge of insect life to understand this. For the butterfly, after all, is only the winged caterpillar. In a previous stage it worked with monstrous diligence at the work it was given to do, consuming every day ever so many times its own weight of green stuff. Then it went into its chrysalis state and rested for a while and changed itself, and by-and-by it came out of its shell, put on its gay wedding clothes and flew away to find a mate. The honeymoon over, the female sets about laying her eggs, and it is probably when it is engaged in this very serious business that the charge of idleness has attached to it. For the insect flutters about the plant which it knows to be the proper food for its young, and settles for half an instant here and half an instant there, its whole demeanour being frivolous and flighty. Such, of course, is not the truth, for every time that the butterfly rested an egg was laid, and while it fluttered, apparently so aimlessly in all directions, it was really in its instinct selecting proper cradles. At other times, too, when flitting so "idly" from flower to flower, it was just as busy as the bee which shared the flowers with it. So that as a matter of fact even the winged butterfly has its work to do, and does it conscientiously and thoroughly. The winged ant does no more ; indeed, it does much less, for it has not even to feed itself, nor has it to take any maternal care of its young whatever. All this is done for it. Its only duty is to get married, and as soon as this is done, it is taken possession of by the unwinged workers, and spared all further exertion thenceforward from that moment.

Nor if we compare the unwinged butterfly, the caterpillar, with the wingless ant, is the balance of work in favour of either. Each gets through all that it has to do with exemplary industry and despatch.

Amongst ourselves, too, there are the butterflies and the ants—the men who get through quantities of work and yet somehow always seem to have leisure for enjoyment, and the men who moil and toil all the day

long, grinding out work and complaining that the day is too short for all that they have to do. Yet the actual output of the former is usually as large, and as a rule more brilliant, than that of the latter. Moreover, he goes about his work—and in the intervals of his work about his pleasures—like a creature that is capable of happiness, a pleasure to look at, understanding the gladness of sunshine and the beauty of flowers. The ants among us wonder at them, and in their clumsy antennal language exchange astonishment over their butterfly fellow-workers being able to get through so much and yet seem so unoccupied. They themselves can hardly find time to take their meals, or make themselves tidy, and hurry about in the heat and dust dragging loads behind them, shabby and careworn, while the butterflies dressed in their best flit from work to play, all gaiety and good temper, and with time to spare for a laugh and a gossip.

Watch two ants meet on a stick, as I did the other day. One had in tow half a fly, with a pair of legs and one wing on it, and the trouble that these limbs gave the ant, catching in everything as it went along, was perfectly exasperating to look at. But the ant tugged and lugged at the thing with stupid, dogged determination, and so, going round and round, upside down and downside up, it slowly, painfully moved on its silly way. The other had got a grass seed in its pincers, and the husk was certainly one half of the total weight: yet this “wise emmet” was going to haul this grain to its nest, and right down to the bottom of it, then husk it and laboriously drag the useless outside cover up to the door again and throw it away. Each of the two, in fact, was doing exactly twice as much as there was any necessity for doing: was wasting half its time and fifty per cent. of tissue in accomplishing a perfectly useless task of industry. Well, they met on a narrow stick, and I could have banged their two heads together for the way they went on. In the first place, why were they on the stick at all? It was very narrow and not steady. The ground on either side was not only easy and open going, but a much shorter way. However, there they were, and they met; the fly ant was going backwards, tug—tug—tugging at its inconvenient treasure. The legs of the half-fly hitched in every crevice of the wood, the wind kept on catching its one wing, and nearly capsizing the ant. It was just as if a man should try to drag, say, a dead camel through a jungle with an open umbrella tied to its head, and a couple of fifty pronged anchors tied to its tail. Travelling the opposite way was the other ant with its grass seed in front of its face, so that it could not see an inch before it. And so the two collided. Now I think, from personal observation, that no other insect is more unphilosophically given to

sudden panic than the ant. If anything out of the ordinary happens, the scene is one of instant and utter demoralisation. By-and-by instinct re-asserts itself, and they combine to retrieve the disaster which the commonwealth may or may not have suffered. But at first it is all frenzy. The most intimate of friends turn on each other in mortal combat, and when the mistake is discovered, rush off in opposite directions after fresh adventures without as much as a "beg your pardon" between them. The present case was no exception. On the instant that the blindfolded ant ran into the tail of the other, both decided that there was nothing for it but immediate and precipitate flight. Each dropped the burden which it had been carrying with such furious pertinacity, and falling off the stick whirled away as fast as its legs could carry it.

Even in the ordinary rencontres of everyday life they are aggravating and disagreeable. Hurrying round a corner two of them knock their heads together. "Hullo, Jones," says each of them, and then they stand opposite each other with nothing to say. All of a sudden each perks up and says simultaneously, "Well, good bye! I've got to go to the city," or "got to catch a train," and hugely relieved at getting away from each other, spin along the road as if the police were after them. Yet they are perfectly honest insects, these, only they have no idea how work ought to be done, or that there is anything in life beyond the sordid routine of getting through a job, and, if possible, saving up. All they know about sunshine is that it makes them sweat. "Flowers! Yes, pretty things flowers. My little girl is very fond of flowers," said an old stupid to me one day in the train.

But the butterflies—what gentlemen they are. What an educated sense of beauty they have, and what inherited taste. Who, on the one hand, has ever seen a butterfly that did not do its work properly, or, on the other hand, was in such a hurry that it had not time to be civil. I know a little about butterflies, and how sometimes they develop sordid and morbid likings for raw meat and other abominations, but all the same I think that, taking the insect-world all round, there is no other class that fulfils its duties with, at once, more credit to itself and more pleasure to others than the "idle" butterflies. They seem only an ornament of society, and yet, if they were gone, how substantial would be their loss! The ants, doubtless, do not think so, for the formic proletariat look upon the necessity for labour as a brand—an ignoble birth-mark, and imagine that the measure of an insect's utility is in the sweat of its limbs.

And now I have gone beyond the poets in imagining; but let

that be as it may—I have not gone beyond the facts of nature. Ah me! the fables that the hedgerows tell; the parables of the fields! Of these the poets have known little, and so Error has come down to us in their lines, sanctified by the beauty of their genius and the magic of their speech.

As an ant of his talents superiourly vain,
Was trotting with consequence over the plain,
A worm, in his progress remarkably slow,
Cry'd—"Bless your good worship, wherever you go!
I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill,
I pay my respects with a hearty good will!"
With a look of contempt and impertinent pride.
"Begone you vile reptile," his antship reply'd;
"Go, go, and lament your contemptible state,
But first, look at me, see my limbs how complete!
I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,
Run backward and forward, and turn when I please.
Of nature (grown weary) you shocking essay!
I spurn you thus from me, crawl out of my way."
The reptile insulted, and vex'd to the soul,
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole;
But nature, determin'd to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a butterfly's dress.
Ere long the proud ant, as repassing the road,
(Fatigu'd from the harvest, and tugging his load)
The beau on a violet bank he beheld,
Whose vesture, in glory, a monarch's excell'd;
His plumage expanded—'twas rare to behold,
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.
The ant, quite amaz'd at a figure so gay,
Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away:
"Stop friend," says the butterfly, "don't be surprised;
I once was the reptile you spurn'd and despised;
But now I can mount, in the sunbeams I play;
While you must for ever drudge on in your way!"

Moral.

A wretch, tho' to-day he's o'erloaded with sorrow,
May soar above those that oppress'd him to-morrow.

Allan Ramsay, with a poet's usual fidelity to originals, has a poem with the same title and the same ideas as Cunningham's. It commences—

A pensy ant right trig, and clean,
Came one day whidding o'er the green;
When to advance her pride she saw
A caterpillar moving slaw.

The caterpillar is very civil to the ant who, however, "gecks up" her head and addresses it in scorn as "Some experiment of nature,

Who scarce has claims to be a creature," and boasts of her own superior person :

" For me, I'm made with better grace
With active limbs and lively face,
And cleverly can move at ease,
Frae place to place where'er I please.

The caterpillar goes off humbly into retirement, and the end is just as in Cunningham's poem.

In Parnell, for instance, the flies as " foolish nurslings of the summer air " are violently contrasted with ants as wise creatures :

Black ants in teams come dark'ning all the road,
Some call to march and some to lift the load :
They strain, they labour with incessant pains,
Press'd by the cumbrous weight of single grains
The flies, struck silent, gaze with wonder down ;
The busy burghers reach their earthy town
There lay the burthens of a wintry store,
And thence unwearied part in search of more.

Somerville also has a singularly infelicitous poem on the same subject :

The careful ant that meanly fares,
And labors hardly to supply,
With wholesome cakes and homely tares
His num'rous working family.
Upon a visit met one day
His cousin fly in all his pride,
A courtier insolent and gay,
By Goody Maggot near ally'd.
The ant who could no longer bear
His cousin's insolence and pride,
Toss'd up his head, and with an air
Of conscious worth he thus reply'd.
" Vain insect ! know the time will come
When the court sun no more shall shine,
When frosts thy gaudy limbs benumb,
And damps about thy wings shall twine ;
When some dark nasty hole shall hide,
And cover thy neglected head ;
When all this lofty swelling pride
Shall burst, and shrink into a shade.
Take heed lest fortune change the scene :
Some of thy brethren, I remember
In June have mighty princes been,
But begged their bread before December."

But to descend from great to small, from the general to the specific. I am afraid, much afraid, that poets thought *that ants made mole-hills*.

Or, at any rate, that ants were naturally associated with them. Curious theories of zoological relativity are not uncommon with poets as, for instance, among birds, the connection between doves and vultures or, among beasts, between the wolf and the bear. None the less, the ant-and-molehill association is sufficiently original. Did the poets really think that ants made mole-hills? It looks like it.

Thus, we read in "Quarles," that man is "a pismire crawling on this mole-hill earth," and if we analyse the cerebration here, we can only conclude that the poet had in his mind some vague idea that the industry of the pismire had erected the "hill"—which he calls a "mole-hill." Thomas Fletcher, again, has, "Earth a mole-hole, men but ants." Eliza Cook sees us as "ants in a mole-hill running in and out," and Mackay speaks of "the mole-burrows," where "the little emmets come and go." So, too, in Watts—

Yet once a day drop down a gentle look
On the great mole hill, and with pitying eye
Survey the busy emmets round the heap,
Crowding and bustling in a thousand forms of strife and toil.

But Watts is particularly given to the ant-and-mole-hill idea. These instances may, perhaps, be thought sufficient, but I cannot help also quoting country-gentleman Somerville who, if any poet, should most surely have known the difference between ant-hills and mole-hills—

She looks beneath
Contemptuous, and beholds from far this earth,
This molehill earth and all its busy ants
Lab'ring for life.

Occasional critics have said of me that I am microscopic in my fault-finding, and, now and again, that I do not make sufficient allowance for the license of poets. I had hoped that I had avoided these objections. However, two volumes of these trivial studies of the poets' natural history have been published, and nearly every chapter in each volume will be found to contain a well-founded complaint of the poets' neglect of some central fact of nature's teaching. (I am speaking as I have always spoken of the ante-Tennysonian epoch. Our Poet Laureate is one of the most accurately-scientific naturalists of the day, and how beautiful he is in his fidelity to fact I need not point out.) For example, in my "Bird" volume, the poets cannot say too much about nightingales; yet nearly every one of them speaks of the glorious songster, not the allegorical Philomela, but the actual living bird before them, as *female* and as *English*—peculiarly, specially English. Or, for example, in the "Beast" volume: the fox is treated universally as a monster of

cruelty, and, *therefore*, properly punished by being torn to pieces by hounds. These are, each in its way, typical errors. The first makes nonsense and an absurdity out of one of Nature's prettiest and most powerful parables. The second presents the poets in a thoroughly unsympathetic and Philistine aspect. My third volume, of which this paper forms a passage, will be found to illustrate the same unnecessary and unpoetical blemishes—indeed, I need go no further for evidence of this than the present mole-hill-building ant. Why, I would ask, should any writers go out of their way to insist on ants making mole-hills? Why not let them make ant-hills? Such conceits may be “trivial,” but when they occur in every poem the total is certainly not trivial. Error becomes then characteristic. Moreover, the inaccuracies are, as a rule, useless ones, and diminish the actual beauty of the verses in which they occur. Tennyson is invariably correct, and what can be more beautiful than his similes, analogies, and metaphors taken from real life? In the present instance, apart from the absurdity of the poets, in making ants working on mole-hills, there is an illustration of my meaning as to the “uselessness” of most poetical mistakes. We find the ant busy on a mole-hill. Now, how does the mole-hill improve or adorn the fancy? Is the earth in any way whatever like a mole-hill? Is it even a good simile? Now it *is* like an ant-hill, for when viewed from the Olympus of genius it might seem to the imagination the agglomerated result of infinite individual labourers, each very small and weak, but by co-operation capable of considerable achievements. Though even then it is only strictly applicable to, say, a city, and if so applied forms a very accurate and delightful simile. But a mole-hill! The heap of soil which a single subterranean labourer, working in the dark, throws up fortuitously and at random, and not only one, but a whole row of them, and never thinks any more of them, does not even know of their existence! It would, in fact, be very difficult indeed to think of any natural phenomenon that was less like the earth, less like the busy haunts of mankind, less sensible, less poetical, than a *mole*-hill. Yet with the word ant actually on their pens, on the paper, the poets one after the other talk rubbish about “us pismires” and “us emmets” toiling and moiling over a mole-hill.

That we human beings have much in common with the “innumerable emmet,” has been most delightfully demonstrated by many writers from Homer to Sir John Lubbock, but philosophic Young is hardly felicitous when he speaks of the race as “vagrant emmets on an air-suspended ball.” If there is one thing which ants are not, it is

"vagrant." There are, of course, nomadic species, the Bedouins and Tartars of the formic kind. But the common ant is not a vagabond ; as opposed to many gipsy insects, it is in Romany language emphatically a "house-dweller." Its paths all lead into highways and its highways all converge upon a city. Nor are they fitly placed on an "air-suspended" ball. For ants cannot remain upon a spherical surface. Their foothold is curiously insecure, and they drop in the most helpless way off places where most other insects walk with ease and safety.

But there are many allusions, such as Shelley's—

The thronging thousands to a passing view
Seemed like an anthill's citizens—

which are both accurate and admirable.

In its other poetical aspects the ant is "provident,"—"By careful nature led, to make the most of summer's plenteous day,"—and "industrious." It is always the "toiling" "lab'ring" ant :

Turn on the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise :
No stern commands, no monitory voice
Prescribes her duties or directs her choice.
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away
To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day
When fruitful summer loads the teaming plain,
She crops the harvest and she stores the grain.

These lines of Johnson, are perhaps, the best upon a theme which meets with such abundant and just appreciation, and here and there I find passages that treat the insect's providence with some originality. Thus, more than one poet admires the ant for providing itself in spring with "a house against summer's heat," while others call the hard-toiling neuter a "housewife," and address the sexless thing as "she." Prior notes thus a special and very singular feature of the creature's foresight :

Tell me why the ant
In summer's plenty thinks of winter's want
By constant journey careful to prepare
Her store and bringing home the corny ear
By what instruction does she *bite the grain* ?
Lest hid in earth and taking root again
It might elude the foresight of her care.

Milton, as always, is characteristic :

First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident,
Of future, in small room large heart enclosed :
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes of commonalty.

King Solomon is responsible for many errors, and among others this of the providence of ants. Twice in his Proverbs he speaks of the insect laying up food in the summer—"having no guide, overseer, or ruler provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest." And it is said by naturalists, "devilling" for King Solomon, that the ants of Palestine do, as a matter of fact, hoard supplies for "the winter." Let this be as it may, the ants of Great Britain do nothing of the kind. These wonderful communities comprise, as is well known, males, females, and neuters. Of these, the neuters alone do work in the sense which attracts the poet's admiration, and certainly if industry is ever praiseworthy, it is here. Their lives are one unceasing round of unselfish toil. The young, whether as eggs, grubs or pupæ, receive from them an amount of attention which even in a monthly nurse would be called unconscionably fussy. Every time the weather changes, the neuters shift the eggs and young so as to give them the advantage of as much warmth as possible, and when they are in their eating stages, are perpetually at their mouths with food. In winter, however, the community is dormant, torpid. The males and females are dead, and the surviving neuters hybernate in the lowest chambers of the nest, in company with their helpless charges. These facts are, therefore, damaging to the poetical pictures of the insect securely feasting in its barns during the winter months :

The wiser emmet quoted just before
In summer time ranges the fallows o'er,
With pains and labour to lay in his store.
But when the blustering north with ruffling blasts
Saddens the year, and nature overcasts
The prudent insect hid in privacy
Enjoys the fruits of his past industry.

Nor is it correct to imagine that the race enjoys a longer life than other insects, for the males and females, which are the perfect insects, die, as all other insects do, within the twelve-month. A proportion of the neuters survive to the following spring, in order to tend the next year's brood, but not, so to speak, for the enjoyment of a renewed existence on their own account. Cowley, therefore, is not over fortunate in his moral :

Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards
The stock which summer's wealth affords
In grasshoppers that must at autumn die,
How vain were such an industry !

For the grasshopper lives quite as long as the ant, if not longer, when we take the duration of the several stages of each insect's development into consideration.

Nor am I thoroughly in sympathy with those who uphold the ant as an exemplar of "wisdom." The male enjoys life as frivolously as any other insect of his sex, the female goes through her one duty of maternity with prodigious diligence; the neuter, poor little drudge, slaves out its twelvemonth of never-faltering labour with an apparent cheerfulness and unflagging alacrity, which is indeed amazing, bewildering. But all human reason is ranged against this instinct for ceaseless moiling. If he could, Sir John Lubbock would, I am sure, insist on bank holidays for these unfortunate little drudges, and everybody who has ever written or spoken on the subject agrees that there is un wisdom in perpetual slaving. For myself, I have never greatly applauded the ant. It sets an example which, if man were to follow, would at once make life intolerable, and eventually result in putting lunatics in the majority. So I think the insect, as a pattern to the sluggard, should be suppressed, or at any rate that its abominable industry should cease to be quoted for our edification. There is virtue in working. Nobody will deny that. But there is wisdom also in timely relaxation. I hope, therefore, it is true, as some observers say, that ants play at games. Meanwhile, I like Butler's lines :

Those get the least that take the greatest pains
 But most of all i' the drudgery of brains,
 A nat'ral sign of weakness, as an ant
 Is more laborious than an elephant ;
 And children are more busy at their play
 Than those that wisely pass their time away.

Lovelace, too, is delightful on the same theme. He has a poem on the ant, "Thou miserable ant," in which these verses occur :

Austere and cynic, not one hour t' allow
 To lose with pleasure what thou gett'st with pain ;
 But drive on sacred festivals the plough,
 Tearing highways with thy o'ercharged wain,
 Not all thy life time one poor minute live
 And thy o'erlaboured bulk with mirth relieve.

Forbear thou great good husband, little ant,
 A little respite from thy flood of sweat :
 Thou thine own horse and cart, under this plant
 Thy spacious tent, fan thy prodigious heat,
 Down with thy double load of that one grain

.
 Cease large example of wise thrift awhile
 (So thy example is become our law)
 And teach thy frowns a seasonable smile
 So Cato sometimes naked Florals saw.

In Fancy, the sober-sided, matter-of-fact, humdrum ant finds but

small place. In the feast of the fairies—when flies' eggs poached in moonshine, and butterflies' brains fricasseed in dew, a sucking mite roasted, and a rainbow tart, formed the bill of fare—the place of honour is given to the whole ant barbecued. A sprite riding on an ant is thrown, and "under the unruly beast's proud feet" lies mangled. It raises a monumental mound to the dead fay and befriends unhappy stepdaughters who are kind to it. Then there is the ant in amber :

Whilst in an amber shade the ant doth rest,
A gummy drop ensnares the small wild beast.

But Clare, referring, it may be, to the fairy origin of ants, which is current in several parts of the country, has a very delightful passage :

What wonder strikes the curious, while he views
The black ant's city, by a rotten tree,
Or woodland bank ! In ignorance we muse :
Pausing annoyed—we know not what we see ;
Such government and thought there seem to be ;
Some looking on, and urging some to toil,
Dragging their loads of bent-stalks slavishly :
And what's more wonderful, when big loads foil
One ant or two to carry, quickly then
A swarm flash round to help their fellow-men.
Surely they speak a language whisperingly,
Too fine for us to hear : and sure their ways
Prove they have kings and laws, and that they be
Deformed remnants of the fairy-days.

PHIL ROBINSON.

SOME ASPECTS OF HEINE.

The Spirit of the world,
Beholding the absurdity of men—
Their vaunts, their feats—let a sardonic smile
For one brief second wander o'er his lips :
That smile was Heine !

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

AMONG the poets of Germany—we might almost say of Europe—Heinrich Heine stands alone and unique. Everything he wrote is so distinctively *Heinesque* that a verse, a line, or even a sentence, is often enough to betray the author. In many poets this marked individuality is frequently the result of the limited compass of their singing powers. They strike always a certain key-note, with which, from long repetition, we become familiar ; but the very reverse is the case with Heine. He sweeps the whole poetic gamut in a dozen lines. A single song of his has as varied gleams of light, as swiftly-shifting sparkles of colour, as a many-angled spar or diamond. His genius calls into play every emotion and mood of the mind. The poem or ballad opens with a wailing wild and weird as that of a broken heart. The lines seem to drip blood as we read them, and a strange awe holds us spell-bound—when, suddenly, there flashes across the page, like a gleam of purple lightning, one of those deadly coruscations of wit with which Heine struck and stabbed at many a reputation. Hardly has the deep thunder-roll of savage laughter died away, before there rises again the wail and cry as of the death-agony of a lost soul ; and then there is a sudden change in the music, and the lines skip and leap, ripple and run, as if to the accompaniment of dancing feet. Now he holds us in awe solemn and silent as when we stand at twilight in the cool recesses of some dim-aisled minster, and listen to the dying cadence of the organ song ; now there rises in the silence which he himself has created a wild burst of mocking and ribald laughter.

So it is with all he writes. He is a creature of moods and moments, and a dozen varying emotions pass through his mind in as many minutes, each of which he faithfully reproduces in his work.

He is by turns a Greek and a Jew, a German and a Frenchman, a moralist and a libertine, a poet and a politician, a sentimentalist and a satirist. He is tossed hither and thither by his passing moods, as withered leaves are tossed by autumn winds. In his gayest mirth we catch the glitter of tear-drops, in his loudest laughter we hear a wail of despair. There are passages of Heine's full of lofty religious feeling—passages which have the deep roll of an organ touched by a master hand; and yet, even in the noblest of these, the sharpened ear can detect something of a sullen undertone of doubt, something of the mocking refrain of a sneering and cynical scepticism.

In some of his love songs we find in one verse a freshness cool and sweet as sea breezes wafted across fields of blossoming clover, in the next there rises an atmosphere so close and oppressive that we can almost feel the hot breath of the sensualist upon our cheek.

Heine's prose has the same strange moodiness and variability. Everything he wrote bears the stamp of his own wild genius. Each work of his is so thoroughly *Heinesque* that we feel no one but Heine could have written it; and yet, as we turn the pages, we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that the paragraph we are reading could have emanated from the same mind as the one which precedes or follows it. The weird shifting of the tableaux he presents, the chameleon-like rapidity with which his moods diversify and change, astonish and dazzle us. One moment we come upon a passage which for solemn grandeur and prophetic power might have been written by one of the seers of the Old Testament—a passage in which Heine flashes the light of his genius athwart the dark sky of existence, so that life and its enigmas seem unsolved and unriddled for ever. In the next we shrink back with loathing and repugnance, as the evil smile of the unprincipled voluptuary leers out upon us. Then follows a sentence of wild doubt and scepticism, or one, perhaps, of such audacious profanity that many would regard it, not unjustly, as little short of unpardonable blasphemy; and yet, staggered and thrilled as we are, we lose sight of the too evident impiety and irreverence of the writer in our astonishment at the daring and boldness of his genius.

Fickleness and changeability mark everything Heine puts his hand to, and yet there is one quality in his work which never varies, one particular in which he never disappoints, and that is the incomparable power, beauty, and originality of his style. It is so distinctively his own that, as we have said, a verse, a line, or even a sentence is often enough to betray the author; and yet his originality never degenerates (as is so frequently the case) into mannerism, his

phrases never become stereotyped, and the same unfading freshness and charm linger over every line he wrote.

Heine is a magician, an enchanter. His pen is now an artist's pencil, with which he portrays, in a few bold strokes, a word-picture of surpassing power and beauty ; now it is a conductor's baton, with which he directs a choir of invisible musicians. His poems are full of the fragrance of June roses, his songs melodious with the moonlight thrillings of the nightingale. They are the most exquisitely beautiful and musical expressions of emotional feeling in the language. They have the naïve simplicity of childhood, combined with the intellectual insight and vigour of matured manhood. They exhibit the strangest example of tender and touching pathos, blended with the keenest and deadliest satire. Some of his songs have an old-world charm and glamour, alternating with Oriental richness of imagery and colouring, such as few other writers can show, and all are expressed in language which is the very essence of music and melody. "His songs are all music and feeling," says George Eliot ; "they are like birds that not only enchant us with their delicious notes, but nestle against us with their soft breasts, and make us feel the agitated beating of their hearts. He indicates a whole sad history in a single quatrain : there is not an image in it, not a thought, but it is beautiful, simple, and perfect as a 'big round tear'—it is pure feeling breathed in pure music."

Nor is Heine's prose less striking than his poetry, for he is equally a master of both. No matter what the subject he is discussing—politics or poetry, love or literature, satire or sentiment—there is always the same exquisite lightness of style, the same wonderful nerve and vigour, the same flashes of electric wit and scathing sarcasm. He writes upon "Religion and Philosophy," a topic upon which few Germans could fail to be heavy and ponderous, and there is not a dull line in the book. His wit plays and sparkles about the subject, as the summer lightning illumines and irradiates the purple shadows of evening clouds ; and yet, with all this, Heine is as profound in his judgment, as keen in his insight, and as clear in his criticism as the most learned of his countrymen. We might say without exaggeration that he was almost the first witty German, for before his advent the adaptability of the language for wit was almost unknown. Humourists and satirists had not been wanting, but their sallies were of a somewhat elephantine description ; and the sparkling scintillations which flashed from the pen of Heine opened up an entirely new field in German literature. It must be remembered, too, that he had for his predecessor the greatest literary master of Germany—we might almost say, of Europe—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

To judge Heine and Goethe from the same standpoint, as is not unfrequently done, is to do justice to neither. Except the fact that both were poets, they had little, or nothing, in common. Over Goethe's grave rests the serene afterglow as of the setting of a placid, clear-shining planet; the spot where Heine lies is marked only by the wild meteoric trailing of some fallen star. Goethe sits afar off on his intellectual throne almost sublime in his self-carefulness. He husbands his genius with jealous hand, invests it to the best advantage, and never wastes or squanders. He is self-poised, self-centred, and self-contained, and lived till past eighty. Heine is a prodigal and a spendthrift. He lives upon his principal. His genius is self-consuming, and he died at the comparatively early age of fifty-six. That Goethe soared among the Alpine heights of intellect, far above all other Germans of his day, few will venture to dispute; but in the sunny fields of poetry, Heine flits from flower to flower like the spirit of poesy incarnate. Goethe's voice is the voice of an infinitely wise man, his poems are beautiful as diamonds cut and polished in myriad facets, and set in chastest gold; but Heine is the living voice of Nature herself, and his songs touch and thrill us like the carol of the lark, or the perfume of the first violet.

It would seem as if Nature had intended to create in Heine a spiritual and intellectual giant, who should astonish the world by the power and daring of his genius; a being in whom she wished to display to all men the infinite and varied profusion of her resources. As if she had, therefore, bestowed on him a double share of the qualities which go to constitute a human soul, but before she had time to knead and interweave them into one coherent unity—so that each might neutralise and counterpoise the other—some evil spirit had snatched her unfinished work from her hand, and cast it headlong into the world; and so there came into existence that rudderless, shipwrecked chaos of wild virtues and wilder vices, whom we speak of as Heinrich Heine.

To the thoughtful mind there is something inexpressibly mournful in his story. It is the story of what should have been a great and noble soul, a soul in which there existed grand intellectual and spiritual possibilities—all, alas! irretrievably dwarfed and perverted by the lack of moral principle; that all-important element without which none can be truly and really great.

And yet with all his timeservingness and inconsistency, with all his meanness and paltriness, there is much that is noteworthy in the man. Between the chinks in the armour of wild cynicism and savage satire in which he thought fit to intrench himself, we hear at intervals

the throbbing of a sensitive human heart ; amid all the clouds of error and evil which darken his life, we catch a glimpse at times of the upward beating and starward aspiration of what were once white, heaven-born pinions, though sorely smirched and bedabbled, alas ! by long trailing in earthly mud and mire.

Instability and lack of earnestness were the dominant traits of Heine's character as of his writings. His moral nature seemed utterly wanting in the element which gives tenacity of purpose. He was a democrat who loathed democracy, an imperialist who would have had all men equal, a man of deep religious feeling, and yet a sceptic of sceptics who sneered at his own noblest aspirations. He was of every opinion, and faithful to none—by turns a republican and a monarchist, a despot and a demagogue. One explanation of this is that his intellectual insight was too keen, and his critical perceptions too accurate, for him ever to be a man of one idea, which enthusiasts generally are. Theoretically Heine was a republican, but he was too acute an observer not to see that, in spite of the frantic flag-waving and drum-beating of the communists, in spite of the frenzied cries of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity to which they gave vent, the fact still remained that these very men, who so boasted of liberty and equality, were but the slaves and puppets of some two or three ambitious schemers, who were ten times more despotic than the unfortunate monarch of whom they had disposed. On the other hand, although there was no more profound admirer of power, as incarnate in Napoleon, than Heine ; although at times he expressed himself in language which showed how strongly his sympathies lay in that direction ; he was yet too far-seeing to overlook the gigantic blots which disfigured the Napoleonic system of government, and consequently he turned from imperialism with the same dissatisfaction and discontent with which he had turned from republicanism. This was one of Heine's most strongly marked characteristics. He saw each side of the question, and, recognising the faults of both, could not make up his mind which to espouse, and hence his life was passed in a chronic state of half-heartedness and vacillation. Too often, however, he solved the difficulty by accepting as his guide on the matter the dictates and promptings of his own evil nature, and this is the explanation of many of his harsh and cruel words.

The great secret of the failure and misery of Heine's life, however, is that he was a *moral coward*; a man who wilfully and despicably chose the ignoble part because he had not the manliness to suffer for the right ; a man who habitually shrank from the task which duty imposed when it clashed with his own personal inclinations ; a man

who persistently listened to the promptings of his own evil passions, rather than to the voice of his truer and loftier nature. "Alas ! mental torture is easier to be endured," he says, "than physical pain ; and were I offered the alternative between a bad conscience and an aching tooth, I should prefer the former."¹

Like all men of his class, Heine brought upon himself, by his cowardice and weakness, far greater suffering than that from which he shrank. His wrong-doing gave him no peace. Every duty he sought to evade came back to him with but redoubled force for the delay, every evil action recoiled upon himself. He was the most unlucky of sinners. He once said that if the sky were to shower down crown-pieces, he should get only a broken pate, whilst others gathered the silver manna. Nor was he any happier in his selfish seeking after ease of mind, for there were few men of his time in whom the religious instinct was more strongly developed. With all his profligacy and licentiousness, there was none who in his heart of hearts knew the loveliness and dignity of purity better than he, none to whom duty and honour spoke in more imploring and beseeching language, and hence his life was one continual conflict and battle. Listen to the following beautiful poem "To a child" :—

Oh, thou art like a flower,
So fair and pure thou art !
I look on thee, and while I look
There's sorrow at my heart.
I'm moved upon thy head
To lay my hands, and pray
That God may keep thee kind, and fair,
And pure as thou'rt to-day.

No heartless profligate or callous libertine could have penned these words. They come from the depth of a soul terribly marred and stained by sin and weakness, yet ever crying out with unutterable longing and yearning after the purity and truth which he had lost, and which he saw looking out at him with mournful, mute reproach from the depths of the child-eyes before him.

Strange and contradictory as such an assertion may seem, it is nevertheless a fact (in our opinion, at least) that, in spite of Heine's alternations of atheism, theism, pantheism, deism, and every *ism* in

¹ In this quotation, as in many others, the writer has availed himself (where such were to be had) of the admirable renderings given by Mr. Snodgrass in his translation of *Religion and Philosophy in Germany*, and in his *Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos of Heinrich Heine*.

the theological dictionary, or out of it, he was yet a man who at heart was strongly and deeply imbued with religious feeling. We say religious *feeling*, not religious *principle*, for there is a wide difference between the two. There are men almost incapable of a lofty or sublime thought, who yet lead a life of saintly purity, and would scorn to do anything mean or base ; and, on the other hand, there are men who feel deeply on all religious subjects, who pray earnestly and often, and sing hymns with eyes full of genuine and heartfelt tears, and yet their actions are altogether unworthy, and their lives will not bear too close an examination. It is to the latter class—the sentimental, as Mr. Lowell would call it—that Heine belongs, and even then he is very low down in the scale. His religious feeling was combined with scepticism upon all points, not only of creed or dogma, but even of the simplest and barest belief ; yet nevertheless the feeling was *there*, and remained there, and much of his scepticism was the utterance of his brain only. In Heine's writings, as in his life, he habitually followed his inclinations rather than his conscience. He was one of those men of whom his great contemporary, Jean Paul, spoke when he said that certain of the “ latest *literati* regarded themselves as flints, whose power of giving light they reckoned according to their sharp corners.” If a brilliant thought occurred to Heine—no matter how unjust or blasphemous it might be, no matter whose reputation it might blast—he wrote it down, and gave it to the world, choosing to speak that which he did not believe, or which he knew to be untrue and cruel, rather than deprive himself of the pleasure of saying something clever or smart. He would attack his nearest and dearest friend, if in so doing he could display his talents to shining advantage ; and he would jeer at the most sacred subject if it offered opportunity for him to exercise his too-ready wit. Has anything more audacious ever been put into words than his passage on the “ Death of Deism ” ?

“ A peculiar awe, a mysterious piety, forbids our writing more to-day. Our heart is full of shuddering compassion : it is the old Jehovah himself who is preparing for death. We have known him so well from his cradle in Egypt, where he was reared among the divine calves and crocodiles, the sacred onions, ibises, and cats. We have seen him bid farewell to these companions of his childhood, and to the obelisks and sphinxes of his native Nile, to become in Palestine a little god-king amidst a poor shepherd people, and to inhabit a temple-palace of his own. We have seen him later coming into contact with the Assyrian-Babylonian civilisation, renouncing his all-too-human passions, no longer giving vent to fierce wrath and ven-

geance, at least no longer thundering at every trifle. We have seen him migrate to Rome, the capital, where he abjures all national prejudice, and proclaims the celestial equality of all nations, and with such fine phrases establishes an opposition to the old Jupiter, and intrigues ceaselessly till he obtains supreme authority, and from the Capitol rules the city and the world, *urbem et orbem*. We have seen how, growing still more spiritualised, he becomes a loving father, a universal friend of man, a benefactor of the world, a philanthropist ; but all this could avail him nothing !

“Hear ye not the bells resounding? Kneel down. They are bringing the sacrament to a dying god !”

These are, to all intents and purposes, the words of an atheist, but Heine was no atheist in reality, although he coquetted with atheism, as he coquetted with sins and vices which in his heart of hearts he abhorred. Despite his Hellenic tendencies, there was too much of the Jewish element in him for Heine ever to wipe out from his secret soul the inborn belief in the Jehovah-God of his fathers ; and, with all his profanity and irreverence, he was deeply imbued with the old Hebrew veneration for the Bible.

“What a book !” he says in his *Memoir of Börne*. “Vast and wide as the world, rooted in the abysses of creation, and towering up beyond the blue secrets of heaven. Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfilment, birth and death, the whole drama of humanity, are all in this book. It is the book of books—*Biblion*.”

Towards the end of his life he spoke in still more decided language :—

“I owe my conversion simply to the reading of a book. A book? Yes, an old, homely-looking book, modest as nature, and natural as it is—a book which has a work-a-day and unassuming look, like the sun which warms us, like the bread which nourishes us ; a book which seems to us as familiar and as full of kindly blessings as the old grandmother, who daily reads it with dear trembling lips and with spectacles on her nose.”

That Heine's respect and reverence for the Bible—“the *Memoirs of God*,” as he once called it—did not prevent him from making its traditions a subject for his wit may readily be surmised, and there is one passage of his on the Hegelian philosophy which is so unmistakably *Heinesque* that we cannot refrain from quoting it :—

“There is the story of the forbidden tree in Paradise, and of the serpent, that little private tutoress who lectured on Hegelian philosophy six thousand years before Hegel's birth. This blue-stocking without feet demonstrated very ingeniously how the absolute consists

in the identity of being and knowing, how man becomes God through cognition, or, what is the same thing, how the God in man thereby attains self-consciousness. This formula is not so clear as the original words: When ye eat of the tree of knowledge, ye shall be as God! Mother Eve understood only one thing in the whole demonstration—that the fruit was forbidden, and because it was forbidden the good woman ate of it. But she had scarcely eaten the enticing apple before she lost her innocence, her naïve ingenuousness, and discovered that she was much too naked for a person of her position, the ancestress of so many future emperors and kings, and she desired a dress. Truly but a dress of fig-leaves, because in her day no Lyonesse silk-manufacturer had yet come into the world, and because there were in Paradise no milliners and dressmakers. O Paradise! Strange, as soon as a woman attains reasoning self-consciousness, her first thought is of a new dress!"

In Heine, as he himself said, were combined the characteristics of the two races so often used to represent distinct and opposite types—the Grecian and the Jewish. He bowed the knee by turns to Jehovah and to Zeus, and when his unbelieving moods were on him, he treated the one with as scant reverence as the other. His worship of beauty was often but the worship of the senses, the pleasure-drunken and pagan adoration of outward form alone. He loved it for its mere material grace only, not for the sake of that which it symbolised. It was to him a divinely-painted window upon which his eye was fixed in all-sufficing rapture; he did not look beyond it and above it. It was an end in itself, not a means to an end. Despite his lofty intellect and finely-fibred spirit, he was a man of strong passions, a lover of beauty in all her most sensuous and voluptuous forms. Existence was to Heine the rapturous dream of an oriental paradise, in which white-limbed houris woo and wanton mid rose-trellised bowers, where the nightingale pours forth her melody alike by day and by night. "I love those pale, elegiac countenances," he says, speaking of the Italian women, "from which great black eyes shed forth their love-pain. I love the dark tints of those proud necks; their first love was Phoebus who kissed them brown. I love even that over-ripe bust with its purple points, as if amorous birds had been pecking at it; but above all I love that genial gait, that dumb music of the body, those limbs that move in sweetest rhythm, voluptuous, pliant, with divine enticement, with indolent death-languor, and yet with ethereal grandeur, and always full of poetry." "In all ages," writes Heine, in another passage, "are to be found men in whom the capacity of enjoyment is incomplete; men

with stunted senses and compunctions frames, for whom all the grapes in the garden of God are sour, who see in every paradise-apple the enticing serpent, and who seek in self-abnegation their triumph, and in suffering their sole joy. On the other hand, we find in all ages men of robust growth, natures filled with the pride of life, who fain carry their heads right haughtily; all the stars and the roses greet them with sympathetic smile; they listen delightedly to the melodies of the nightingale and Rossini; they are enamoured of good fortune, and of the flesh of Titian's pictures; to their hypocritical companions to whom such things are a torment, they answer in the words of Shakespeare's character, 'Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?'"

To Heine the stern dignity of asceticism, the beauty of self-sacrifice, or the heroism of martyrdom were (in his earlier life, at all events) as incomprehensible as an unknown tongue; he cannot even conceive of them. Life was to him the highest good; death the bitterest evil. "Let others enjoy the thought of the loved one wreathing their tomb with flowers," he says, "and moistening it with her faithful tears. O women! hate me! laugh at me! mock me! but let me live. Life is all too merrily sweet, and the world all too lovingly confused But yet I live. Though only the shadow in a dream, still this is better than the cold, blank emptiness of death. Life is the highest of earth's good; its bitterest evil is death But I live! The great pulse of nature finds a response in my breast, and when I shout for joy I am answered by a thousandfold echo; I hear a thousand nightingales The sun moves all too slowly, and I yearn to whip his fire-horses to a wilder career. But when he sinks hissing into the sea, and Night arises with her longing eye, oh! then voluptuous joy quivers through me, and the evening breezes play about my beating heart like fondling maidens."

Poor Heine! how terrible was the lesson which he had to learn! how stern the chastening to which God thought fit to subject him! One who, without bowing the head in silent awe at the solemn thought of life and its mysteries, can compare these life-enraptured, love-delirious words with those wild cries of agony rising from the "mattress-grave," where for eight long years Heine lay lingering in the tortures of a living death, must surely be something less than human.

"I have to be carried like a child. The most horrible convulsions. My right hand begins to die." "I have endured more sorrows the last three months than the Spanish Inquisition ever

inflicted!" "Ah! why must a human creature suffer so much?" Poor Heine! If aught of human suffering can atone for sins past, then the torture and agony which marked the close of his life might go far to expiate his sinning, many and manifold as they were! The story of his sorrows is doubtless known to many of our readers, but as there may be some to whom it is not so familiar, we must briefly refer to it here—especially as the whole history of his life must be read in the light of those eight years. His malady was a softening of the spinal marrow, and his sufferings were fearful. He was almost blind, his back became bent and twisted, his body wasted away, as did also his legs, which at last became soft and without feeling—"like cotton," as he expressed it. Little did Heine think how prophetically he was speaking when, in the pride of life, he uttered the thought (using strangely enough the very words used by poor Frederick Robertson) that "wherever there is a great spirit pouring forth its thought—there is Golgotha." Still more striking is that other passage in which he says that "great geniuses do not belong to the particular land of their birth; they scarcely, even, belong to this earth, *the martyr-stake of their sufferings.*"

Alfred Meissner, who visited Heine in 1849, seven years before the poet's death, speaks as follows: "Of a truth I was terrified, my heart contracted, when I saw Heine, and when he stretched out to me his white, shrunken hand. . . . This hand was nearly transparent, and of a pallor and softness of which I have perhaps never seen the like. . . . He told me of his almost uninterrupted torments, of his helplessness, and of his Job-martyrdom, which had now lasted so long. He depicted to me how he himself had become nearly like a ghost, how he looked down upon his poor broken, racked body like a spirit already departed and living in a sort of interregnum. He described how he lived in images and intuitions of the past, and how gladly he would yet compose, write, and create, and how his blind eye, his unsteady hand, and his ever new-awakening pain, erased everything from his spirit. He described his nights and their tortures, when the thought of suicide crept nearer and nearer to him, until he found strength to hurl it away from him by thinking on his beloved wife and many a work which he might yet bring to completion, and truly horrible was it when he at last, in fearful earnest and in suppressed voice, cried out, 'Think on Günther, Bürger, Kleist, Hölderlin, Grabbe, and the wretched Lenau: some curse weighs heavy on the poets of Germany!'"

Adolph Stahr, who visited Heine in the same year, tells also of the dying poet's tortures: "During this first visit it was that he spoke

expressly of his sickness and his sufferings, to which he seldom recurred in his later conversations. 'I suffer,' he said, 'unceasing severe pain. Even my dreams are not free from it. Yesterday I hung, as John of Leyden, in a cage in the air, and my pains surrounded me like wild dream-visions.' Another visitor, referred to by Lord Houghton in his "Last Days of Heinrich Heine," thus describes her visit to the dying poet: "He lay on a pile of mattresses, his body wasted so that it seemed no bigger than a child's under the sheet which covered him, the eyes closed, and the face altogether like the most painful and wasted *Ecce Homo* ever painted by some old German painter." The same lady tells us that he looked like "death already wasted to a shadow," when she visited him again some five years later; "On the whole I never saw any man bear such horrible pain," she says, "in so perfectly unaffected a manner. He complained of his sufferings, and was pleased to see tears in my eyes, and then at once set to work to make me laugh heartily, which pleased him just as much. He neither paraded his anguish nor tried to conceal it, or to put on any stoical airs." Despite the intensity of his sufferings, Heine yet toiled on unceasingly at his literary work, producing poems, criticisms, and articles in abundance, although he was now totally blind of one eye, and the disease had so affected the other that the lid would not remain up, and he had to raise it with his finger before he could see. The picture which his biographer gives of Heine sitting propped up with pillows on his "mattress-grave," with one hand lifting the lid of his paralysed eye, and with the other painfully tracing large letters on a sheet of paper, is one of the most mournful and touching in the history of literature. All through his illness, down to the very day of his death, Heine's wild wit and humour never deserted him. Even his own fearful sufferings were the subjects of his ghastly jests. He told the doctor that if his nerves were exhibited at the Exhibition, they would take a gold medal for pain and torture. "Latterly he took to reading medical treatises, or rather, to having them read to him, on the nature of his disease, and he remarked that his studies would be of use to him by-and-by, for he would give lectures in heaven, and convince his hearers how badly physicians on earth understood the treatment of softening of the spinal marrow."¹ Another time he said that the worms would soon have his body, but that he did not grudge them their banquet, and was only sorry he could offer them nothing but bones.

In the postscript to the "Romancero," five years before his death, he wrote as follows (we quote from Mr. Stigand's work): "But do I still exist! My body is so shrivelled up that barely anything remains of me now but my voice, and my bed reminds me of the vocal grave of the wizard Merlin, which lies in the forest of Broceliande in Brittany, under tall oaks whose summits flicker up into heaven like green flames. Alas! I envy thee, my colleague Merlin, those trees and their fresh motion, for no green leaf rustles over my mattress-grave in Paris, where early and late I hear only the rattle of carriages, hammering, wrangling, and piano-strumming,—a grave without peace, death without the privilege of the dead. . . . My measure has long ago been taken for my coffin, also for my necrology, but I die so slowly that the process is as tiresome for myself as for my friends. Yet patience! everything has an end. You will some morning find the show shut up where the puppet-play of my humour pleased you so often."

There is another passage strikingly *Heinesque* in its wild profanity: "What avails it me," he says, "that enthusiastic youths and maidens crown my marble bust with laurel, when the withered hands of an aged nurse are pressing Spanish flies behind my ears? What avails it me that all the roses of Shiraz glow and waft incense for me? Alas! Shiraz is two thousand miles from the Rue d'Amsterdam, where, in the wearisome loneliness of my sick room, I get no scent except it be, perhaps, the perfume of warmed towels. Alas! God's satire weighs heavily on me! The Great Author of the universe, the Aristophanes of heaven, was bent on demonstrating with crushing force to me, the little, earthly, German Aristophanes, how my wittiest sarcasms are only pitiful attempts at jesting in comparison with His, and how miserably I am beneath Him in humour, in colossal mockery."

It was on February 17, 1856, that the end came, and the "Great Author," of Whom Heine spoke put the last full-stop to the story of the life of this erring and misguided, but mighty genius. Some hours before his death he was asked if he had made his peace with heaven. "Set your mind at rest," answered the dying poet, "*Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son métier.*" When the doctor told him, in reply to his inquiry, that death was approaching, he received the news calmly, and at four o'clock in the morning his sufferings ceased for ever: the spirit passed peacefully away from the poor torture-racked body, and a lifeless form, transfigured (we are told) by death into almost Christ-like beauty, was all that remained on earth of one of the greatest geniuses this world has known.

Heine lies in the cemetery of Montmartre at Paris, and though no gilded column or waving bough mark his last resting-place, his sleep is none the less tranquil and serene. Years before his death he wrote the following. We use Mr. Snodgrass's excellent rendering, but it must be borne in mind that a translation, as Jean Paul says, "is always but an inverted, pale, secondary rainbow of the original splendour."

Where will end my weary journey;
What last resting-place be mine?
Under tropic palm-tree's shadow,
Under lindens by the Rhine?

Shall I be in some far desert
Laid to rest by stranger hand?
Shall I sleep upon a barren
Sea-shore, underneath the sand?

What heed I? since God's fair heaven
Will be o'er me there as here;
And the stars, like death-lamps swaying,
Through the night will shine as clear.

In the history of nearly all great men, especially men of high intellectual genius, there comes, consciously or unconsciously, a supreme moment when they stand, as it were, at the meeting of two roads, and are called upon to decide for themselves as to what shall be the rule upon which they intend thenceforth to order and frame their life. They are bidden to make choice between pleasure and principle, between sensuality and spirituality, between self-gratification and self-respect; and as is their decision at this point of their history, so, in most cases, is the whole aim and purpose of their after-life. In attempting to form an accurate perception of the character and genius of any remarkable man, it is very important, therefore, that his own mental and intellectual attitude at the time of the crisis be taken into consideration, as well as the forming and determining circumstances of his previous life; and in the case of Heine these circumstances are of unusual weight and moment.

"In my cradle," he once said, "lay my line of life marked out for my whole life," and these words have a deep significance. To be born a Jew in Germany at the close of the eighteenth century was a calamity of which we in England in the present year of grace can hardly conceive. "The Jews throughout Germany," says Mr. Stigand in his able work on Heine, "were treated up to the time of the entry of the French as a race of Pariahs. The law took as little account of them as of wolves and foxes. Against murder, robbery, violence,

and insult they had no redress. Massacres of Jews took place at various towns in Germany late in the century. At Easter-tide and other festivals the populace regarded it as their sport and their right to hunt the Jews through the streets, to break their windows with stones, and to sack their houses. In most towns they were forced to live separate from the rest of the inhabitants in their own quarter, into which they were shut with gates every night, and on Sundays they were obliged to wear a peculiar dress. No Jew dared appear on a public promenade without danger of stoning. At Frankfort twenty-five Jews only were allowed to marry in the year, in order that the accursed race might not increase too rapidly. From this abominable state of persecution . . . the Jewish population of Germany were freed at once by the entrance of the French troops ; but their emancipation only lasted as long as the French rule. After the liberation of Germany and the final defeat of the French troops, they were thrust back again, in spite of royal pledges to the contrary, into the old Pariah condition, only to be finally released from it by the Revolution of 1848." [Eight years before Heine's death.]

There is no doubt that to this wicked and relentless persecution much of the Ishmaelitish and savage moroseness of spirit which so characterised Heine was attributable, as well also as the cynical scepticism on religious subjects which he frequently manifested. It seemed, as he once said in his profane way, as if the Deity Who was once "the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and was called Jehovah," but was now become "so moral, so cosmopolitan, and universal," would like "not to remember any more that He was of Palestinian origin," and "nourished a secret grudge against the poor Jews who knew Him in His first rough estate, and now put Him in mind daily in their synagogues of His former obscure national relations.

Another all-important circumstance in the early history of Heine is that when he was little better than a youth, he formed a passionate attachment for his cousin Amalie ; a passion which, although it appears to have been received with some encouragement at first, was unreturned. The real facts of the case are not known, but it seems probable that Heine was inconsiderately if not heartlessly treated, and it is quite certain that the wild gloom and despair into which he was plunged by his rejection did much to distort and pervert his whole moral character at the very outset of his life. In the following four lines we get a glimpse of his sufferings :—

First I thought I'd ne'er get o'er it ;
Life it seemed I must forswear ;
Yet I bore it, yea, I bore it—
But to ask me how, forbear.

In one of his songs he tells the whole story in three verses, the last of which is as follows :—

It is an old, old story,
And yet 'tis ever new,
And he to whom it happens,
It breaks his heart in two.

Hearts, it may be said, are not easily broken in this prosaic century, but nevertheless it is a fact that, if ever there was a case in which a heart *was* broken ; if ever there was a case in which a life was blasted and ruined by hopeless love—it was in the case of Heinrich Heine. Upon such a nature as his—passionate, moody, and sensitive, even to morbidness—it is almost impossible to over-estimate the influence such an event would have. His spirit, already soured and embittered by the persecution to which, on account of his Jewish birth, he was subjected, was shaken to its very foundation by the shock, and he lost faith in Womanhood, in Humanity, and even in God.

The supreme and critical moment in Heine's history, however, was, in our opinion, that in which he was called upon to decide whether he would accept the advice of some of his friends and allow himself, for mean, self-seeking purposes, and against his own conscientious beliefs, or rather disbeliefs, to be baptised a Christian ; or whether he would act according to his sense of honour and truth, and refuse to lend himself to any such base and dishonourable lie. That Heine chose the evil part is only too well known, but bitterly indeed did he repent of it. "I often get up in the night," he said in writing to a friend on the subject of his baptism, "I often get up in the night, *and stand before the glass and curse myself!*" It must also be remembered, as Mr. Stigand tells us, that unless Heine went through the form of conversion to Christianity, there was absolutely no possibility of his obtaining any employment in Germany excepting as a schoolmaster or a Jew-trader. Moreover, he had been led to believe that if he should consent to the performance of the rite of baptism he would probably succeed in obtaining a Government appointment.

It cannot be sufficiently regretted that at the moment when Heine's character was put to so severe a test, not only had he no earnest belief of his own to sustain him in the trial, but his whole mind seems to have been poisoned and permeated by a spirit of cynical doubt and scepticism. To nearly every soul of high intellect there comes, sooner or later, a time when he must face and fight his doubts for himself ; a time when all the warm springs of faith and

trust seem to have dried up in his heart, till it becomes but a vast and hideous charnel-house, athwart the gloom of which flit no forms save the grey and grim spectres of doubt and unbelief ; and this appears to have been Heine's frame of mind when the critical moment arrived.

At such a time, and in such circumstances, when the earth seems but a monster tomb, and the sky above but a painted vault, there is one star alone in man's spiritual heaven by which he may guide his steps aright ; one anchor only to which, storm-tossed and doubt-driven as he may be, he can yet cling for safety and help—the star of high principle, the anchor of unfaltering morality. But these all-important elements were entirely lacking in Heine's character ; and so it came about that—unsupported as he was by any sense of high principle, unsustained by any deep or earnest religious belief—it seemed to him but a small matter whether he wore the outward badge of the Jew or the Christian, and hence he was false to honour, to duty, and to conscience. To this deplorable event may be traced much of his after-misery and unrest, for it was hereby that he lost that which is one of the most terrible losses any human soul can suffer—the loss of his own self-respect and self-reverence. From this moment Heine seems to have gone steadily downhill. Regarded by the Jews as a traitor, and by the Christians as an apostate ; goaded almost to madness by the persecution to which all his race were subjected ; embittered and soured by the betrayal of his affections by his cousin, and with an unutterable sense of self-loathing and self-contempt burning in his soul—can it be altogether wondered at that a man like Heine, sensitive and moody to the last degree of morbidness, should thenceforth have abandoned himself in wild defiance and despair to the promptings of his own fierce spirit, and the gratification of his own evil passions and desires ?

Although, when the supreme test of his character came, Heine was untrue to himself and his lofty aspirations ; although he meanly and basely chose the evil part ; although he determined to be guided by happiness rather than by honour, by pleasure rather than by principle, by self-seeking rather than by self-respect—yet, on the other hand, it must be remembered that in the whole range of literature there is, perhaps, no instance in which the perverting influence of unhappy associations and unfortunate surroundings is so mournfully evident as in his. And although, as we have said, he chose the evil part, yet his good angel did not, as is generally the case, desert and abandon him thenceforth, but, on the contrary, she remained by his side down to the very end of his existence, and all through his life we catch some faint flash of her redeeming presence

in his spirit, all through his history we hear her mournful cry of anguish at the wreck of so noble a soul.

"A man may be as brilliant, as clever, as strong, and as broad as you please," says Professor John Stuart Blackie, "and with all this, if he is not good, he may be a paltry fellow; and even the sublime which he seems to reach in his most splendid achievements is only a brilliant sort of badness." These are strong words and stern, but they are true, and there is no more terrible example of their truth than Heine; and much as we may and do admire his genius, and love him for his nobler and more beautiful traits, this all-important defect in his character cannot be overlooked. If we have been severe in pointing out Heine's faults, it is not from any wish to be harsh or ungenerous, but because we believe that no personal attachment to an author, or admiration of his intellectual abilities should be allowed to interfere with that which must ever be the aim and object of all earnest criticism—the arriving at, and the perception of, the truth.

There are excuses to be made for Heine such as can be made for few others. Many of his failings partook more of the nature of *disease* than of *sin*, and for their explanation we must look to pathology alone. His mind was as unhealthy as his body; he was a psychological problem, and cannot be judged by the rules which we apply to ordinary mortals. As the writer of an able article in the *Century Magazine* aptly remarked, what Heine "lacked physically, mentally, and morally was *health*." His love is a frenzy, his wit is often fantastic and grotesque as a sick man's visions, his very enjoyment of nature is more like the feverish excitement of an invalid who is allowed a brief breathing-space in the sunshine, than the steady, sober intensity of one of her life-long worshippers."

In one of Oliver Wendell Holmes' books called the "Guardian Angel," professedly a novel, but in reality a psychological study, he says that "it is by no means certain that our individual personality is the single inhabitant of these our corporeal frames;" and he goes on to tell us that "there is an experience recorded which, so far as it is received in evidence, tends to show that some who have long been dead may enjoy a kind of secondary and imperfect, yet self-conscious life, in these bodily tenements which we are in the habit of considering exclusively our own." Dr. Holmes concludes the paragraph with the following strange quotation: "This body in which we journey across the isthmus between the two oceans, is not a private carriage, but an omnibus."

The phenomena referred to are, of course, nothing more or less than manifestations of that law which, of all others, impresses the

thoughtful man with the futility and presumption of any human being setting up to pronounce final judgment upon another ; that law which teaches, as no other law can, the lesson of a large and loving charity—we mean the strange and mysterious law of Heredity. As, in its study, the inquirer unwinds, strand by strand, the manifold and complex lines which meet in each human soul, he falls back, staggered and breathless, at the awful mysteries hidden away in “the abysmal depths of personality ;” and there is no instance within our knowledge in which so many strange and unreconcilable personalities seem to meet and combine in one human being as in that of Heine. We hear often of the “duality” of his nature, but to us it seems as if plurality were the fitter word, for at various stages in his history, traits and characteristics, of all others the most conflicting and opposite, are recognisable at one and the same moment. These, we believe, can be explained, and explained only, by the laws of Heredity ; and were the requisite data forthcoming, the secret of many of his strange and unaccountable inconsistencies would lie unveiled and bare. In the present paper (both from lack of space and of sufficient data) we must content ourselves with a mere reference to the subject ; but we should like to call attention to a passage in Heine’s works which seems to imply that he was not altogether unconscious of this diverse personality. “I am a Jew,” he says ; “I am a Christian ; I am tragedy, I am comedy—Heraclitus and Democritus in one—a Greek, a Hebrew, an adorer of despotism incarnate in Napoleon, an admirer of communism embodied in Proudhon—a Latin, a Teuton, a beast, a devil, a god !”

Another point which must be remembered in the study of Heine is that of his stern literary honesty in regard to himself. His writings are the faithful mirrors of what passed through his brain, and he laid bare his most secret thoughts—thoughts, the mere presence of which in their minds the generality of people would shrink from admitting to themselves, still less revealing to others. We must add, however, by way of exception and warning, that not only did Heine faithfully confess the evil side of his character, but, like the late Lord Byron, he often went further, and made himself out to be worse than he really was. He loved to shock, to astonish, and to startle, and to effect his purpose did not shrink from libelling and blackening himself.

There were traits in Heine’s character eminently noble and beautiful. His generosity, his love of children, his devotion to his wife and mother, none can gainsay. Alfred Meissner tells us that, even when in distress for money himself, Heine was always ready to help any who came to him for aid—not even excepting those who

were, in many respects, his own personal enemies. Think, too, of the blinded, tortured poet, writhing in anguish on his "mattress grave," writing light and jaunty letters to his mother as though he were in almost perfect health and strength, so that her aged heart might not be wrung and torn by a knowledge of what her son was suffering. All those long eight years during which Heine lay lingering in that living death, he kept up the same loving deception. Some of the most beautiful verses he ever wrote were inscribed to his mother, and to his wife he exhibited the same untiring love and devotion.

The coarseness and indelicacy which disfigure his writings so frequently, much as we may deplore them, cannot be overlooked. Like many of his other failings, they are in part the result of his unfortunate circumstances; and it must be remembered also, as Mr. Stigand reminds us, that Heine addressed himself to a German public among whom infidelity and grossness of taste were notoriously prevalent.

"It is apparently too often a congenial task," says George Eliot in her essay on Heine, "to write severe words about the transgressions of men of genius, especially when the censor has the advantage of being himself a man of no genius, so that those transgressions seem to him quite gratuitous; he, forsooth, never lacerated anyone by his wit, or gave irresistible piquancy to a coarse allusion, and his indignation is not mitigated by any knowledge of the temptation which lies in transcendent power. We are also apt to measure what a gifted man has done by our arbitrary conception of what he might have done, rather than by a comparison of his actual doings with our own, or those of other ordinary men. We make ourselves over-zealous agents of heaven, and demand that our brother should bring usurious interest for his five talents, forgetting that it is less easy to manage five talents than two." There is a strange passage in which Heine himself refers to the accusation which had been brought against him, that he was striving to upset and destroy all faith in everything good and true, which speaks even more strongly in his own defence in the matter:—

"But thou liest, Brutus, thou liest, Cassius, and thou, too, liest, Asinus, in maintaining that my ridicule attacks those ideas which are the precious acquisition of humanity, and for which I myself have so striven and suffered. No! for the very reason that those ideas constantly hover before the poet in glorious splendour and majesty, he is the more irresistibly overcome by laughter when he sees how rudely, clumsily, and awkwardly those ideas are seized and mirrored

in the contracted minds of contemporaries. . . . There are mirrors which have so rough a surface that even an Apollo reflected in them becomes a caricature, and excites our laughter. *But we laugh then only at the caricature, not at the god.*"

As we allow our thoughts to wander back over the life of Heine—that fearful battle-field, dark with the corpses of fair hopes and mighty aspirations, yet not all unlighted by the radiance of lofty deeds and noble words—there rises to our mind one more saying of his which we must place before the reader ere bringing this paper to a close. It is one in which we think there is a true glimpse of the man himself; one in which, for a passing moment, we can see down into the depths of his own wild heart, with its sinnings and strugglings, its aspirations and degradations: "It is not merely what we have done," he says, "not merely the posthumous fruit of our activity that entitles us to honourable recognition after death, but also *our striving itself, and especially our unsuccessful striving*—the shipwrecked, fruitless, but great-souled WILL to do!"

Poor Heine! sinning, suffering Heine! His is the saddest story in the history of literature. He has long since passed beyond the tribunal of human justice to appear before Him who can alone read aright the secrets of his strange spirit—that chaotic mixture of wild virtues and wilder vices, so lofty and sublime in the light of what *might* have been, so pitiful and paltry in the view of what *was*. And as, from the always uncertain standpoint of human vision, we try to form some slight estimate of his life and character, the strange question which, in the restless searching of his spirit, he once asked himself, rises to our mind: "Can it be possible that genius, like the pearl in the oyster, is, after all, only a splendid disease?"

Of the right answer to that question we know not; but this we do know—of this, at least, we feel sure—that, strange as it may appear at first, it is, nevertheless, a fact that this earth of ours is less indebted for light and illumination to the nimbus-like radiance cast by the saintly and spotless beings who sometimes dwell hereon, than to the wild, meteoric trailings of light left to us by such sinning, suffering, struggling spirits as poor Heinrich Heine and his like.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION.

THE average life of human beings is just sufficiently long for each father and mother to bring up to self-sustaining maturity their own children, and no longer. This fact so completely forms the key to the whole question, "Why do different species of plants and animals have such widely different lengths of life?" that it will not, perhaps, be a waste of time if we begin by scrutinising its minor details a little more closely.

Men and women arrive at a certain sort of maturity at about their sixteenth year, and by that time, in many countries, and especially among the lower races, they habitually become fathers and mothers. But in our own societies (with which, as being best known to us, it is well to begin our investigation) they cannot properly be said to reach full maturity till a much later period, say from their twentieth to their twenty-fifth year. Even our labouring classes, though more or less self-supporting from a comparatively early age, can seldom wholly sever themselves from their father's roof before seventeen; and the women especially have often to maintain a semi-independent existence much later. In the mercantile classes, most of the men are fairly self-supporting by the time they are twenty, though not usually in a position to marry till some years after. In the professional classes, practical maturity is still longer delayed, owing to the fact that a professional education is seldom complete before twenty-three or twenty-five. And, even among the numerically insignificant idle class—the landowners, fund-holders, drones, and loafers—such education as they receive still continues until about the same time as with the professional men. On the whole, most men and women are not wholly mature, capable of complete self-support, and in a position to marry, before about the twentieth to the twenty-fifth year.

Once married, one may say that civilised human beings usually go on increasing their families up to about the age of forty-five or fifty. The youngest children are thus born when the parents have

nearly or quite completed a half-century of existence. For about twenty years, more or less, these children will require to be supported, educated, assisted in the world, and put finally into the way of earning their own livelihood. If the succession of the race is to be kept up at all, therefore, human life, at least as regards the successful transmitters of the species, must run to something like seventy years or thereabouts. It need not run to much longer. And, as a matter of fact, it does not. From seventy to eighty is the full sum of the life of our kind. Each generation, under the most favourable circumstances, lives just long enough to ensure the fair starting in life of the next generation, and no longer.

Generalising this conception (for subsequent verification), we may say that the lifetime of the individual in each species is exactly as long as is necessary for the transmission of the specific life to its next successors under the peculiar conditions of the species itself.

A priori, it is easy to see that things could not readily have fallen out otherwise. If the individuals of each kind did not usually live long enough to bring up the young to the period when they become completely self-supporting, the species must necessarily die out forthwith for want of successors. For example, if all men and women died while their children were still babies ; if all dogs died while their puppies still had their eyes closed ; if all cats died before their kittens could catch a mouse ; if all bees died while the younger generation were still helpless grubs—the races of men, of dogs, of cats, and of bees would necessarily be doomed to immediate extinction ; or, to speak more correctly, they could never at all have begun to be. No species can possibly exist if it does not contain within itself a provision for the necessary conditions of existence.

On the other hand, if the individuals lived longer than was needful for the sufficient up-bringing and establishment of the young, that would be an ultimate source of loss to the species viewed as a whole, and would expose it to very fierce competition from other species or varieties not so weighted in the struggle for existence. This converse truth, however, is so opposed to all one's ordinary individual ways of looking at things, that it does not command, at first sight, at all the the same sort of immediate assent as our first proposition. Each of us being personally an individual, not a species, and having the welfare of the individual chiefly at heart, not that of the species (viewed as a species merely), we are apt to put length of life and individual enjoyment in the first place, and to regard any cutting short of life as in so much a positive disadvantage. But in nature, as we shall shortly see, the individual is nothing, and the race everything : so

careful of the type she seems, so careless of the single life. The individual is there as a link in a great chain ; as soon as he has played his part in coupling the link that went before to the link that comes after, his function in the world is fulfilled, and there is no use in wasting any more spare metal in making his little circle of life fuller or rounder. For the chains are all competing chains ; there is, as it were, only so much metal altogether to make them all from, and each one has to be as long and as strong as possible to resist the strain put upon it as upon all the others. Suppose, for a moment, two competing species, in one of which the average length of life was just sufficient to cover the adolescence of the young, while in the other it exceeded that span. Suppose them (in order to put a simple case) to be both lion-like animals, in an area where there are a certain fixed number of deer and antelopes. Then the old lions of the second race, no longer engaged in providing or educating their young, would become useless competitors with their own fertile generations in using up the food of the community. The first kind would thereby possess an advantage over the second, inasmuch as all their males and females would be engaged in handing on the life of the species, while some of the second kind would be mere useless competing mouths (so far as the specific life is concerned), taking away food to no purpose from the valid and effective members. Thus, in the end, the first kind would live down the second, and become the only representative of the lion race in that particular region.

If the reader finds some difficulty in following this somewhat abstract reasoning in so unfamiliar a case, let him take the instance where humanity itself has been put face to face with a similar dilemma, as among those savage tribes which club to death their old and useless men and women. While it is true that nature has provided a rough accommodation between length of life and the necessities of reproduction, this accommodation is of course only approximate—it meets the average of instances fairly well, but it does not provide for every variation of circumstances. Now and again, conditions arise which make it impossible for all the community to survive on its existing stock of available food. Among wild beasts, the necessary rearrangement would be left to the action of natural selection, the weaker supernumeraries would be allowed to die of starvation. But man, gifted man, with his superior intelligence, assists nature in such a dilemma : he clubs the useless members of the community. In such case, it is quite obvious that if he were to club the potential fathers and mothers instead of the used-up seniors, the result upon the future of the race would be most disastrous. True, the selfish savage does

not himself know or understand that his action in this matter is ultimately conservative of the kind; he merely acts from personal motives; he clubs the old because they are weaker and less likely to offer resistance. But if he acted on the contrary principle, his race would necessarily soon die out: it is only those races which ensure the survival of the potential fathers and mothers that hand on their own instincts, tendencies, and tribal traditions to younger generations. Wherever, as among the hive-bees, the future of the race depends especially upon certain individuals—the queen-bees, in the instance quoted—those individuals are treated with the greatest care and consideration, and every precaution is taken to ensure their safety and their due performance of the parental functions. The one potential mother in the entire community here usurps the undivided attention of the whole hive. *L'état, c'est elle.*

And this brings us face to face with a difficulty which many people feel in accepting various current evolutionary explanations of biological facts. "Why," they ask, "should we postulate at all this 'need for the survival of the species?' Why admit into our reasoning this supposed and apparently teleological *nisus* after continued existence of the particular race?" The answer is, abstractly speaking, there is no such need at all. Thousands of individuals, of varieties, nay, ultimately of species and genera and orders and classes, fail in the long run so to reproduce themselves. "A thousand types are gone," and other types are ever following them. But such a thing as reproduction does exist; and the struggle for existence is between those creatures which do succeed in reproducing their kind. Given organisms capable of subdivision and growth, and all the rest follows of course. The ever-existing world is made up of the ever-surviving individuals and species. Each surviving form, at any particular moment, will have survived in virtue of its possessing these safeguards against extinction, while those which did not possess them are all extinct. It is the Iliad in a nutshell: if you can live, you live, and there you are, in evidence: if you can't, you die, and don't count: you are out of the reckoning.

A few examples will make the general working of these principles far clearer than any amount of abstract statement. Let us look first at the case of annuals among plants. In these, it will be quite clear at once that the whole life of the species is simply devoted to its own perpetuation. You sow peas in early spring. They sprout, leaf, grow, and prepare for flowering. As soon as sufficient material is laid by, they blossom. The bees fertilise them, and the pod grows out. The moment the seeds ripen, the plant has fulfilled its entire

cycle of existence. Leaves, stalk, flower, and all have performed their solitary final function in life—the reproduction of the species ; and the individual pea-plant dies down utterly, leaving its seeds alone to represent it. It has used itself all up in the single act ofowering and fruiting. In the very suggestive botanical phrase, it is *monocarpic* : one solitary reproductive process has formed the sum total of its brief existence.

Perennials are annuals which have learnt to prolong their life into a second or third season, so as to make use of a second or third summer for more frequent production of seeds and seedlings. Instead of producing one brood only, like the butterflies, they have so far risen in the scale of being that they produce many broods running, like the rabbit and the pig. But here, in like manner, the whole energies of the plant are devoted in the end to mere seed-making. As soon as one flowering season is over, the plant lays by material for the next ; and when the age of flowering is past, the plant dies entirely. There is no such thing in the vegetable world as an old age prolonged beyond the period of production. While plants live they flower and fruit. And the reason is obvious. Plants do not ever watch over or assist the development of their seedlings. Among them, paternal and maternal care is absolutely unknown. There are, indeed, in a sort of way, good fathers and bad fathers among the vegetable world : some kinds richly store their seeds with foodstuffs, which give them a better start in life ; while other kinds turn them loose upon the world to shift for themselves with a minimum of support for their tender babyhood. But even the best parents in the plant world can do no more for their young than thus provide for them by anticipation : once the seed is severed from the mother pod, all chance of further usefulness to their offspring is gone immediately. There is no reason, therefore, why the parent should survive its power of producing successors.

It is in the animal world that we first get a possible opening for the prolongation of the individual life beyond the period of actual reproduction ; and even then the extent of the prolongation depends entirely upon the needs and habits of the younger generations. Why should any life be so prolonged ? How can natural selection bring about such an extension of the vigour of the individual beyond the time which will suffice for keeping up the average numbers of the species in future ? Obviously, this can only happen where the continuance of the individual life will in some way aid the young in arriving at maturity with better chances than they would otherwise possess. Let us see how this happens.

A great many insects are practically annuals, just as much as the pea, the bean, the flax plant, or the canary creeper; and they die away just as absolutely as soon as they have fully performed the one function of their lives, the laying their eggs for the succeeding summer. During the winter, the entire race lies practically dormant, existing only potentially in the egg condition, and hatching out afresh into little grubs or caterpillars at the return of spring. There are even instances where the mother-organism dies in the act of giving birth to offspring, and serves as a store of food to its own larvæ. In other cases, life is prolonged for more than one year—the insects become biennial or perennial, and produce many successive broods—but their life is still coincident with the egg-laying period, and, as soon as that is over, they die forthwith. Fish and reptiles for the most part show little care for their eggs; but among birds we get obvious indications of a prolonged interest in offspring. The eggs are hatched by the heat of the mother's body; the young are carefully fed; and they are tended for some time, and instructed in the art of flying, till they can take care of themselves without difficulty. Mammals, again, show us the same sort of care still further extended. The little ones are suckled and watched over far longer than among birds, and in some cases for very prolonged periods. Young elephants in particular herd with their mothers for several years. Among social animals, the period of helpless youth passes very gradually into that of independent maturity, and as the elders generally take the lead, the tutelage of the youngers consists in fact of a long and slow apprenticeship to the habits of the race.

In mankind, the period of helpless infancy is very long, and that of childhood immensely protracted. With savages, and in some tropical civilised races, maturity is practically attained at about fourteen, and the lad then becomes almost or entirely self-supporting: but among the highest civilisations, the earliest age of maturity is sixteen or seventeen, and the tendency is for the limit of manhood to go on growing later and later. The necessity for a prolonged period of education and apprenticeship in all the arts, sciences, and handicrafts, is gradually pushing the idea of full maturity on from twenty to twenty-five and thirty; while there are even some respects in which one might put a still later age as that of the earliest complete manhood. For our present purpose, however, we may consider the two critical periods to be the age at which the labouring man of all classes becomes on the average capable of supporting himself, and the age at which he becomes on the average capable of supporting a wife and family. There must always be a natural

tendency for life to be prolonged in most cases sufficiently far to cover the following necessities :

In the first place, the man must marry. In the second place, he must have such a family as will suffice at least (after providing for infant mortality) just to keep up the dead level of population. In the third place, he must live long enough to bring up all the survivors among these children, from the eldest to the youngest, till they have attained the fully self-supporting stage.

In whatever case all these conditions are not fulfilled, the family, as a family, is distinctly moribund : it cannot hold its own in the struggle for existence against other families in which the men usually attain the necessary age for fulfilment of all the stringent duties thus enumerated. Hence there must always be a tendency for the effective part of the population on the whole to be made up of men and women who will live (more or less) up to the natural limit of human life thus determined. Only the persons who so live do, on the average, form component parts in the continuous stream of the specific life : all others are, like the old maids and bachelors, mere back waters or side currents, leading no-whither, and having nothing to do with the ultimate transmission of the life of the species. And if circumstances anywhere arise whereby the average ages of maturity and of marriage are put later than before, then (unless the particular race dies out in the effort) the natural limit will be necessarily readjusted, and men and women will there, as a rule, live later. Such readjustment, however, will doubtless always be very slow, since it depends upon the continuous survival of those families which, under the new circumstances, live longest, and preserve their useful faculties to the latest period.

The life of the individual, in short, is wholly subordinated to the life of the species. And though, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out, in the higher animals there is a far larger portion of life which the individual has for itself, as it were, apart from the immediate cares of paternity and maternity, yet this very period of exemption itself is only obtained because of the necessity for a longer tutelage of the more helpless younger generation. A mother of the labouring classes is continuously engaged in bearing and nursing children from twenty to fifty, and in keeping house for them, and bringing them up ever afterward.

The absolute importance to the race of the fathers and mothers, so long as they are engaged in the production or care of future generations, and their absolute unimportance afterwards, is nowhere so well seen as in the case of hive-bees. Here, the queen-bee, the

mother of all the coming broods, is tended with the greatest pains and solicitude. She is fed by the workers with food, partially digested beforehand, in their own crops, so as to enable her the more readily to bear the strain of laying from 600 to 1,200 eggs a day. As long as she remains in good health, everything goes on well in the hive. The moment she dies or is removed, the workers buzz about in the deepest apparent distress, and all productive work ceases. Anarchy and listlessness supervene. There is nothing left to labour for: without a queen, the community must die for want of progeny. Similarly, in the case of the drones, they are only valued for their function as fathers to the future broods: when winter comes, they are no longer needed, and so they are either expelled from the hive or stung to death by the more useful workers.

But length of life has also for one of its chief determinants the number of young necessarily produced in order to keep up the norma of the species. It is clear that if human beings, for example, produced only one child to each couple, the race must die out almost immediately; while, as a matter of fact, an average of seven or eight in each family is fully necessary (taking all races) in order to prevent a falling off in numbers. Let us see briefly what conditions govern this important determinant.

Where food or nutriment is abundant, either for plant or animal, and where little care is taken of the young, the life of the species may be said to consist, as a rule, of nothing more than seed-bearing and egg-laying. This, which is elsewhere the fundamental function, becomes here the only one. The organism often resolves itself completely into a simple spore-producing sack. This is the case with almost all internal parasites, which, finding food ready elaborated for them by their host, have degenerated into mere bags of eggs, produced as fast as material is forthcoming. It is absolutely necessary that such rapidity and greatness of numerical result should here be attained, because the chance of the young parasite reaching in safety the body of its proper host is comparatively small: eggs, or spores, or germs must be shed broadcast over the whole world, in order that one of them here or there may happen accidentally to fix its residence in the particular plant or animal fitted to sustain it. Parasitic plants are therefore mere leafless heads of flowers and fruit, producing vast quantities of very small and usually foodless seeds—a naked embryo devoid of albumen: while parasitic animals are mere sucking mouths and stomachs, with a huge ovary attached, all full of innumerable minute eggs, which are shed wholesale over the world everywhere. The chances of destruction are so very great that immense numbers must needs be

produced in order to meet the probable loss. Those organisms which do produce sufficient quantities to provide against contingencies, survive and thrive ; those which do not, die out, and are no more heard of. The actual world at any given moment always consists of the survivors and the successors of survivors from all generations. The failures and deficiencies are not represented, except transitorily and personally in each brood.

Where food or nutriment is less abundant, or where more care is taken of the young, there is less necessity for producing great numbers of eggs, seeds, or spores : and the number actually produced varies roughly with the varying balance of these two conditions. A few richly provided seeds or ova may be of more real service in keeping up the succession of the race than many small and poorly provided ones. A turbot has been known to lay fourteen million eggs, whereas a hedge-sparrow lays only four or five : but while the spawn of the turbot is very liable to be devoured unhatched, and while the young are relatively ill-provided for when they emerge from the egg, so that thousands die of starvation in their early infancy, and thousands more are snapped up by enemies, the eggs of the sparrow are watched over with tender care, and the callow young are fed and nursed till they reach the fledgling state, so that a very large proportion of them arrive at maturity.

However great the number of eggs laid or seeds produced by each individual in any species, it may be laid down as a general rule that under normal circumstances not more than two on the average out of each family survive to the adult condition, or at least succeed in again reproducing their kind. This apparent paradox is so seemingly contradictory at first sight of ordinary human experience, that it may be necessary to examine it a little more closely.

If every turbot laid fourteen million eggs, and each of those eggs hatched out successfully, and produced in due time an adult turbot, then, by the end of this year, there would be fourteen million times as many turbot as there were at the beginning. Suppose for simplicity's sake we start fair with only one pair of turbot : then, by the end of one year, they will have multiplied to fourteen million ; and by the end of two years to 196,000,000,000,000, and so on in a dizzy progression. In a very few years the whole sea would have become a solid mass of living turbot. Of course one has only to state this ridiculous conclusion in order to see how inconceivable it is that the whole 14,000,000 could possibly survive to maturity in each generation. But how many conceivably could ? Let us be very modest, and say four. That leaves a generous margin of 13,999,996 to go to waste

in each brood. Surely that will prove enough of carnage for this inexorable Darwinian-Malthusian arithmetic! Not a bit of it. Even four survivors land us at last in the same *reductio ad absurdum* as fourteen million. For start once more with one pair of turbot, and let them produce fourteen million eggs, of which only four survive to maturity and again reproduce. Then, in the next generation, we have two pair of turbot, producing twenty-eight millions of eggs between them, of which eight similarly survive to maturity. In the third generation our total of surviving adult turbot will be sixteen; in the fourth, thirty-two; in the fifth, sixty-four; and so on, doubling annually.¹ Now, such annual doubling does not seem very improbable, as long as we stick to such small numbers; but the moment we come to a species already numerically filling its due place in the balance of nature, the implied absurdity becomes obvious. For, can we conceive the total number of turbot at present in the sea to be doubled next year, quadrupled the year after that, multiplied by eight in the third year, by sixteen in the fourth, and so on *ad infinitum*? The thing is impossible. Work it how we will, we get back at last in the long-run to the solid sea of live turbot.

As a matter of fact, it can thus easily be shown that no species on the average ever produces more than two adult and productive members for each pair in each generation. For, if it did produce more, the species would be indefinitely increasing in numbers: it could never come to a standstill. It must end by replenishing the earth with a vengeance. But no species, on the average, ever does increase in numbers, except for a comparatively short period, or within a comparatively limited area. It must soon be brought to a standstill by reaching its natural limit of expansion, when competition between its members (chiefly for food, or, in the case of plants, for raw material) must necessarily prevent its further multiplication. Here, again, the familiar instance of the human race is a little misleading. We ourselves happen to belong to a fraction of that race which is here and now temporarily increasing in numbers, and so we have acquired the habit of talking loosely about the "natural growth of population," and forming corresponding concepts quite at variance with the underlying biological truths of reproduction. The fact is, even in our own race—I mean the English, not the human—the

¹ I need hardly point out that, by way of simplification, and in order to avoid those ugly algebraical letters, I have supposed each pair of turbot to live a year only, and then beget sons and daughters, and die forthwith. But the time occupied by each generation is of course quite immaterial: the real point is the numerical ratio borne by each successive generation to its predecessor.

actual expansion is but very slight ; and it is rendered possible at all only by the existence within now practicable distances of unsettled or partially settled cornlands, sufficient for the supply of the constantly increasing surplus. Were it otherwise, competition among ourselves for the strictly limited stock of food would soon check the further growth of the population.

To illustrate this case, let us look at the instance of a colony of cheese-mites, temporarily domiciled in a Stilton cheese, whose rapid multiplication apparently conflicts utterly with our general principle. As long as the cheese remains, to be sure there is a constant production of fresh mites, who find themselves born into a perfect universe of cheese, where they have but to open their mouths and feed, and proceed straightway to the immediate production of further generations. But when once the cheese is all filled, there is no more room for mites ; and, as it gets finally eaten up, with all its inhabitants, only two eggs or so on an average manage to get away from all that teeming population, to found a second colony in a fresh cheese. The multiplication is but apparent and temporary : it only goes on as long as the extra supply of food lasts, and it is inevitably limited in the long run by the ever inexorable Malthusian dilemma.

Taking one time with another, the sum total of individuals in each species remains fairly constant. True, the balance of nature is not a balance in a state of stable equilibrium ; it oscillates freely. Here, a species gains for the moment ; there, a species shrinks and loses. It is a constant flux and see-saw of specific life. True, again, new species from time to time arise, and during the period when their natural advantages are enabling them to live down the older species from which they spring, and whose place they occupy, there is marked advance on the one side, and marked decadence on the other. But on the whole, taking one time with another, it may fairly be said that the number of individuals in each well-established species cannot greatly vary ; and that the number of eggs, seeds, or young produced by each will not much exceed the proportion necessary in order just to keep up the average numerical level of the particular race. Conditions remaining fairly constant, the race exactly accommodates itself to them in the long run. Unless, indeed, it is a dying race, in which case there will be, of course, an actual and constant decrease in number.

Now, for the human race, in Europe at least, it is fairly certain that an average of not less than five children to each family is necessary in order just to keep the population stationary. Six or seven to each family are needed for any perceptible increase. This seems at

first sight a large average : but it has been independently arrived at by several observers, through different methods of calculation ; and a little consideration will serve to show its high *a priori* probability. For, in the first place, we have to allow for the ordinary heavy rate of infant mortality, nearly one half the children born dying before they reach the age of twenty-one, even in England.¹ Thus, if each family had only four children, every one of the survivors, reduced at twenty-one to two for each, would have to marry, without exception, and bear an average of four more children apiece, in order to keep the population just level. But this, again, allows nothing for celibates, old maids, nuns, soldiers, premature deaths in married life, and casualties generally, for which we must make a rough provision of at least one more child per family. In England, such an average of five to a household suffices to keep the population fairly stationary : anything above that figure tends to increase it, and, at present, as we all know, it is actually increasing.

Among savages, however, and with inferior races, as well as in Europe itself at earlier periods, a much higher average of reproduction is, or was, of course necessary. Infant mortality in early ages was far greater ; the dangers of manhood were far more pressing ; famine and pestilence swept over large tracts at frequent intervals ; and a high rate of reproduction was absolutely essential in order to keep the race from dying out bodily. Or, in other words, only those families that possessed such a high rate of child-bearing were represented at all in the second or third generation. The surviving populations consisted always of the descendants of the fertile families. Fecundity, now to some extent a disadvantage in England in the struggle for existence, as tending to the impoverishment and depression of the family, was then a prime requisite of survival in any form. It was under such circumstances that the habit of the race in the matter of longevity was first acquired. Man is an animal producing, as a rule, only one infant at a birth : it was therefore necessary to his corporate salvation that each individual should live long enough to produce in succession ten, eleven, or twelve children—perhaps in some circumstances as many as fourteen or fifteen—and bring them up to such an age that they would be self-supporting and self-defending. As savage mothers nurse their own children² for two or even three years, it would take about thirty to forty years of child-bearing to produce such a result. This will

¹ The exact numbers are forty-five per cent.

² The necessity for such long nursing is obviated among ourselves by the common use of cow's milk and farinaceous foods.

yield the following averages : for the period of infancy, childhood, and adolescence, say twenty years ; for the period of effective paternity and maternity, say thirty ; for the period until the youngest children become themselves in turn self-supporting, say twenty. Total, for the average of human life, seventy years.

If the span of life had generally been less than this for our species, then, I believe (unless the bearing of twins had grown universal), the human race must have become finally extinct. If it had tended to be generally more than this, it would have been brought down to that figure by competition. In short, an average of seventy years (for the effective members) is the necessary condition to which human life had to accommodate itself, if it was to go on being at all. It did so accommodate itself, and we are here to answer for it to-day. If it had not, we would not have been here, but some other race would have taken our place. The existing exists in virtue of its fulfilling the necessary antecedent conditions of existence.

The mean lifetime of males in England is nearly forty years, and of females, nearly forty-two. But this includes non-effectives and infants who die young. For our present purpose we must take effective fathers and mothers only, and even of them the successful founders of surviving families alone. From the point of view of race preservation, all others must be omitted from consideration.

Briefly to recapitulate : the average life of effective individuals in each species depends entirely upon the time required to produce and bring to self-supporting maturity as large a number of offspring as will suffice to hand down the species in turn to an equal body of successors. The average lifetime is always just long enough for this purpose (in successful species) and never any longer. And the number of offspring required is the number which will allow for all infant mortality, celibacy, and casualties, and leave over just enough individuals (of each sex) to continue the succession of the species in future.

GRANT ALLEN.

MY BOSTON RECEPTION.

BEFORE leaving Boston a farewell public reception was given to me and my wife at the New England Conservatory of Music. The New England Conservatory, besides lodging and boarding several hundred students on a magnificent scale, and in connection with a refined system of culture, chiefly under the direction of M. Tourjee, is certainly one of the most influential musical schools in the United States. A reception, therefore, offered me at the immediate instigation of the professors and musical authorities of Boston, in recognition of the lectures I had delivered to mixed audiences, and as a mark of the value they set upon my musical writings, was very gratifying, especially as they might have adopted the glib cant, not unknown in my own country, that an amateur could have nothing to say about music worth the attention of professional musicians.

We found on our arrival, about nine o'clock in the evening, the entrance of the building draped in red cloth ; floral wreaths, with "Welcome!" over the grand staircase ; and as we moved down the spacious corridors to the reception-room, we passed between rows of fresh young faces and a large crowd of invited guests. The ceremony was this time more formal than on previous occasions. We stood with Dean Gray on one side, and M. Tourjee and some of the trustees and the council of the Academy on the other ; whilst in front of us were several hundreds of the assembled guests—as many, in fact, as could crowd into the principal reception-room.

The Rev. Mr. Duryea, one of the most elegant speakers in America, then stepped forward into the open semi-circle between us and the company, and delivered a neat speech in terms most flattering to myself and wife, in which with the best taste he alluded to my ministerial career as in full harmony with my musical studies, and was good enough to say that my books on music had done much to raise the tone of the profession throughout the civilised world.

"It is with the greatest pleasure, as the representative of the trustees and faculty of the Conservatory, that I add to the general welcome which you have received in our city, and the special wel-

come to the social fellowship of our patrons and friends at this house.

"We do not desire to weary or chill you by the frigid methods of a formal reception, but to open our hearts to you in sincere and warm expressions of our personal regard and affection, and in a testimonial of our indebtedness for your services to the art to which we are devoted, our obligation to you for all you have written, our reverence and love for what you have been and done as a man and as a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ. We owe you much for all you have written. You have not only interpreted to us the thoughts and sentiments of the great masters of music, but you have initiated us into the secrets of high art by leading us up to its moral aims, and by sanctifying it to the higher uses of the soul as an expression of the loftiest thought, the finest feeling.

"And, also, we are indebted to you because you have shown how this art may be consecrated to the service of God, and made use of as an expression of affection toward Him upon whom we centre our minds and hearts as we grow in knowledge, in love, in purity, in excellence, and in beauty. But, most of all, we are grateful to Providence and the grace of God for what has been manifested in your character and life. We desire to consecrate the art of music to the highest aims, and to engage in the pursuit of it men of the noblest powers and the finest culture.

"We have felt that too many have been mere specialists ; that they have lacked mental range and grasp, breadth and fineness of sympathy. They have not been aspiring, they have not been ethical, they have not been spiritual. We have often had to bear the blush of shame for those who have shown great technical skill, but, nevertheless, have made small expression of the nobler powers of the soul through the various instruments of music which they have so deftly handled, and so lost much to the pleasure of those who have been listeners. You are as well aware as we that we have great authority for the affirmation that it is the aim of art simply to please. You know also that those who adopt this principle, run it into their method, and carry it forth into their own work, are usually prone to descend to mere catering. They satisfy the public taste : they do not lift a high standard ; they do not improve the art ; they do not elevate the human soul. You know that they have descended to that which is earthly, sensuous, not to say sometimes devilish.

"It has been in our country the fault of our people. Perhaps we should make an excuse for it, because of the necessities of the early period of their struggles to prepare the foundations of

the nation, and to rear the temple of Liberty, of Art, and Religion on this soil. They had a sore conflict with the forces of nature to reduce the soil. They needed bread and raiment and shelter, and they so became intensely practical and utilitarian. Such forms of art as were afforded them were for the moments of respite from toil, the moments of ease and recreation from care, for a comfort and a solace in sorrow.

"I am happy to say that we have now passed the old and more utilitarian period, and that we are at leisure to consider the higher powers of the soul, the nobler aims of life, the true destiny of man. And, in the next half-century, those who come after us will reap the fruit of the sowing of some who, in heroic devotion, in toil and sacrifice, are now preparing for them larger, nobler, purer aims. When one who can consecrate himself to literature, and the service of religion, and the Church of Jesus Christ, can hold still with steadfast devotion to the art of music, and in some degree even adhere to the practice of it, we are encouraged to believe that the day is coming when our art shall not be beneath the service of the noblest, the purest, and the best men and women we can entice within its charmed circle, who will bring to it the diligence and zeal equal to accomplishment in its service.

"We think that you have taught us to have supreme a moral aim, to consecrate our heart in devotion to the living God, to lift it up from the sensuous to the spiritual, from the body to the soul, from earth to heaven; and that which might grow to flattery in your presence, when I refer to your character and life, is due to you, inasmuch as you have shown us the higher aims of art. Long after you are gone, you will be remembered here. Long after your voice is silent, it will echo still in the hearts and souls of those whom you have taught, encouraged, uplifted, and inspired. Our hearts would not be satisfied until we had turned to her who has been, in homely Anglo-Saxon words, your companion, your partner, and your wife. Some men are self-made; some men are made by women; and some men are unmade by women. You recognise with reverence and undying love her power over your constantly developing power, her refining and purifying heart. We commend you to Him who holds the sea in the hollow of His hands. May He speed you on your way to your native land, and may Providence go with you and yours for all you have been and are to be!"

I replied: "Ladies and Gentlemen, Dr. Duryea,—I am extremely glad that I had not any adequate notice of the nature of this occasion, which would, perhaps, have tempted me to prepare some speech. Some

one did say that I would have to say a few words ; but, then, 'a few words' is a *façon de parler*, and you can often get out a few words. But it is very easy to get into a few words, without getting out of them. But, if I had made any preparation before I came here, I should have to throw it entirely to the winds, because not one word of anything I should have been likely to have prepared would have been of the smallest use to me on the present occasion. I should have felt very much like poor Artemus Ward, who used to say that 'he was the possessor of a colossal intellect, but did not happen to have it about him.'

"When I first began listening to my friend's very eloquent and exhaustive address, I thought it might, perhaps, prove to me a little exhausting,—not from any fault in the address itself, but in my own powers of endurance. You can stand a certain amount of encomium in public. I could have read it without a blush in the papers on the following morning ; but to stand up and be fired at as a fine specimen of a man, I think, I hope, that must have applied to my 'colossal intellect.' I do not know what it applied to, but I am very much obliged for it ; for, you know, we always like to be praised for those qualities in which we are most deficient. I owe a debt of gratitude to my friend for all his kind words. When he first began to speak, I thought I was going to have a good time, although, no doubt, a rather trying time, in the presence of so many spectators ; but he had not gone on long before I found the subject was going to be lifted out of personalities into a higher region, and although I was the peg upon which a great many excellent things might be said to hang, I was going to be delivered of all further affliction. I am very much obliged always for personal recognition, for I think there is nothing more agreeable than to receive kind words of your friends.

"I am not at all insensible to all the kind words I have received ; but, when we speak of music or any of the arts, I desire to say that I do not wish the art to be glorified in the man, but I think all who love art, and who co-operate for the progress of art and the cause of art, should lose themselves in the cause. They really work for art just in proportion as they forget their own services and themselves. The address was put upon such a footing, and was raised to such a high moral plane, that I was able to forget myself. I was able to forget anything like personality in the general interest that we all feel in music ; and then I became one with you in heart and sympathy. The instant the fettering personalities ceased I became one with the room. Then I said, 'We are now all engaged in contemplating the beauties of art and the benefits which we may receive from art.'

"I felt a great many of his remarks. I think that was very suitable—what he said about the hard life of the early settlers in this country, and how gradually (if I understand him) the arts crept in as a solace to the hard life ; and I think we can carry that with equal advantage further. I think that, above all things, America is in the van of active industries, and what I may call the discovery of industries, pushing, active enterprise, and the accumulating of wealth, and the developing of experimental science. America seems to have a peculiar genius for all that side of life ; and, when that is the case, we find that the arts are apt to take a second place. The old countries have plenty of art. They have had plenty of art ; and the new countries need art, especially as a kind of counterbalance to the prevailing genius and activity of the people, who are engaging all the time, and whose aims are more set upon the accumulation of material wealth. I think, for such a nation as that, the arts are almost of a religious significance. They seem a visible and active power, like angels, who bring sweet fragments from the songs above to the dwellers upon earth.

"An institution like this, which stands for the art of music, has the power of sweeping the cobwebs from the brain and bringing back the blue sky of the soul. An institution like this is a refining institution, showing that what the nation most needs is a counterbalance of its great and successful industry. I am not come here to prate to you. I have lately delivered ten lectures in this city, and I think that Boston has very nearly had enough of me ; but I cannot leave you without saying these few words, without thanking you, on behalf of my dear wife, for all the kind words which my good friend has said about her, in which he has coupled my name with hers in his graceful compliment. I may tell you that I think she wrote about the whole of ' Music and Morals ' with her own hands, before it went to the printer. I am not so careful about the printers now. I let them read what they can ; but, in those days, ' Music and Morals ' was my first book, and, in those days, we had a little more time than, perhaps, we have had since. Our labours have rather accumulated upon us. Our children make certain demands upon us, and we do not have as much time as we had in those days. But, then, she used to be very much my amanuensis, and she used to be able to write a hand which everybody could read ; while I, unfortunately, wrote a hand which nobody could read. And, in those days, it was of more or less advantage to me to get the editors to look at what I sent them. Now, I do not care so much. They are obliged to read what I send them ; but, in those days, I was anxious that they should read my books, and

therefore I always asked my wife to copy my writing off for me. And, as I said before, she wrote every word of 'Music and Morals.'

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, I wish to mix more freely and personally with you; and, as I was detained at dinner by some kind friends, I think it would be a very poor reward or return for your kindness in coming here, if I prolonged the present discourse. But I would say that, when you come to England (I have no doubt you will come some day, and I hope you will come in the same ship, at the same time), I want you to come and see me. If there is not room enough in the house, we will bivouac on the 'Thames embankment. We will have a good time of it. But indeed you might all be able to come into my dining-rooms and drawing-rooms. The bedroom accommodations are a little restricted and limited; but I hope you will all come to England, and call and see me. I shall be able there to show you a few things which may be of interest to you, as I have seen a great many things in this country that have interested me.

"I must return to you, on behalf of Mrs. Haweis and myself, our heartfelt gratitude for the manner in which—I was going to say—you have drunk our health; but you have done something better. You have given me your good wishes. If I may be allowed to say so, you have put forward in Mr. Duryea a spokesman whose eloquence and exhaustive methods of statement were extremely proper. Indeed, what he said about myself I could not have improved upon. I'm going to try to live up to it. I never could have said anything better than that, if I should live to be as old as Methuselah,—not only the way in which he alluded to me, but still more the way in which he lifted the subject, and rose into a more worthy atmosphere, as far as I am concerned. I think that such a gathering as this at so short a notice shows that you are not anxious to get me out of the country. I do leave on Monday; but it shows that you are as anxious to see me, and shake me by the hand, as I am anxious to do the same by you, before I leave your cultured, respected, and celebrated city of Boston."

After my reply the ceremony of introduction began, the principal guests being brought up by Dean Gray and M. Tourjee and presented to both of us; this took about an hour and a half, and we were then conducted through the chief rooms of this noble establishment by the Director, returning to the Deanery at Cambridge about midnight.

I shall always retain the happiest recollections of Cambridge. Most of the time I spent with our kind friends Dean and Mrs. Gray and Miss Charlotte, their amiable daughter. One night, at a joint

reception given to Canon Farrar and myself at the Deanery, I met a large number of the theological students, and was at first a little taken aback at the way in which the young men formed in a circle round me whenever one of them was presented, so that my replies had to be addressed to at least a dozen at a time ; however, on glancing at the other end of the room, I noticed that a similar group had gathered round Canon Farrar, so I accepted the situation frankly, and discoursed to them colloquially on the lessons to be derived from Church history in view of successive schools of religious thought—the distinction between doctrine or religious teaching and dogma or fixed opinion, and the recurrent need of restatement and reformulation if religion was to be kept alive. There was something to me extremely refreshing and unlike our old-world theological schools in these young aspirants to the Christian ministry, being brought under the genial and liberal influence of so accomplished and wide-minded a divine as Dean Gray. He represents the best and most vigorous elements of American episcopacy. He is not afraid of coming face to face with antagonistic sects, because he is generous and philosophical enough to acknowledge whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report wherever they may exist. Happy are the students who are allowed thus to develop ! happy are the institutions under which they flourish !

H. R. HAWEIS.

NOVELISTS' LITTLE WAYS.

HOWEVER experienced and accomplished a novelist may happen to be, it is probable that he or she will always find some difficulty in introducing the hero and heroine of the tale in a natural way. If he plunges at once into a description of their physical characteristics, he is liable to be called "grossly realistic" by the critics ; if he merely hints at their appearance, and leaves the intelligent reader to discover it for himself as the narrative progresses, he is said to be "sketchy," and to "have no real grip of his characters." Those whose lot it is to read a great number of novels, good, bad, and indifferent, in the course of a year may derive a serene and tranquil pleasure from comparing one novelist's "dodges" (not to speak profanely) with those practised by a brother practitioner of the pen, or the same novelist's "dodges" in one book with those in another. By reading a book straight through, from beginning to end, in the ordinary receptive and unanalytical mood, we fail to notice the artfulness which underlies the author's art ; but by just instituting a slight comparison between various works, and noting how certain critical periods are got over, we at once run the novelist to earth. We unbare all his little stratagems ; we discover the strong family likeness which exists between the sentences in which, in various works, he introduces a hero, or a villain, or gives the first inkling of the future plot, or gets his characters to propose to each other, to say "yes" or "no," to, when necessary, commit murder, or rescue a hated rival from certain death.

Modern novelists do not imitate Sir Walter Scott, who "wound into his subject like a serpent." At first sight this seems extraordinary, because the moderns are certainly not less verbose than Sir Walter ; they both introduce more characters, make them do and say more, and dissect their moral natures in a way unknown to the first great master of the craft. But the explanation is probably to be found in the fact that the mere "technique" of the novelist's trade has undergone great improvement and development. The *ars celare artem* is far more elaborate. Every mediocre scribbler knows a trick or two of the writer's craft unknown to the

author of "Waverley." Thus the favourite modern plan of introducing the hero, or heroine, in the first page of the first chapter, is really a very artful way of producing the impression that the author eschews art—that he is a mere straightforward story-teller of the old-fashioned type.

"Waverley"—to take a typical Scott novel—begins with a "general preface" about twenty pages long, followed by an "introductory chapter," after which we are slowly led up through the ancestry of the Waverley clan to the birth and education of the hero ; and after all this the action of the book may be said to begin.

How different is the commencement of the typical modern novel, "Middlemarch" !—

"Miss Brooke had that kind of beauty which seems to be thrown into relief by poor dress. Her hand and wrist were so finely formed that she could wear sleeves not less bare of style than those in which the Blessed Virgin appeared to Italian painters," etc.

Now, Miss Brooke is the heroine in "Middlemarch," and we thus make her acquaintance as a grown-up young lady, ready for the action of the plot, in the first line. Let us take another novelist, Mr. Black, and see how he introduces us to one of his most fascinating heroines. Chapter I. of Volume I. of "Madcap Violet" begins thus :—

"A young girl of sixteen or seventeen, tall and strikingly handsome in figure, with abundant masses of raven-black hair, dark eyes under darker eyelashes, and proud and well-cut lips, walked up to the schoolmistress's table."

Mr. Thomas Hardy, a somewhat analytical novelist at times, does exactly the same thing. In "A Pair of Blue Eyes," one of his most pathetic stories, he introduces the heroine thus in the first chapter : "Elfride Swancourt was a girl whose emotions lay very near the surface," etc. "Far from the Madding Crowd" is a much better known work of this writer, and there, too, we are plunged into the whirlpool at once ; anybody who does not care about agricultural people and subjects has himself to blame if he reads further than the first two lines, which disclose to us the hero, and what sort of a man he is, in very few words :—

"When Farmer Oak smiled, the corners of his mouth spread till they were within an unimportant distance of his ears," etc.

The profoundest sympathy must be felt for an author who is writing his first novel, and is about to introduce his hero. There

must be a feeling somewhat like that of the young clergyman going up into a pulpit to preach his maiden sermon, who experiences a difficulty in knowing what to do with his hands. It would never do to make the description a dry catalogue of physical qualities, still less to enter at length into the subject of what clothes the hero is wearing, as if the author were a tailor giving out his customer's measurements to the assistant at the desk. Mr. Hardy has done a decidedly bold thing, in one of the novels already quoted, in giving a list of characters in his opening page, as if he were writing a poetical drama instead of a novel. And what he says of the heroine of "*A Pair of Blue Eyes*" is quite as unconventional a way of describing a heroine. It is a description by negatives, by refusing to describe at all:—

"Personally she (*Elfride Swancourt*) was the combination of very interesting particulars. . . . Will it be necessary to thrust her forward in the garish daylight, and describe her points as categorically as *Cleopatra's* messenger in depicting *Octavia*? Scarcely. It might vulgarise her. The height of her figure; the turn of her head; these may never be learnt to the very last page of the commentary."

Elfride's presence was "no more pervasive than that of a kitten." She had "a childish manner," and there was an "attractive crudeness" about her remarks. But you did notice her eyes—"they were blue, heavenly blue."

Now at first one sympathises exceedingly with this novelist's blunt refusal to schedule his heroine's charms—his dislike to act as show-man. We feel that we have come across a plain man who is no good hand at novelistic verbiage, who will not describe a girl to death. But on a little further consideration we see that this affectation of simplicity is a stroke of the highest art. It is desired to show the nothingness of *Elfride*, that she is not a person of strong character, a woman who might almost be called "of no account." The sagacious novelist does this by being severely reticent about her appearance, and very modest in descriptive touches. He puts her into a dim and misty background, out of which all that emerges clearly is the blueness of the eyes, the "heavenly blueness." No doubt this is exactly the impression that he desired to create. His heroine throughout the novel is not the mistress but the slave of circumstances. She is grievously handled by an unkind Fate, and dies the weak victim of a miserable misunderstanding.

Let us see how two other notable latter-day novelists introduce the gentlemen who are to figure as their heroes. Both of them, it may incidentally be remarked, illustrate the truth of what has been

said above about the modern story-teller discarding the formalities of long introductory chapters. "Robert Falconer," one of George Macdonald's most characteristic novels, opens with a very graphic account of the hero's school-days :—

"Robert Falconer, school-boy, aged fourteen, thought he had never seen his father ; that is, thought he had no recollection of ever having seen him."

The remarkable youth reads the "Pilgrim's Progress" and Klopstock's "Messiah" in his garret, and forms a romantic attachment to a destitute orphan called "Shargar," who from being "Robert's tyke," subsequently blossoms out into "Major Moray" towards the close of the story.

Chapter I. of Mr. Blackmore's "Maid of Sker" begins :—

"I am but an ancient fisherman upon the coast of Glamorganshire, with work enough of my own to do, and trouble enough of my own to heed, in getting my poor living. I have been a roving man, and may have gathered much of evil from contact with my fellow-man, although by origin meant for good. . . . Nevertheless I am on the whole pretty well satisfied with myself ; hoping to be of such quality as the Lord prefers to those perfect creatures with whom he has no trouble at all, and therefore no enjoyment."

The keynote of garrulity, self-conceit, shrewdness, and affected self-depreciation is well struck in these few words of autobiography.

Isabel, the heroine of Mr. Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady," is also introduced in the first chapter, but in the sort of indirect way which would be expected by any reader of the analytical American novelist. There is a country house, and three gentlemen chatting on the lawn on a hot summer afternoon ; a girl is seen standing in an open window, and advances towards the group, making herself known to the owner of the mansion as his American cousin, whom he had never seen before ; she catches up Bunchie, the dog, and pets him, and then we get the only bit of description of the heroine's exterior semblance which the author thinks it necessary to supply to us :—

"His master now had time to follow and to see that Bunchie's new friend was a tall girl in a black dress, who at first sight looked pretty. . . . She was looking at everything, with an eye that denoted quick perception."

Another point that severely tries our novelist is the concealment of his villain. How is he to bring this character upon the stage in such a way as not at once to let out the secret of his variegated moral

nature, and at the same time so as to avoid giving the reader the idea that he is a subsidiary unimportant person altogether? If the novelist passes him over sketchingly, the reader relegates him to the "dust-heap" of secondary characters, and is proportionately irritated afterwards to find that he ought to have been attending to every word that he uttered and every hint thrown out about him. On the other hand, it is inartistic to label a man, "This is a villain!" and to make sure of not falling into this error the tendency is rather the other way; most novel-writers nowadays bring their villains into their pages in the full odour of sanctity. When first introduced, the man is an admirable combination—physically, of an Apollo, and morally, of an archbishop. It is only later on that his villainy becomes plain for all folk to see. Who could really tell the blackness of Osmond's character in the "Portrait of a Lady" from this sketch of him when we first meet him, in his Italian villa, entertaining his daughter and two nuns?—

"He was a man of forty, with a well-shaped head. . . . He had a thin, delicate, sharply-cut face, of which the only fault was that it looked too pointed. . . . He had a foreign, traditionary look, suggesting that he studied effect. His luminous, intelligent eye denoted softness and keenness." His figure was "light, lean, lazy-looking, neither tall nor short."

Madame Merle, too, the representative of female villainy, seems all that an eligible female companion ought to be when she first finds her way to Mr. Touchett's country house; and Mr. Henry James is, of course, far too polite to accuse either Osmond or Madame Merle of any great crimes. The first inkling we get of anything wrong between them is when we hear that they "approach each other obliquely, as it were, and address each other by implication. The effect of each seemed to be to increase the self-consciousness of the other." Well, they might have murdered each other, and that would have been worse. But a good downright crime, of the "Called Back" type, is not to be reasonably expected from people who "approach each other obliquely," and only "address each other by implication."

Yet the attentive novel-reader will probably agree that there is generally some kind of slight hint or intimation given, when the male or female villain steps into the pages, that there is something a trifle doubtful about him or her. It is desired to represent the characters just as they would strike an ordinary person meeting them in the street and having a chat with them; and as such a person would certainly fail to detect his villain at first sight, even so does the novelist, if he is writing what deserves to be called a novel and not merely a

"shilling dreadful," refuse to disclose a bad nature at the first glance. He is true to life in so doing. He is equally true to life in leaving his reader to suppose that there is something peculiar or doubtful about the personage who will ultimately develop villainous ways, for at first sight of flesh-and-blood rascals we notice enough to fill us with ill-defined uneasiness.

Of these hints of bad character we find good specimens in George Eliot. It may be said that there are no real villains in her novels. Tito, Dunsey Cass, Arthur Donnithorne, Bulstrode, Grandcourt,—these are the representatives of scoundrelism *à la* George Eliot, and—except the last—they are all rather weak than wilfully flagitious. But their introduction in the various novels in which they occur is accompanied with a delicate depreciation which the sated novel-reader recognises as a kind of moral danger-signal. "This man," the novelist seems to say, "may turn out a saint or a sinner; in any case, I advise you to watch him carefully. There is something about him which fails to give complete satisfaction. He may conquer it—or it may conquer him." Even that over-pointedness of Osmond's face, in the "Portrait of a Lady" already quoted, might put the exceptionally wary reader on his guard. George Eliot is not quite so dissimulating. This is the way in which she sketches Tito Melema in "Romola," when he is first encountered by Bratti, asleep on a Florentine doorstep. Bratti, the "old-clothes man" of the period, tells Tito, as he awakes, that he had better not go to sleep with a valuable ring on his finger, or he may be relieved of it, in the same way as Bratti himself relieved a dead beggar of some gold pieces he found in his cap. He goes on:—

"'But how comes a young man like you, with the face of Messer San Michele, to be sleeping on a stone bed with the wind for a curtain?'

"The deep guttural sounds of the speaker were scarcely intelligible to the newly-waked, bewildered listener, but he understood the action of pointing to his ring; he looked down at it, and with a half-automatic obedience to the warning, took it off and thrust it within his doublet, rising at the same time and stretching himself.

"'Your tunic and hose match ill with that jewel, young man,' said Bratti deliberately. 'Anybody might say the saints had sent *you* a dead body; but if you took the jewels, I hope you buried him—and you can afford a mass or two for him into the bargain.'

"Something like a painful thrill seemed to dart through the

frame of the listener, and arrest the careless stretching of his arms and chest. For an instant he turned on Bratti with a sharp frown ; but he immediately recovered an air of indifference," etc.

The two points which the novelist wishes her readers to carry away with them from this scene are, that the reclining stranger has a handsome face, and that there is a mystery, a something doubtful about him. She accomplishes her first object by comparing Tito's face to that of "Messer San Michele." She hoists the danger-signal as to his moral character by depicting him as being startled at Bratti's innocent remark about the dead body.

In Bulstrode's case she hoists it again, and again in an indirect way—by means of a conversation. The eminent Middlemarch banker is at a dinner-party given by Mr. Brooke, and they are discussing Mr. Lydgate, the new doctor, towards the close of the evening :—

"'Lydgate has lots of ideas, quite new, about ventilation and diet, and that sort of thing,' resumed Mr. Brooke, after he had handed out Lady Chettam, and had returned to be civil to a group of Middlemarchers.

"'Hang it, do you think that is quite sound?—upsetting the old treatment, which has made Englishmen what they are?' said Mr. Standish.

"'Medical knowledge is at a low ebb among us,' said Mr. Bulstrode, who spoke in a subdued tone, and had rather a sickly air. 'I for my part hail the advent of Mr. Lydgate. I hope to find good reason for confiding the new hospital to his management.'

"'That is all very fine,' replied Mr. Standish, who was not fond of Mr. Bulstrode ; 'if you like him to try experiments on your hospital patients, and kill a few people for charity, I have no objection.'"

That a man who utters a priggish remark should look sickly and speak in a subdued tone is enough to show that he is at least a possible candidate for the, as yet, vacant post of villain in the story. Mr. Bulstrode has previously stated his opinion, in reply to somebody who thinks that Providence intended women to make a dead set at men, that "coquetry should be ascribed to another source—I should be disposed to ascribe it to the devil." Altogether Mr. Bulstrode, at his first appearance, conveys a faint impression of being a mixture of Pecksniff and Stiggins ; but in order to make sure that her readers will dislike him, George Eliot makes Mr. Standish—"who was not fond of Mr. Bulstrode"—a genial, jovial character,

so that we at once sympathise with his feelings, and conclude that he must have some good reason for hating Bulstrode. This is a typical instance of how the modern novelist takes away a man's character by implication, and leaves you to infer wretched moral principle from the faintest shadow of a hint.

There is no period more critical, either in life or in novel writing, than the moment when a proposal of marriage is to be made, and accepted or rejected as the case may be. Novelists have not yet found the secret of writing stories in which the love interest is rigidly excluded, and which are very exciting and interesting for all that. Even the detective and sensational "thriller" of the day generally combines with the exposure of a great crime a certain amount of rather crude love-making. The "novel without a lady" has yet to be written—and enjoyed. But the modern has introduced a new fashion in the way of proposals of marriage. It was always rather the habit of the old-fashioned novelist to "let himself out" at this important period of his story, whereas his successors at the present day pull themselves in. They seem to be rather ashamed of allowing their characters to indulge in too much sentimentality; mere verbal expressions of unalterable attachment are cut down to the lowest limits, and there seems to be a general consensus of novelistic opinion that "spooniness" must be severely discouraged. Instead of several pages devoted to rapturous protestations of reciprocal affection, the love-makers say one or two pretty things to one another, and there is an end of it. In the next chapter we find them married. Sometimes the novelist does not even think fit to give the love scene at all. Having shown his hero and heroine developing in the direction of matrimony, he takes it for granted that the intelligent reader does not care to be troubled with amorous details, and calmly introduces the pair securely wedded when we next meet them! This, however, is not the usual course of procedure. Usually the lovers are allowed to make love "*coram populo*," only they make it either in a self-conscious and restrained kind of way, or in appropriate epigrams and antitheses. The lovers say something astonishingly neat to each other—which they never do in real life; they do not blunder, or hesitate, or make idiots of themselves; all that is carefully omitted. As an instance of the restrained modern mode of proposals and acceptances, or rejections, take the following passage from "*John Inglesant*"; it is when Mary Collet answers Inglesant's offer of himself in marriage:—

"'No,' she continued with a radiant smile, 'cavalier and courtier as you are, you also have heard a voice behind you

saying, "This is the way, walk in it." That way, Johnny, you will never leave for me. As this voice told you, this is not a time for us to spend our moments like two lovers in a play; we have, both of us, other work to do," etc.

Considering that Mary Collet confesses that she really loves Inglesant, her refusal to marry him for no very obvious reason sounds cold, and her manner somewhat chilling. But it is possible to accept in an equally unimpassioned sort of way, as Romola accepted Tito in old Bardo's Library at Florence.

" 'I hope,' she continued, turning her eyes full on Tito, with a look of grave confidence, 'I hope he will not weary you; this work makes him so happy.'

" 'And me too, Romola—if you will only let me say, I love you—if you will only think me worth loving a little.'

"His speech was the softest murmur, and the dark beautiful face, nearer to hers than it had ever been before, was looking at her with beseeching tenderness.

" 'I do love you,' murmured Romola; she looked at him with the same simple majesty as ever, but her voice had never in her life before sunk to that murmur."

Then take Mr. Henry James's lovers. See how "icily regular" the whole thing is. If it is an advantage for married people to begin with a little aversion, they certainly seem in his novels to feel a mutual repugnance even when they are offering marriage and accepting it. As regards the "Lady" whose "Portrait" Mr. James has taken with so much attention to detail, her engagement to Osmond is quite a funereal affair:—

" 'What I wish to say to you is that I find I am in love with you.'

" Isabel instantly rose from her seat.

" 'Ah! Keep that till I am tired,' she murmured.

" 'I am thoroughly in love with you,' he repeated."

At which remark "the tears come into Isabel's eyes," tears which were caused "by an intense throb of that pleasant pain." And after a few words more at the same temperature, the engagement is complete, and we are spared all reference to the wedding ceremony itself, just as George Eliot omits this in Dorothea's case. When Isabel is next encountered, she is Mrs. Osmond, and evidently heartily sick of the situation. But this is not how they used to make love in the old days, and the old novels! It is too self-conscious, too cold-blooded.

The pretty, antithetical style of lovers' colloquies is greatly

affected by American novelists, and perhaps its constant appearance in English novels is an echo from over the Atlantic. It was years ago that Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote and published "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," in which it will be remembered how the schoolmistress remarks to the autocrat that the road is a long one, and the autocrat replies to the schoolmistress by asking her if she would travel the long road of life hand-in-hand with him. It is a pretty touch ; perhaps a trifle too finicking and nice for reality. There are hundreds of instances of the same sort of thing in American writers. No girl in real life probably ever worded a refusal of an offer of marriage in the extremely "neat and appropriate" terms which are to be found in a three-lined letter from the heroine of Mr. Howells' "A Fearful Responsibility," to one of the numerous gentlemen who are always bothering her and her guardians by their ill-timed proposals. This is how Mr. Hoskins is dismissed :—

"I have your letter. Come to the station to-morrow and say good-bye to her whom you will yet live to thank for remaining only

Your friend,

ELIZABETH MAYHEW."

In another of Mr. Howells' works, "A Chance Acquaintance," the "operative words" in which the heroine, Miss Kitty Ellison, is proposed to by Mr. Miles Arburton are even prettier. Prettiness may be the substitute for strength, but of the prettiness few readers will doubt :—

" 'I never told you how much I admire your first name, Mr. Arburton.'

" 'How did you know it?'

" 'It was on the card you gave my cousin,' said Kitty, frankly, but thinking he now must know she had been keeping his card.

" 'It's an old family name—a sort of heirloom from the first of us who came to the country ; and in every generation since, some Arburton has had to wear it.'

" 'It's superb !' cried Kitty. 'Miles ! Miles Standish, the Puritan captain, Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth ! I should be very proud of such a name.'

" 'You have only to take it,' he said, gravely."

To which the girl, naturally embarrassed, has nothing more powerful to reply than "Oh, I didn't mean that !" This is a really characteristic instance of the finicking style—all passion suppressed just at the moment when it is most legitimate, and the substitution for it of a usurping literary hankering after mere verbal felicities. It is all too

delicate to be masculine. Mr. Rochester would hardly have made love in an epigram.

But of course Mr. Howells has no monopoly of these conceits, nor have American novelists. We find them in some of our appreciated English authors; yet in England they may be a reflection of the American style, and it is on the Boston side of the Atlantic that they luxuriate as in their native home. There is a rather pretty, but not very striking, novel called "One Summer," written by Miss Howard, an American young lady, where we find the love-making carried on on the same principle. In the first chapter the heroine runs the point of her umbrella on a dark night into the eye of the gentleman whom in the last chapter she accepts as her lover. But what a wilderness of verbal prettinesses, and delays, and drawings-back, and amatory word-fencings between! At the really important point, however, Mr. Ogdon manages to make his meaning plain in the usual "finicking" way, in a single line. Leigh, the heroine, has been saying:—

"Mr. Ogdon, if it will afford you any pleasure, you may break my poor little umbrella into a thousand pieces, although Tom did bring it to me from London, and my affections still cling to it, in spite of its depravity. And you may burn that foolish sketch-book, with solemn and appropriate rites,' she went on merrily. 'And can I give you satisfaction in any other way?'

"You know perfectly well that you can,' was the low response."

There is subtlety which comes, so to speak, from principle, and there is subtlety into which the novelist blunders. Mr. Hardy, in his astronomical novel, "Two on a Tower," has hit upon one of the most extraordinary expedients for managing a proposal that has ever occurred to any writer of fiction, whether English or American. In the first place, the position is strange; the "two" are literally at the top of an ancient tower, which Swithin St. Cleeve has fitted up as an observatory, with the aid of Lady Constantine. This is the place where the proposal occurs. The young astronomer confesses to Lady Constantine that he is in love with her, and asks for "some proof, some little sign, that we are one in heart." In answer she blushes, and points to her own blush as the sign he requires!

"Does that suffice?' (she says).

"Yes, I am convinced."

Nothing more over-refined than this is to be found in any American novelist with whom we are acquainted. It is an instance of a

tendency towards an abandonment of the commonplace, which sometimes lands the writer simply in the grotesque instead. Some of our moderns seem to say to themselves before they come to the point when their characters are to make love: "Now what is the most unlikely situation and manner in which the engagement can be effected?" They would heartily approve of the American couples who get married in balloons and bathing-machines.

It is refreshing to turn from Mr. Hardy "On a Tower" to Mr. Hardy "Under the Greenwood Tree," and to listen to a frank rustic courtship, which takes place in a market-cart. Mr. Dick Dewy wants to know "how much he is" to Miss Fancy Day, whom he is driving home:—

"'Fancy, why can't you answer?' he repeated.

"'Because how much you are to me depends on how much I am to you,' said she in low tones.

"'Everything,' said Dick, putting his hand towards hers, and casting emphatic eyes upon the upper curve of her cheek.

"'Now, Richard Dewy, no touching me!'"

But for all that they come to an understanding, and announce their engagement at the next inn they stop at. The advantage of having rustic heroes and heroines is that it is impossible to be "finicking" with them.

There is another period in his story which is perhaps even more intensely trying to the novelist than even the introduction of hero, heroine, or villain, or the era of proposals of marriage. This is where a baby has to be brought in. For some reason or other our story-tellers seem to be adverse to the plan of ending off with a marriage; they have a desire to follow their characters beyond that limit, and instead of merely remarking that they were as happy as they deserved to be, they go into descriptions of mundane felicity and the reverse. The ordinary novel of modern society can afford to introduce babies, in a sort of appendix, without much loss of dignity; but it is far otherwise with novels which claim to be romantic. There is nothing romantic about a cradle and a feeding-bottle, except to an infant's parents, and this the romance author knows full well. Consequently he never commits the solecism of enumerating the names and ages of the subsequent offspring. And it would perhaps be as well if all novelists were to imitate this example. It stands to common sense that a reader cannot take any manner of interest in new characters—such as babies—introduced in the last page; and marriage is in itself such a limit, regardless of consequences, that nobody requires to pry further into the fortune of

the various personages who have interested him through the three volumes.

Sir Walter Scott, however, felt no hesitation in transgressing the limit, and telling us in plain terms both the number and sexes of the children of his heroines, when he felt disposed to do so. In a romance like "*Ivanhoe*" he is, of course, too much master of his craft to do anything of the kind ; but it does not make us think him a blunderer, because he tells us plainly that "in the course of five years Mrs. Butler," better known to us and to the world as Jeanie Deans, "had three children, two boys and a girl, all stout, healthy babes of grace, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and strong-limbed." Even in "*Woodstock*," which has some of the elements of a romance, we hear in the last chapter details of the family which sprung from the union of Everard and Alice Lee ; only, with a fine taste for the necessary differences of narration required by the difference between the story and character of Jeanie Deans and Alice Lee, Sir Walter mentions the subject *incidentally* in "*Woodstock*." He is describing the groups gathered to see the entry of Charles II. into London, and after informing us that Sir Henry Lee was there, and how he looked, he proceeds :—

"Three fine boys and two pretty girls prattled around their grandfather, who made them such answers as suited their age, and repeatedly passed his withered hand over the fair locks of the little darlings."

As a general rule the modern novelist makes much less of the appearance of an offspring than was the case with his forerunners in the craft. We have all become so refined, or so artistic, that we only allude to it parenthetically, in the vaguest way. The American novelist generally abstains from mentioning the subject. English literary art, possibly because it is more thorough, more matter-of-fact, and more conscientiously determined to go through with the task of telling the whole truth about the whole lives of its chief personages, usually follows them beyond the marriage ceremony ; it sketches in the first few years of wedded life in outline, gives us a sample of domestic experiences, and then leaves the rest to be inferred. But, as far as babies are concerned, even English novelists are becoming somewhat reticent. In the epilogue to "*Adam Bede*" we hear incidentally that Dinah and Adam have a progeny.

" 'I see him, Seth,' Dinah said, as she looked into the house. 'Let us go and meet him. Come, Lisbeth, come with mother.' "

"The last call was answered immediately by a small fair creature with pale auburn hair and grey eyes, little more than

four years old, who ran out silently and put her hand into her mother's.

" 'Come, uncle Seth,' said Dinah.

" 'Ay, ay, we're coming,' Seth answered from within, and presently appeared stooping under the doorway, being taller than usual by the black head of a sturdy two-year-old nephew, who had caused some delay by demanding to be carried on uncle's shoulder."

With her usual "perfect literary skill," George Eliot has contrived here to introduce two new characters just at the end of her novel, a boy and a girl. But it will be observed that she does so in an indirect way. Mr. Shorthouse is a still more recent novelist, and in the pages of "*John Inglesant*" the revelation of there being a baby is reduced to still briefer words :—

"The weeks that succeeded Inglesant's marriage grew into months, and the months into years, in this delightful scene. The old Count spent some months in peaceful satisfaction with his daughter and her husband, delighted with the company of his one grandchild, a little boy."

And this, with the exception that the "courteous nobleman" is mentioned as tempting the child with the ripest fruit, is all that is said about little Inglesant ! Could any treatment be more supercilious ? At this rate of progress we shall very soon arrive at the irreducible minimum of reference to babies, and adopt the American plan of disregarding their existence—in novels.

It is evident that with the advance of time the novelist is becoming more astute in concealing his plot from his readers. But then the readers, too, are becoming so thoroughly experienced that the smallest hint, sometimes conveyed in a single word, will be enough to assure them how things are eventually to turn out. Thackeray once suggested that a very pretty game for children could be organised if each little boy or girl were to say what dishes he, or she, liked best, at breakfast, dinner, and tea ; with the result, we presume, that the dish that had the most patrons won the prize, and was duly cooked for the next meal. Among novel readers a game of equal interest might be tried, if a prize were given to the person who discovered the plot after reading the fewest pages. There would be some surprising results when clever people, saturated with modern fiction, were among the competitors. In such a case, and if Mr. Black's "*Madcap Violet*" were the novel to be experimented on, it would be enough that Violet, the school-girl heroine, though depicted as flirting with a dandified "masher," yet incidentally in a

diary alludes to another gentleman, Mr. Drummond, as the "noblest of men." What matters it that the latter is middle-aged, rather ugly, and inclined to recondite philosophising? He will marry Violet in the end, all the same. And so he would, but for accidents.

Pity should be the predominant feeling when we see the novelist confronted with the problem—how to end properly! Of course the mere announcement that everybody lived happily ever afterwards is hopelessly out of date. The device of having a sort of roll-call of all the characters to conclude, calling them all forward before the footlights in order that the curtain may go down on the whole company, is also looking a trifle antiquated. We find George Eliot yielding to the custom, and giving us a final chapter which catalogues the fate of all the chief personages. "Mr. Brooke," we are told, for example, "lived to a good old age, and his estate was inherited by Dorothea's son, who might have represented Middlemarch, but declined, thinking that his opinions had less chance of being stifled if he remained out of doors." This style is satisfactory in one way, that it rounds off the novel, and leaves no curiosity unsatisfied. Perhaps it is better than the abrupt system, much favoured in recent years, of finishing with a catastrophe which overwhelms hero, or heroine, unexpectedly, and then saying nothing whatever about the other characters. "The great iron steamer went down in the middle of the Atlantic, and I have not yet seen my friend again." So ends George Macdonald's "Robert Falconer," and it is a conclusion which is somewhat of the nature of a "sell."

But at all events we know in such novels what happens to the principal people, which is more than can be said of other novelists—notably Mr. Henry James. "Washington Square" comes to no more satisfactory exit than this :—

"Catherine, meanwhile, in the parlour, picking up her morsel of fancy-work, had seated herself with it—for life, as it were."

And a reader has a good right to feel insulted when the author has woven a tangled web, and got the heroine into the power of the villain, and then presents him with an enigma like this—in "The Portrait of a Lady"—on the last page :—

"'Look here, Mr. Goodwood,' Henrietta Stacpoole says, 'just you wait!'

"On which he looked up at her."

It is to be hoped that he looked up at her with better results, as far as enlightenment goes, than does the reader who looks up at Mr. Henry James and wants to know what has happened. Mark

Twain's confession is more frank, when he says that he "has got his hero and heroine into such a remarkably close place that he cannot get them out again. He thought he would be able to when he started, but it looks different now." A novelist may be as mysterious as he, or she, likes in the first two volumes, but he should cultivate perfect openness in the third. Otherwise the reader will feel, with some resentment, that he has not been taken fully into the author's confidence.

H. F. LESTER.

SPANISH TREASURE FLEETS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE claim of the Parliament of 1416 that the ancestors of Henry V. "had ever been lords of the sea," had but little foundation in theory and even less in fact, for at that time and during centuries subsequently, the Channel itself swarmed with pirates of every sect and nationality, whom the various executives were quite unable to repress. Since the "crowning mercy" of Trafalgar we are apt to forget the vicissitudes of the long years through which England slowly fought her way to empire, and that within comparatively recent times her pretensions were derided and her fleets despised.

Therefore to that power which, in the 16th century, seemed about to inherit on land the sway of the Cæsars and at sea the commercial supremacy passing away from the declining Italian trading republics, it seemed strange indeed that its ships should be captured and its armadas scattered by English vessels scarcely fitted, in the Spanish estimation of proper size and strength, for the lightest of duties. Vessels manned, too, by sailors of whom few had other experience than was to be gained in coasting voyages, and who are contemptuously described by a contemporary Spanish writer as maritime *parvenus*, "*marineros de ayer acá*"—seamen of yesterday. It may therefore be interesting to note some few details concerning the marine administration of the nation which was once our strongest and deadliest foe, and which system has its greatest interest in relation to the central point of English attack and Spanish defence, the West Indian treasure fleets.

It must be remembered, departed as is her glory now, that from the earliest times Spain had held a high place among commercial powers. During the first four centuries of the Christian era her trade with Rome and the East is said to have been greater than that of any other Mediterranean State ; but when the long foreseen ruin came, and a deluge of barbarism swept over the empire from the Danube to Cape St. Vincent, her industries suffered the fate of all the other

civilisation of the western world. Stagnant and decaying under the Visigoths they again revived under the impulse of the keen, subtle Saracen intellect, and when the country was reconquered the Mohammedans left the legacy of a considerable trade with Africa and the Levant. And the Biscayan cities uniting, as years rolled on, for mutual protection, and yielding but a nominal obedience to the kings of Castile, "constituted a maritime strength capable of contending with the powers of the north." In any case they had developed a large export trade in minerals, hides, cloths, and leather, and a still larger industry in connection with the whale and cod fishery which in the 13th century gave employment to 200 ships and some 6,000 men, and which was the training school of Spanish seamanship. A high authority, Don Fernandez Duro, says that England was one of the last nations to engage in this field of enterprise, and is responsible for the statement that, "the first captain sent by Great Britain to the whale fishery was Jonas Poole in 1610." He also claims for Spain the discovery of Newfoundland. But, seeing that recent investigations show it to be probable that the east coast of America was known to the Northmen before the year 1,000, and that an attempt at settlement was made by them, in the district now Massachusetts, early in the 11th century, the sterile honour of the subsequent visit need not be contested.

Thus, when the West Indies were discovered, Spain was the only European power (except Portugal, fully occupied with its own acquisitions) fitted by the size and number of its ships and the experience of its seamen to keep up communication with dependencies separated from the mother country by thousands of miles of ocean. At first the intercourse with America was practically unfettered by regulations ; but the general tendency to emigration, the greater danger of solitary voyages, and the attempts to defraud the revenue, led to the organisation of the American trade under the control of a Chamber of Commerce instituted at Seville in 1503, and the introduction of stringent dispositions which left little freedom to owner or passenger. Orders were issued that no ships to or from America should sail from, or land cargoes at, any other port than San Lucar, fifteen leagues from Seville, and that all goods were to pass through the custom house of the latter city. In 1526, vessels were strictly inhibited from sailing at all except in the two yearly fleets starting in April and September. The penalty for infringing this rule was confiscation of ship and cargo, and a fine of 6,000 ducats (£10,000)¹

¹ In this and following instances the amounts within brackets represent, roughly, the present values of the sums mentioned.

inflicted on the owner. At this period, and indeed up to the present century, large merchantmen of all nations were armed and expected to take care of themselves under ordinary circumstances, but owing to the number of pirates who awaited the American ships off the western coast of the peninsula, an escort of war galleons was, from 1521, provided for the fleets. To pay for these war ships a convoy duty of, at first one, and afterwards of five, per cent. was levied on all goods. In addition the shipper was called upon to register all articles, imported or exported, at the Chamber of Commerce under a penalty of one-third of the value concealed, and to pay an India duty of two ducats (£3 10s.) a ton; the cost of freight being, in the days of Charles V., 12 ducats (£20) a ton. Not only was the American trade restricted to Spanish subjects, but it was only open to them by special licence from the Chamber, and by "Spanish subjects" the natives of Castile, Leon, and Aragon alone were understood.

Needless to say that only natives of Spain proper were permitted to travel as passengers, and the attempts of the authorities to keep their colonies pure from religious or political taint were ponderously minute. Before winning his permit—again only to be obtained from the Chamber of Seville—the intending voyager was called upon to produce certificates showing his Spanish birth, and that he was not related to either Pizarro or Almagro, the devastators of Peru. Another series were required to prove that he was neither Jew nor Mahommedan, and not a new convert from those faiths, nor the child of such an one; he had further to demonstrate that he was neither child nor grandchild of one of the "reconciled" of the Inquisition. The punishments for violating these rules gradually mounted through fines, lashes, and imprisonment, until in 1622 the sentence for even going on board an India ship without permission was eight years of the galleys.

But the traveller, if he were a merchant, was bidden to produce yet another certificate—from his wife! The lady had to formally state that her husband departed with her permission, and he had to provide security to the amount of 1,000 ducats (£1,700) that he would return within three years, while no government official, appointed to a post in the Colonies, was permitted to sail without his wife. We may infer from such precautions that one of the earliest uses of the New World was to serve as a refuge for disappointed husbands. Once on board, the passenger was not allowed to go on shore again until he arrived at his destination, and he was ordered to provide provisions and arms for himself and his servants. Sufficient evidence, however, remains to show that these rigid regulations were

frequently and easily evaded. The forgery of licences and certificates became a local industry at Seville, and orthodox claimants made a handsome income by taking out permits and selling them to others whose pretensions were not so impeccable.

In the 16th century the burden of an ocean-going ship ranged between three and fifteen hundred tons, very few, however, reaching the latter size. Stately in bulk and imposing to the eye, they were clumsy, dangerous, and unweatherly when exposed to the stress of an ocean swell or gale. The need of greater passenger accommodation, due to the development of American colonisation, caused the Spanish shipbuilders to load the decks with towering forecastle and poop structures, each containing two or three tiers of cabins, instead of meeting the new demand by planning ships adapted to different conditions than had before obtained. Thus at each extremity of the vessel was a top-heavy fabric having a height equal to nearly a fourth of her length, and rendering it dangerous to carry even the lower canvas in a fresh breeze; while the sides "tumbled home," as sailors term it, that is to say, inclined inwards towards each other as they rose, so that the greatest breadth was below the water line, the least on the upper deck. Round-bowed and square-sterned, steering badly and commonly overloaded with cargo, the rate of progression was, under the most favourable circumstances, not more than twenty-five leagues a day. Therefore usually about fifteen days were required for the last and most perilous stage of the homeward voyage, that from the Azores, distant only 800 miles from the western coast of Portugal. The active life of a Spanish ship was short even if she escaped the perils of weather and warfare, no vessel being considered fit for further ocean service after, at the most, four voyages to and from America. This was partly due to no adequate method of sheathing being known by which the sides under water could be protected from the attacks of worms, and in part to radical defects in planning and construction. A galleon of 400 tons burden, the average size, would be allowed a keel length of sixty-eight feet, little more than that given to an English ship of only 150 tons. The length of the upper deck being some ninety feet, with huge projecting bow timbers in addition, the effect of the relatively immense superstructure was to cause the vessel to pitch and strain to an extent which frequently opened the seams, the keel being too short to ride on two or more waves at once and so lessen the abruptness of her rise and fall. The rule was that the foremast should have the same length as the keel, and the main-mast that of the upper deck, the mizen-mast and bowsprit being

each sixty feet long. On each mast were two or three yards, and over the lower ones were large basket-shaped "tops" forty or fifty feet in circumference, which, in action, were filled with musketeers. The traveller in the East who meets with some of the Spanish built steamers trading to the Philippines, may still see in the heavy bows the massive tops, and the old-fashioned window-fitted ports, a curious survival of some of the features of the ancient galleon.

But if these ships were not seaworthy they were at least highly decorated. The artistic feeling common to all the Latinized races was especially excited in the embellishment of the galleons; the visible symbols of Spanish supremacy and magnificence, the connecting links with the mysterious and almost unknown West. The best care, therefore, of the builders was expended on the decoration of the hull, both externally and internally. The sides and the tiers of poop and forecastle were ornamented with carvings and emblazoned armorial bearings; the stern and quarters flamed with paint and gold; while outside the principal stern cabins ran an elaborately designed balustrade and gallery, on which high-born passengers sedately flirted on moon-lit tropic nights, but with which an Atlantic gale soon made wild work. The sails were frequently worked with allegorical figures and emblems, or with coats of arms, and from every masthead or other point of vantage streamed banners and pennants, from 20 to 80 yards long, with the heraldic bearings of the king, the superior officers, and of the passengers if they were sufficiently distinguished personages. Such banners were often works of art, and the cost of one such, in 1594, was 200 ducats (£300). Internally, the cabins were usually richly furnished and hung with tapestries. The galleon, certainly one of the class used in the West Indian trade, in which Philip II. came to England in 1554, had her cabins ornamented with gilded alto-relievo work, and sails painted with stories from Roman history. The narrator of this voyage mentions that all the other ships of the fleet, nearly 100 in number, were also variously adorned in like fashion.

A 400 ton galleon would be manned by 12 or 14 officers and 60 or 70 men, with also artillerymen to work her guns and a company of soldiers. It is worth remarking, also, that the flagships carried each two trained divers, so that, in this respect, modern admiralities have but revived an old custom. Although third in rank, the pilot was practically the most important person on board, being responsible for the course of navigation and the actual handling of the ship under sail. He was appointed after examination before the pilot department of the Chamber of Commerce, and, as late as

1550, it was considered sufficient if he could read his sailing orders and write his own name. Contemporary writers complain that the incapacity and obstinacy of these officers cost thousands of lives ; but they cannot be altogether blamed for the geographical deficiencies of a century in whose early years men thought Greenland was a part of Eastern Siberia, and in which hardly the rudiments of navigation were known. The letters and journals of passengers give vivid descriptions of the miseries endured from vermin, cramped accommodation, and the sickening and all-pervading odour of bilge water. They also dwell strongly on the wrangling discussions daily occurring between the pilots, usually two in number, as to the position of the ship, their observations often differing to the extent of from 10 to 50 miles. These men were examined before a Board of which the chief was nearly always an experienced navigator; among others, both Americus Vesputius and Sebastian Cabot had held the office. But we meet with hints that the examiners were not always severe in their requirements, especially if the candidate had bought his charts and instruments from a friend of the Piloto Mayor. When we think of these vessels, the pioneers of ocean navigation—three months out from St. Juan de Ulloa, with instruments imperfect, running gear rotten, and altogether uncertain in the reckoning—blundering down on the sheer cliffs of St. Vincent (the point steered for from the Canaries or the Azores) before one of the driving, misty westerly gales which haunt that dreary promontory, one is not only disinclined to censure the pilots for mishaps almost inevitable, but prepared to applaud them for the many galleons brought safely into port in face of difficulties and dangers, known and unknown, of every kind and degree.

Suitable cabins were provided for the superior officers, but seamen, soldiers, and gunners were herded together on the orlop, or lowest deck, away from light or air. Only a quart of water a day was served out to each man, and the staple food was salt meat or salt fish. Remembering that the passengers, sailors, and soldiers of such a ship were, at least, 300 in number ; that during a three months' voyage decks and cabins were foul, crowded, and badly ventilated ; that, although the allowances of food were small, the men could not be prevented from staking them at play or selling them to obtain money for the same purpose, it is no wonder that crews became so weak and scurvy-stricken as to be unable to work or fight their ships. And in sickness the same care was given to the Spanish seaman as was afforded to the "free" Englishman of that period. One who lived in the days of Philip II. relates his ex-

perience of a fleet collected at Santander and manned by 10,000 men. From the unsanitary and crowded condition of the ships, a form of fever broke out, of which 3,000 men died; then, for want of a hospital, two galleons were fitted up to receive patients, and "few escaped of those who went to them." He further says that "It is a woeful thing that while Madrid, Seville, and other towns have large and healthy hospitals for the care of vagabonds who are a scandal to God and their country, those who serve the king and support his monarchy and the Catholic faith have no hospital for themselves." We may compare the treatment thus described with that meted out to the wounded men who had cowed and scattered the Great Armada, and whom Elizabeth, notwithstanding the pathetic appeals of Howard, Drake, and Hawkins, allowed to—literally—rot and starve unsheltered in the streets of Margate, rather than expend for their relief the hoarded gold to which she clung with an insane greed. "It would grieve any man's heart," wrote Lord Howard, "to see men who have served so valiantly die so miserably."

A *Flota*, or Plate fleet, collected at San Lucar would consist of from 30 to 100 ships, according to the amount of merchandise to be exported, and an escort of from 4 to 20 war galleons. As no private trade was permitted with the colonies, the government provided a sufficient number of vessels, either of its own or hired. The amount paid in the latter case was a fixed rate: 9,500 ducats (£15,500) for a 400 ton galleon, and 2,500 ducats (£4,000) for every hundred ton of measurement above this. The term of hiring was eight months, the time the voyage out and home was considered to require, but if the ship were lost the king was only liable for two-thirds of its value. The whole fleet was under the command of a "General," the usual name given in those days to the supreme head of any marine expedition. His place was always in the van in the *Capitana*, or flagship, while the second in command brought up the rear in the *Almirante*. Every vessel had its assigned place between these two, and the pilot of any ship leaving its position without good cause was fined for a first offence and suspended for the second; if he deliberately quitted the fleet he incurred the death penalty. Minute instructions intended to meet all possible eventualities were given to the General, and the first article in them invariably directed that, before putting to sea, each man should receive the Sacrament, "since no means are so conducive to good success." He was further enjoined to prevent gambling, to see that strict order was kept on board the ships, and to have especial care that the artillery decks were unencumbered by cargo; but these were the particular points in which Spanish discipline always failed.

Life on a long voyage was much the same then as now in its evolution of the smallest envies, rivalries, and jealousies of which human nature is capable. But it had its own special excitement in the constant expectation of, and preparation for, the squadrons of privateers who made the plate fleets their objective, and who, if too weak to openly attack, hovered round in the hope of picking up a lagging galleon; for this reason the speed had to be adapted to the slowest sailer. One Spaniard tells us that these pirates were "expressly built and armed for robbery"; another compares them to the frigate pelican which lives on the proceeds of other birds' fishing.

A fair proportion of time seems to have been spent in mutual saluting, for each ship came up to salute the *Capitana* in the early morning, while they greeted each other by means of music and powder twice daily. At that date there were no regulations laid down as to the gradations of this mark of respect; one only notes that, while indiscriminate in quantity, they never erred on the side of meanness. But the foible grew to such an extent that sometimes vessels, when attacked by an enemy, were actually compelled to surrender without firing a shot, having expended all their powder in these complimentary imbecilities. Nor was the weakness confined to Spaniards alone. A naval writer of the 16th century—Monson—says of the English fondness of salutes that, "indeed; there is more powder wastefully spent in this sort than against an enemy." Originally an honour paid to princes and nobles, as being the most valuable possessions of a tribe or nation, saluting became, by a natural development of this idea, a matter of national prestige and national honour. Our own history records our disputes with the Dutch and other powers on this question; but perhaps the acme of mingled farce and tragedy was reached in an incident, occurring subsequently to the time here spoken of, but worth mentioning in connection with the subject. In 1668 three French men-of-war, commanded by De Tourville, fell in with a Spanish galleon and frigate, both countries being at peace. De Tourville demanded the first salute, which the Spanish captain, Papachin, refused. The Frenchmen immediately opened fire, soon capturing the frigate, and reducing the galleon to a dismasted hulk with 120 of her crew killed and wounded. Papachin then yielded the point at issue, gravely firing the nine guns required, which the French politely returned. De Tourville's next step was to send on board the galleon expressing his admiration of Spanish gallantry, his wish to restore the frigate, and to render any assistance in his power, after which he

triumphantly sailed away. The conduct of both commanders was approved by their respective Courts, but the incident led to the adoption of some general rules as to saluting, and that particular form of human folly has never since been paralleled.

More disastrous than the attacks of privateers were the hazards of the sea. A gale of ordinary strength, such as would now hardly cause a moment of anxiety on board a well-found sailing ship, was sufficient to scatter, dismast, or sink a fleet of galleons; while the close order of sailing, maintained among vessels which steered badly and which were awkwardly handled, was a frequent source of collision. But for a *Flota* to be caught in a West India hurricane, or a "norther" meant nearly certain destruction for every ship. The maritime annals of Spain record a long series of such disasters, commencing with a hurricane in 1502, in which 25 vessels out of 30 were lost, and ending—so far as extends the scope of this paper—with a norther at Vera Cruz in 1601, which wrecked 11 ships and cost more than 1,000 lives. And in especially unfortunate years like 1589, 1591, and 1596, the lost galleons were to be counted, not by scores, but by the hundred. One cardinal reason of the inefficiency of the Spanish service, both in purely maritime matters and in warfare, was the number of officers and the division of authority and responsibility. Though the captain was nominally accountable for the working of his ship, he was really, as far as sailing her went, in the hands of his pilots, and it was sagely recommended, towards the close of the 16th century, that "if possible he should understand a little navigation and the art of taking observations." Then, in action, his nominal command was shackled by the independent authority exercised by the captains and officers of the artillerymen and soldiers. This was a system which, when further hampered by Spanish formalism and pride, was ill fitted to contend with the active and daring English privateersman, whose hatred of Spain and Popery was stimulated by a devouring passion for Spanish gold, and whose attachment to, and trust in, his leaders was due to the practical every-day fulfilment of Drake's precept: "I will have the gentleman hale and draw with the mariner."

It was owing to these and other causes, partly material and partly moral, that during the whole of Elizabeth's reign only two English men-of-war were taken by the Spaniards: the *Dainty*, after three days of running fight against superior odds, and the *Revenge*, after a struggle which has immortalised her name in English story. The *Revenge* had always been a notably unlucky ship. Built at Chatham in 1579, she had been ashore at least five times, and had thrice sprung leaks which

went nigh to sink her. She was Drake's flagship in 1588, was in the thick of the murderous fight off Gravelines, and when the Spaniards—more accustomed in those years to the safe butchery of Flemish burghers and unarmed Indians—with little stomach for that fierce Norseman play, fled homewards, was one of the last vessels which ceased the pursuit of the humbled Armada. Then fresh ill-fortune awaited her, for in 1591, lying at her moorings in the Medway, she capsized in a squall and sank. But she was successfully raised and sent to sea under the command of Sir Richard Grenville, the remainder of her brief career that year until the closing scene off Flores being now a portion of English history. How, trapped and at bay, ringed round by Spanish galleons, she fought fifty-five of King Philip's ships through fifteen hours of the long summer eve and night, sinking three of her antagonists with 1,500 of their crews. How, as the Spanish ships were beaten off, "so alwaies others came in their places, she having never lesse than two mightie galleons by her side;" until a shattered, helpless wreck, her decks a running shambles, she at last yielded her foes a Pyrrhic victory. And how, "lackt through and through by 800 shot of great artillerie," she afterwards went down to her last rest in the Atlantic ooze, but this time with her prize crew of 200 Spaniards on board.

Such circumstances as that only two fighting ships were taken during a war prolonged through nearly a quarter of a century, that these were only captured in virtue of overwhelming odds, and that numerically inferior English fleets paralysed the ocean commerce of Spain, cannot be explained by the mere facts that English vessels were the better sea-boats and Englishmen the better seamen. The moral strength, the chivalry and proud self-reliance which had carried the Spanish flag to Italy and the Bosphorus, and which had dared the dangers of an unknown ocean to retain the wealth of a new continent for Spain, were dying out in this generation. For a whole century had set an outward stream of emigration; "the Spaniards forgot their dislike for the sea, and flocked to the coast in crowds," says Don Fernandez Duro. This multitude naturally included, not the surplus of the population for the country was thinly populated, but that section best developed physically, and possessing the corollaries of perfect physical development—courage, strength of will, readiness, and endurance. Comparatively few of these men escaped the trials of climate, warfare, and debauchery to return to Spain, and of those who came back still fewer were likely to have children physically equal to their predecessors. But co-existent with emigration was the Inquisition. While the colonies attracted

the bold and the adventurous, the Holy Office by a process of *unnatural* selection," devilish in its perfect working, attacked the sedentary and the thoughtful, destroying in its Baal-fires those higher qualities and possibilities of intellectual life which might have regenerated the empire.

In tracing the causes of the decadence of Spain historians have perhaps attributed too much weight to mere misgovernment. The political and fiscal mistakes of the Spanish administration were those of their epoch, and were common, in a greater or less degree, to all the European powers; other nations have also passed through calamitous wars, and have successfully endured the average "statesman." The continuous retrogression of Spain was due to a deeper enfeeblement than could be produced by those errors of policy and commercial legislation, which always work their own remedy before working irretrievable ruin. Of the more subtle agencies affecting the root fibres of national life, probably sufficient importance has not been attached to the action of emigration, which, with the Inquisition, a recognised factor, for generations consumed those whose mental and physical development was greatest. And if, as is likely, the majority of these men left few or no children, the succeeding generations would be bred from fathers who were, in mind and body, the inferiors of their contemporaries. On the other hand, the progeny they did leave would, from physical causes, probably be less eager, able, or intrepid, and would have less of that individuality which is, outside natural conditions, the first cause of national greatness. If the analogy of history may be trusted, the Russian autocracy, acting through a political Inquisition and forced emigration to Siberia, is now preparing a similar destiny of mental sterility for its country by crushing all that is ablest in the aspirations and efforts of modern Russian life. In this instance, however, the existing conditions are not likely to continue long enough to induce any marked racial degeneration.

In spite of protective restrictions designed to favour it, Spanish commerce reaped little benefit from the new markets opened up. Wine was almost the only Peninsular product largely exported to the colonies, and, although the cargoes included various wares from nearly every other country, the only advantage gained was the profit of the Seville merchant who acted as the nominal consignor, since only Spanish subjects could ship goods. English ordnance, for example, sold in Spain for £80 a ton, and, underselling that cast in the Biscayan cities, was then re-exported. But the homeward cargoes were those upon which attention of both traders and pirates

was equally fixed, since they consisted chiefly of gold and silver, pearls, emeralds, cochineal, indigo, tobacco, and drugs. Of course the greatest care was bestowed on the gold, which the unhappy Indians, with an intuitive appreciation of the practical meaning of European civilisation, at once dubbed "*The white man's God.*" On arrival at Seville it was transferred to the buildings appropriated to the Chamber of Commerce, and placed in a room massively built of stone, having one heavily-grated window, and closed by two doors sheathed with iron, each door being fitted with three locks. A Spanish writer says—and it is probably no exaggeration—that sufficient treasure passed through this room to pave Seville with gold and silver. Each of the six chief commissioners of the Chamber had a key, so that entry could only be obtained in the presence of all; each commissioner also was called upon to give guarantees to the amount of 30,000 ducats (£50,000), but more security was placed in the unlikelihood of their being able to trust each other enough to combine for roguery. Indeed, the basis of the Spanish system was mutual espionage, from which no officials were exempt. The general had his spy in the shape of a superintendent-general, who, in turn, was exposed to a comptroller, and the principle was carried out down to the lowest grades. One main duty of the commissioners was to prevent smuggling, no light task in relation to the precious metals, since to escape paying the fifth due to the king was a ceaseless and overpowering temptation. Their zeal was stimulated by a reward of a sixth of the value discovered and forfeited; what this might amount to may be gathered from such sums as "400,000 ducats" (£660,000), and "176 bars of silver," being mentioned as smuggled items.

Although the subject has not been touched upon here, it must not be forgotten that, besides the Spanish ships, privateers found a rich prey in the gigantic Portuguese carracks from the East Indies, laden with spices, jewels, and silks. A Dutch traveller, Van Linschoten, says that the least valuable of these yearly ships was worth 1,000,000 ducats (£1,700,000). Altogether, privateering must have been an attractive speculation in that age, yet, on the whole, the adventurers would seem to have been singularly unsuccessful, seeing the vast treasures which escaped them through the mere accidents of weather; for a Spanish or Portuguese ship was virtually captured when her enemy was once alongside. But when a prize was drawn in the lottery it was so large as to repay many preceding failures; one lucky French pirate in her second cruise takes a ship with bullion on board to the value of 88,000 pesos

(£180,000). Nor, in the economically managed English marine, was an extensive capital required for privateering; in 1581 the estimate for the hire and daily expenses of eight ships and six pinnaces to go galleon hunting for four months was only £10,320. Thus one capture alone would usually yield a handsome fortune to the promoters.

An English prisoner, Phillips, sent from Mexico to Spain in 1580, says that in his fleet of thirty-seven sail, "in every (one) of them there was as good as thirty pipes of silver, besides great store of gold, cochineal . . . all deeply laden and badly fitted so that they could not have fought." Although Phillips did not know it, his countryman, Fenton, was then at sea cruising for this fleet, but unfortunately missed it. And Drake, too, was afloat, sailing up the west coast of Africa in the *Golden Hind*, returning from his famous voyage round the world; but he would have been more anxious to get his treasure-burdened ship safe into port than to engage in fresh attempts. We shall now never know the real value of all that the *Golden Hind* brought home, for Spain and England were hardly at open war, and it was necessary, for political reasons, to hide as much as possible of the truth. But we do know that £20,000 (£120,000) was reserved for Drake; that, for every sovereign subscribed by the lucky original adventurers, forty-seven were returned to them, and that "twenty tons of silver bullion, five blocks of gold, each eighteen inches long, and a quantity of pearls and other precious stones," were sent publicly to the Tower. Yet the mass sent to the Tower was only that portion which Drake and the inspecting commissioner Tremainne, acting in collusion under the secret instructions of Elizabeth, openly acknowledged. How much more was there?

In 1592, the lading of a Portuguese carrack gave Elizabeth (who was nearly always a partner in these ventures) £80,000, the Earl of Cumberland £36,000, Raleigh £24,000, and the City of London £12,000, besides numerous minor shares. The Earl of Cumberland here mentioned was one of the most energetic, but also one of the most unlucky, of these speculators. In September 1589, cruising near the Azores on the look-out for the homeward West Indian fleet, he was driven off the station by stress of weather, losing these ships with 40,000,000 ducats (£60,000,000) on board: he returned only two days after they had left. In November, he again missed two more galleons carrying 5,000,000 ducats (£9,000,000). Yet this cruise, regarded as a failure, yielded 100 per cent. profit, from smaller prizes, to those who had subscribed to the enterprise. The sums here given are those of the traveller Van Linschoten, before referred

to, who was staying at Angra (Azores) at the time. Mr. Delmar, however, in his "History of the Precious Metals," estimates the whole of the gold and silver exported from America to Spain, between 1492 and 1600, at well under £100,000,000, present value. Van Linschoten, therefore, must have been mistaken in the amount of treasure these galleons carried; but even in that case it may well have been a dream of wealth calculated to madden with disappointment the eager English. The greater part of it still lies at the bottom of the Atlantic, for in that year more than 100 vessels were lost at sea. In 1594 the Earl of Cumberland experienced further ill-luck. Attacking a carrack, the *Cinco Chagos*, said to have been one of the largest ships afloat, she caught fire at the moment of capture, and blew up with all her gold and spices.

But more important than individual successes or failures were the moral and material effects produced by these cruisers. An expedition might be an absolute loss pecuniarily, in so far as the shareholders were concerned, yet its presence at sea was often sufficient to prevent the East and West India fleets sailing, and thus cause injuries, hardly possible to measure by a money standard, to the political position and trade of Spain. The progressive decline of that empire is an oft-told tale; but how low were to fall the race to which belonged Cortes, De Balboa, Ponce de Leon, Narvaez, De Soto, and many another famous captain of great heart and steady purpose, can be best shown by two illustrations. Towards the close of the 17th century a local fleet had been prepared in the West Indies in order to crush the buccaneers, but had itself been destroyed by them. It was then seriously proposed, as the only remedy open, to set the Ostend privateers to scour those seas, "they promising to do it on certain conditions." And about the same period Spanish ships were sailing under the French flag and under French commanders, for fear of the Turk—France being then on friendly terms with the Moslem, and Spain being unable to protect her own seamen.

M. OPPENHEIM.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE ANCIENT CLIMATE OF OUR GLOBE.

WHAT would happen if the plane of the earth's equator were coincident with that of the earth's orbit round the sun?

Day and night would be equal all the world over. There would be no seasons in any latitude. The sun would always appear to travel in a vertical circle directly over the equator, and at either pole he would be seen bowling round the horizon every twenty-four hours. Daylight would there be perpetual; the sun would never set at all; for though his actual relative position would be such as to dip half below and rise half above the horizon, the effect of refraction would be to raise his visible orb well above the horizon altogether.

All over the world one day would be as good as another, or as bad, for sowing or reaping. No granaries, no ricks, no stores of any kind of food would be required, as a daily succession of crops of anything and everything sowable and reapeable in any latitude would be attainable. Even similarly successive crops of fruit might be obtained by a selection of trees and bushes.

The requirements of human beings would be curiously changed, and the political economy of Adam Smith and Stuart Mill would be quite as absurd as Mr. Ruskin believes it to be; for the withdrawal of all the necessities for saving and storing would remove the chief necessity for capital and thrift.

Some time ago I sketched the outline of an essay on this subject; an ideal description of a social and physical millennium, resulting from a perpendicularity of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit.

The subject is far too large for a note, but I cannot refrain from contributing a small stir to the much agitated speculation concerning the possible approximation to such perpendicularity at a former period. If I were one of those who accept with matter-of-course docility the nebular hypothesis, I should be constrained, as a matter of logical consistency, to believe that the planes of revolution and rotation of each mass must have been originally coincident, unless an outer disturbance interfered with the settlings down and throwings off

rings and planets and satellites. But without entering upon nebulous dream-land, there are *facts* of singular stubbornness indicating most suggestively and distinctly that there was a period, and a very long one, of the earth's history when such astronomical harmony prevailed.

I am well aware that eminent mathematicians have demonstrated the impossibility of such change of inclination of the earth's axis of rotation, but, unfortunately for the mathematicians, their reasoning also demonstrates the impossibility of the stubborn facts above referred to, some of which I will name as briefly as possible.

The remains of corals were found in vast quantities by Captain Nares in latitude $81^{\circ} 40'$. Those of to-day cannot live where the temperature falls below 66° Fahr. Dana states a multitude of facts, such as the finding of magnolias and zamias in Greenland, latitude 70° , which justify his conclusion that until the present geological epoch "there is no sufficient evidence of cold arctic seas," that "there was little difference of temperature between temperate and arctic seas," and that there were warm arctic seas *all the year round*. In Spitzbergen there have been found the remains of a *Miocene* flora remarkable for its variety and luxuriance, including species that still exist, but now are found in such places as the Andes of Chili, in California, and the Southern States of America. This uniformity of arctic life, both animal and vegetable, with that of the temperate zones existed during a vast, an unmeasurably long, period of the world's history; from the beginning of life in the Silurian period until near the end of the Tertiary, when a new era appears to have opened.

No variations in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit will account for these previous forms of arctic life, as they especially require *uniformity* of temperature. At present the characteristic of arctic and antarctic climates is the great difference between summer and winter, owing to the continuous sunshine of the summer and total absence of solar radiations during the winter. Dr. Kane has recorded the fact that the difference between summer maximum and winter minimum in latitude $78^{\circ} 37'$ is 120° Fahr.; the summer shade temperature rising to $78^{\circ} 37'$. At St. Michaels, latitude $63\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, the thermometer ranges from 76° to -55° , a difference of 131° .

One of the most persistent of popular delusions is that of supposing that in the arctic regions the weather is always cold. Excepting where the winter ice and snow has accumulated, the average summer is hotter within the arctic circle than in London.

If the axis of the earth were perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, the climate of the north and south poles and their suburbs would be charming, and especially suitable to invalids with delicate

lungs. In addition to the absence of seasonal fluctuations, there would be an equality between day and night ; no dewy evenings nor cold mornings. Every living thing that could live at all would live equally from the beginning to the end of its life.

All the revelations of arctic paleontology indicate the general prevalence of such a climate until a geologically modern period.

The present state of the world's general climate is abnormal and exceptional, suggesting the hypothesis of some disturbance of the original symmetry of its astronomical relations.

A tilting of the whole earth to the extent of about twenty degrees, aided by a free oceanic circulation between the arctic and tropical regions, explains all. How the tilting was effected, or whether the change occurred in the plane of the earth's orbit rather than that of its rotation, is still a mystery, and may be one that human science will never unravel. The dynamical objections are unquestionably serious, but still there are the historical facts, for a further statement of which I recommend my readers to peruse a paper read by C. B. Warring, Ph.D., before the New York Academy of Sciences. It may be found in the July number of *The Popular Science Monthly* (Appleton & Co., New York).

In conclusion, I should explain that the hypothesis of a tilting of the earth or change of its plane of rotation is totally different from that of a shifting of the earth's axis within itself. It is not a question of any alteration of latitudes, any displacement of the poles or the equator, but simply a change corresponding to that which takes place in the rotation of a bicycle wheel every time the rider turns a corner, or otherwise deviates from a straight course on a flat road.

DRYING OILS.

M. A. LIVACHE has brought before the Academy of Sciences the practical subject of the drying of oils. He finds that the best method of accelerating this is to agitate the oil with a mixture of finely divided lead (obtained by immersing sheets of iron or zinc in acetate or other solution of lead, upon which sheets the metallic lead is precipitated in a spongy state) and manganese nitrate, then to decant and agitate with lead oxide to decompose the manganese salt. Thus treated, a thin layer of linseed oil dries in less than four hours at ordinary temperatures.

The absorption of oxygen takes place much more rapidly with drying than with non-drying oils ; the latter continued to increase in weight during two years, over which the experiment extended. At the

end of the two years there was but little difference between the drying and the non-drying oils.

Some explanation of the above may be desirable. Although everybody knows that there are drying oils, such as linseed oil, nut oil, &c., and that there are oils which under ordinary circumstances remain greasy for great lengths of time, yet few understand the rationale of this drying. It is totally different from the drying of varnishes, which are solutions of gums or resins, or gum-resins, in volatile liquids. When these are outspread the solvent evaporates, leaving a film of the resin or gum behind. The drying of linseed oil, and other oils of the same class, is due to the oxidation of one of the constituents of the oil, to which the name of linoleine or linoline has been given. This is effected by the oxygen of the air when a film of oil is outspread, as in painting, or by oxidizing agents added to the oil, such as the manganese nitrate (which readily parts with oxygen), used by M. Livache.

So much of the subject is well understood by chemists generally, but there is something more revealed by the practical experience of painters who use drying oils as mediums for their pigments. So far as I can learn, this had not been explained until I took up the subject about ten years ago ("Oils and Candles," in Stanford's "British Manufacturing Industries").

M. Livache, as stated above, uses finely divided lead, which he oxidizes by means of the added nitrate. Painters use lead oxides, litharge, and red lead as "driers," and make a special preparation of rapidly drying linseed oil ("boiled oil") by heating it for several hours with litharge, keeping the temperature just at the point of incipient dissociation, as shown by fuming, the formation of a scum, and the carbonization of a feather when dipped in the oil. A heavy sediment falls to the bottom, and the clear oil is decanted or filtered from this.

My theory of these proceedings, since verified by further investigation, is that linseed oil and all the other natural drying oils being mixtures of true drying oil with more or less of non-drying or greasy oil, the true drying oil, or linoleine, oxidizes and solidifies as usually described, while the greasy oil remains liquid under ordinary conditions. But this greasy oil is composed of fatty acids and glycerine. Fatty acids combine with lead oxide, forming an insoluble lead soap. I find that glycerine, when heated to the temperature at which an immersed feather is charred, is partly dissociated and partly volatilized. Thus the "boiled oil" consists of liquid linoleine roughly separated from the constituents of greasy oil, the lead soap of which

is the sediment, while the glycerine produces the frothy scum, and passes away more or less completely as the fume.

I should add that lime, zinc oxide, and basic oxides generally, form soaps with the fatty acids; and I find that such oxides, either alone or mixed with lead oxide, are prepared and sold as driers, cheap substitutes for the pure litharge.

There is still another drying to be accounted for, viz., that of paints in which raw linseed oil is used diluted with turpentine. It is obvious that the thinning effect of the turpentine must aid the outspreading of the paint by permitting a thinner coat to be applied; but there is something more, viz., that the vapour of the volatile turpentine carries with it some of the glycerine. Besides this it must be remembered that the majority of the commonly used pigments, such as white lead, &c., are themselves capable of combining with fatty acids to form insoluble solid soaps, and therefore are driers, according to my theory.

THE PROPERTIES OF OXIDIZED LINOLEINE.

BY spreading a thick coat of boiled linseed oil on surfaces of glass and exposing them to air and sunlight for a few days, I have obtained a skin of oxidized linoleine upon which experiments may be made, and find that neither turpentine nor other essential oil, nor alcohol, nor ether, nor naphtha, nor benzoline, nor even bisulphide of carbon, has any solvent effect; to one or other or all of these any of the ordinary varnish films would yield.

I also find that when perfectly dried this film remains pliable, tough, and slightly elastic, like goldbeater's skin, while a similar film of any of the varnishes is very brittle. When carefully prepared this skin is so transparent and so nearly colourless that, laid over printed paper, the letters show through perfectly, and the paper is scarcely tinted by it. Caustic soda and potash attack and decompose it, but ordinary soap or carbonates of the alkalies have little or no effect on it.

Here then are the properties demanded for permanency as a medium. A picture painted with linseed oil medium may be washed, may be cleaned with turpentine, or have its varnish removed without damage, and the canvas may bend or be subjected to much violence without disturbance of the picture. All these merits appear to be presented by most of the works of the old masters. If diluted with turpentine the medium is proportionately weakened, and if the dilution is carried far enough a flatted result is obtained, which may be carried so far as to resemble distemper and permit the colour to be brushed off.

SUGAR AS CATTLE FOOD.

SUPPLY stimulates demand. This economic law has lately been illustrated by the abundant supplies and low price of sugar, which have caused experiments to be made in using it as food for cattle. The most recent of these were by Holdefleiss, who fed thirteen oxen all in the same way, excepting that two of them received daily one kilo extra of sugar. These two showed a considerably larger increase of live weight than the eleven, among which were great differences of fattening capacity. The sugar-fed oxen received during the experiment $112\frac{1}{2}$ kilos of raw sugar, with a result indicating that 50 kilos of sugar is capable of producing an increase of $15\frac{3}{4}$ kilos of live weight. This gives a large money profit, as the additional weight is not accompanied with any deterioration of quality. The butchers who slaughtered the animals pronounced the meat of the sugar-fed as good as that of the others. With young animals the results were unsatisfactory; they did not eat so freely, and suffered so much from scour that the supply of sugar was stopped.

A repetition of these experiments on a larger scale by our farmers is very desirable, especially as our French and German neighbours are so benevolent as to tax themselves in order to cheapen our sugar supplies by bounties on exportation. Every million of francs thus paid on the beetroot sugar exported to this country is a tribute levied in our favour, and the more of this we can obtain the better for us. One kilo or $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per day to each of the oxen that we are fattening for market would amount to many millions of tons per annum, and would severely test the bountiful legislation of our industry-protecting neighbours.

Our sugar refiners have suffered by the operation of these bounties and the consequent low prices here, so have our West Indian cane-planters. They have complained, and are complaining; beseeching our Government to interfere. This is a short-sighted proceeding, as the object of the bountiful Continental legislators is to crush our sugar-producing industry and build their own upon its ruins, and therefore the more loudly our manufacturers complain the more successful this bountiful policy appears. It is absurd to suppose that our Government can interfere to regulate French and German taxation, but if we can effect a *reductio ad absurdum* of their suicidal policy by converting it into a bountiful tribute to the most important of all our national industries, that of food-producing, we shall obey the proverbial injunction, "Give a silly dog sufficient rope and he will hang himself."

TABLE TALK.

THE DEATH OF DESDEMONA.

SHOULD Othello, after the revival of the half-murdered Desdemona, stab her with his dagger? The text says no; the actor, in practice at least, says yes. So far as evidence can be trusted, Garrick was the first person to use a dagger for the purpose of slaying Desdemona, but the innovation won immediate acceptance, and every actor since—to Fechter, Mr. Irving, Mr. Edwin Booth, and Signor Salvini—has adopted it. The course has been approved by some even of the commentators. Stevens applauds it; Knight thinks it “most probable” that Othello stabs Desdemona; Collier says, “It may be so.” Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the editor of the American Variorum Edition of Shakespeare,¹ of which “Othello,” published during the past summer, is the latest volume, opposes it. Before publishing his edition he drew the attention of some of the principal medical men in the United States to the passage in “Othello” referring to the death of Desdemona, and asked what conclusion they formed. In every case except one the decision was that the death was by suffocation, and that no dagger was employed. One medical man, indeed, goes so far as to say positively Desdemona “died of fracture of the cricoid cartilage of the larynx. Shakespeare is entirely consistent, and must have had, as in everything else, an intuitive if not practical knowledge of the subject.” Another, without making so positive an assertion, approves of this conclusion. I am not going to uphold this special view of the cause of death. In face, however, of such indications as “I’ll not shed her blood,” and “Your niece, whose breath indeed these hands have newly stopped,” I think it time that the innovation of employing a dagger should be reconsidered by our actors.

CHILDREN AND CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I NOTE with pleasure an attempt to include in elementary education the lesson of kindness to animals. If I refer continuously to the subject it is because of the elements in national greatness few

¹ Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

are more important than this. Where, as among the Latin races, no respect is felt for animal life, crimes of cruelty and violence prevail. Where, again, as in Scandinavia, the wild birds will scarcely rise from under your feet, and will all but eat out of the hand of the stranger, such crimes are rare. France is going retrograde in such respects, and is, in spite of protests, allowing the most barbarous of sports to be revived in her midst. An inevitable result of this will be the depravation of her populace, which has always been subject to paroxysms of violence and bloodshed. It is impossible for us in England to dream of the students of our Universities applying to be the executants of a decree of slaughter issued against prisoners for religion. This, however, was done by the students of Toulouse. It is a curious fact that the only northern or quasi-northern race which is still addicted to sports involving extreme cruelty, the Dutch, whose quasi-revolutionary outbreak has attended the effort to stop proceedings of unheard-of brutality, is also the only northern people under the ban, justly or unjustly borne, of extreme cruelty. I am aware that English sport is cruel enough, and that while such things as pigeon-shooting are tolerated or practised by our upper classes it sounds hypocritical to censure other nations. Public sentiment, in England, however, is against brutality in sport, and the things of which complaint is made will soon belong to the past. Meantime, of all movements that have come under my observation that started by the so-called "Dicky Bird" Society of Newcastle-on-Tyne, which seeks to make children the protectors of birds instead of the assailants, and so establish the theory of kindness to animals even from infancy, is the most promising.

A NATIONAL ACADEMY OF ART.

ENGLAND has no National Academy of Art. The uses of Academies have been questioned, and their conduct in every country in which they have been adopted has been challenged. It is well known that the most brilliant Frenchmen, from Molière to Gautier, were never admitted among the august forty constituting the great literary Academy of France, witness the brilliant victory of the forty-first or unoccupied *fauteuil* of that body. In modern days, however, the cry for English Academies of Art has been frequently heard. Now, whatever may be the advantages or disadvantages of academies, it is at least certain that it is worse than useless to have what is accepted as a national academy and is not. In answer to the proposals of reformation which have been addressed to it the Royal

Academy has always replied that it is a private institution, existing for the benefit of its members. Some of the more distinguished academicians are in favour of limiting the space assigned to themselves, and then making room for more outsiders. Private interest, however, and the inertia characterising most long-established bodies, have resisted all movement from within as well as all appeal from without, and every academician, regardless of the fact of obvious servility, is allowed to place his eight works "upon the line."

THE LATEST PROTEST AGAINST THE EXISTING ACADEMY.

THE proper answer to this state of affairs is the establishment, as has been suggested, by Messrs. Walter Crane, G. Clausen, and Holman Hunt, of a National Exhibition of Art in England, "which should be conducted by artists on the broadest and fairest lines—in which no artist should have rights of place; and all works should be chosen by a jury selected by and from all artists in the kingdom." The greatest obstacle to this scheme is the existence of the Royal Academy itself, which confers upon a large number of artists privileges social and pecuniary, few of them will care to forego. It is, of course, possible, and it certainly would be expedient, for the Royal Academy to concur in such a scheme, and even to take the initiative. This, however, is little probable. The Academy itself has never arrogated to itself any national character. The public, however, insists upon regarding the exhibition as national, and the diploma which its members exhibit in the letters added to their name has the value of a national distinction. The first step to the formation of an institution such as is proposed would diminish the prestige of the Royal Academy, and there is no reason to doubt that the most active and distinguished of the academicians would soon take part in such a movement when once set afoot. As for the tail, this might be left to follow in its proper place behind.

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MR. CARTON'S WILL.

BY W. H. STACPOOLE.

PART I.

I WAS breakfasting one morning in the beginning of April 187-, at my lodgings in 54 Doughty Street, when the door of my sitting-room opened suddenly, and a beautiful fair-haired girl of about twenty-two, who was the only child of the landlady, rushed into the room, crying :

"Oh, Arthur, for mercy's sake come downstairs—something dreadful has happened !"

Louisa Grahame and I were secretly engaged to be married as soon as I should have passed my final examination at the College of Surgeons, a fact which, together with her excitement, will account for the abrupt manner in which she entered my room.

"What is it?" I said, getting up from the table.

"Oh, Jane could not get any answer at Mr. Carton's door, so she told me, and I have been knocking at his door for the last five minutes, and there's not a sound in the room. I'm so terrified. Do for goodness' sake come down ; I'm afraid of my life to tell mamma."

"Are you sure he was at home last night?" I asked.

"Certain," replied Miss Grahame ; "he sent Jane out to post a letter at ten o'clock, and told her to bring up his hot water at nine o'clock this morning."

Mr. Carton, who was the only other lodger in the house at the time except myself, was a retired official of the Bank of England, who had been lodging with Mrs. Grahame, the widow of a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, for nearly seventeen years—in fact, ever since she had come to the house after her husband's death. He was an extremely

reserved man, nearly seventy years of age, and had the reputation of having made a large fortune during the railway mania.

I followed Miss Grahame down to the door of his bedroom, which was on the first floor. After I had knocked several times without getting any answer, I looked through the key-hole, and saw that the room inside was in total darkness.

"He is either in a fit or dead," I said to myself, so I put my shoulder to the door, and with one strong effort sent it flying in on its hinges. Having drawn the curtains aside, and opened the shutters, I looked at the bed. A glance told me that Mr. Carton had been dead for several hours. When I had drawn the sheet over the face of the corpse, I came out of the room and broke the news as gently as I could to Miss Grahame, who was waiting for me on the landing. She was naturally very much shocked, and, at her earnest request, I went downstairs with her to tell her mother what had happened. Mrs. Grahame was a very delicate nervous woman, and for some time she seemed perfectly stunned with the intelligence. As soon, however, as she had recovered herself a little, I ventured to tell her that she ought to communicate at once with the relatives of the deceased man.

"But I don't know who they are, or whether he had any," she answered. "He has had very few people to visit him, and I never heard him speak of any relative."

"Then you ought to communicate with the Bank of England. They are sure to know something about him there," I replied. "In the meantime, I must get in Dr. Power to see if he can certify as to the cause of death ; I shall go to Russell Square and see if he is at home."

I went upstairs to get my hat, and, when I came down, Miss Grahame came with me to the hall-door. After saying a few words to comfort her, for she was very much grieved, I opened the door and found myself face to face with a tall grey-haired man, who was in the act of stretching out his hand to reach the knocker. He looked askant at me as I stepped out of the house, and, knowing that poor Miss Grahame, who was standing behind me, was not in a fit state to hold parley with strangers, I at once asked him if he wished to see anyone.

"Yes," he replied in a very polite tone, "I would like to see Mr. Carton."

"Mr. Carton !" I could not help exclaiming, while Miss Grahame hid her face in her handkerchief, and began to sob afresh. "Will you walk in, sir," I continued, after a moment's pause. We went

into the hall, and, when the door was closed, I told him in as few words as possible what had occurred.

"Charles gone! Charles gone!" he repeated, as if dazed with horror at the intelligence. Then he added, speaking in a dreamy, absent manner: "he was my brother—my half brother. Our names are different—mine is Beach—but we had the same mother. He was my only relative except my wife."

I left him with Miss Grahame, and hurried on to Russell Square, as I knew that every minute was important if I wanted to catch Dr. Power before he started on his morning rounds. When I got to his house, I found his brougham standing at the door, and in a few minutes we drove back to Doughty Street.

"Where is Mr. Beach?" I asked Miss Grahame, who was in the hall when we returned.

"Oh, he is gone; he is to come to-morrow to make arrangements about the funeral," she replied; and then she whispered to me, "I want to see you presently; Mr. Beach has told me such an extraordinary thing."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Not now, not now," she whispered hurriedly, and I started with Dr. Power for the room where the dead man was lying.

Mr. Carton had been an occasional patient of Dr. Power's, and that was the reason why I was anxious to let Dr. Power see the body, so as to avoid an inquest if possible. The appearances, together with what Dr. Power knew of the deceased man, pointed to aneurism of the heart as the cause of death, and he left after he had arranged to make a post-mortem examination of the body that evening.

When he had gone, Miss Grahame came upstairs with me to my sitting-room. She sat down when she got into the room, and began to cry again.

"Come Loo," I said, "I am very sorry for poor Mr. Carton, and I know that you must miss him very much after all these years, but crying won't bring him back."

"No," she replied, "I know it won't—I wish it would."

"What was the strange thing Mr. Beach told you?" I asked, trying to divert her thoughts.

"I'm almost afraid to speak about it—it seems heartless whilst *he* is lying in the house," she said, in a low, nervous voice.

"I am afraid Mr. Beach has told you something that has frightened you," I said, after a pause.

"I think it did frighten me—at least, I hardly seem to understand it," she said in a simple and absent manner.

"There is no doubt but that I shall never understand it if you go on in this way. What is it, you little goose, that this mysterious man has been telling you?"

"He told me that Mr. Carton has—has——"

"Has what, you little mule?"

"Has made a will leaving nearly all his money to mamma and me!" and here she got up and threw her arms round my neck.

"One would think he had done something to injure you," I said, laughing. But, though I laughed, I felt somehow an inward feeling of regret. I was young—just three-and-twenty—and like most young men, who are not prigs or knaves, enthusiastic. My ambition for months past had been to make a home for my darling. Here it was ready made. But it was not of my making, and it did not seem like what I had been dreaming about. For the cottage that my imagination had pictured as the abode of our love there seemed to be substituted a gaudy mansion, where love evanesced in the presence of opulence and conventionality. Her thoughts must have been similar to mine, for, after a pause, she said timidly:

"We won't love each other the less, will we, Arthur dear?"

"Why on earth should we?" I said, as I kissed her.

"Because—oh, I don't know why. But we'll live just as we intended to live. We don't want any grandeur, do we?"

"No, dear. That is just what I hoped you would say. But are we not getting on a little too fast. We do not know anything about this Mr. Beach. Did you ever see him before?"

"Yes, he has called to see Mr. Carton—not very often, and it was generally in the evening."

"Well, that's well so far. But I mean we don't know much about him, and then people sometimes alter their wills after they have made them——"

"That's just what I was thinking, and that's why I did not tell mamma anything about it until after I had spoken to you. But what Mr. Beach—and he is a solicitor—says is this—that his brother made his will last September and left it with Mr. Moffatt of 39 Bedford Row; that he was worth about ninety thousand pounds; and that he left twenty thousand pounds to Mr. Beach, and ten thousand pounds to mamma, and all the rest of his property to me."

"Well, that's definite at all events. Suppose we go and see Mr. Moffatt. I had better go out first. If Mrs. Grahame sees us going out together, she will wonder what we are about, and it is as well not to tell her anything about the matter at present. You can

slip on your jacket and meet me in John Street, and then we shall see what Mr. Moffatt has to say on the subject. I don't think it will disappoint either of us much if the story is a myth, or if the money has been left to somebody else."

"I don't know ; I'd like to be able to bring you some money," said Miss Grahame innocently.

"Well, then, go and put your things on, and we'll see about it," I replied.

Bedford Row is not many yards from Doughty Street, and in a few minutes we were ushered into the presence of Mr. Moffatt—a stout, cheery-looking old gentleman, with a rubicund face, and an old-fashioned stand-up collar and black satin cravat.

When I told him who we were, and why we called on him, he looked positively alarmed.

"It is most unusual—most unusual," he said. "You are asking me to do a thing that is, I may say, absolutely unprofessional. Mr. Beach has been very injudicious. At present it would be most improper for me to answer such a question—most improper," he added emphatically, as if we had asked him to do something that was very wrong indeed.

"But the mischief, if there be any, has been done already," I ventured to remark.

"Two blacks don't make a white," said Mr. Moffatt, "and Mr. Beach's having acted foolishly would not justify me in doing likewise."

"At all events, the late Mr. Carton has made a will?" I said.

"Yes, I am at liberty to tell you so much."

"Well, if the will were not something like what Mr. Beach has told us, I am sure you would not leave us under such a wrong impression?"

"You would make a very good cross-examiner, Mr. Pemberton," said Mr. Moffatt, laughing ; "but really you cannot expect me to put anything more in evidence at present. A solicitor has no business to make mistakes, and I should make a great mistake if I said anything more at present than that the late Mr. Carton has made a will, which I shall produce at the proper time."

This was all the information we could extract from Mr. Moffatt, who was a gentleman of the old school, and a thorough stickler for precedent and routine.

"I think it is all right," I said to Miss Grahame when we got into Bedford Row again.

"I hope you are as much ashamed of yourself as I am," she

replied indignantly. "I think we have been acting like a pair of harpies." And from that time until the will was proved she refused to speak a word about it.

The post-mortem examination showed that Mr. Carton had died from aneurism of the heart, and Dr. Power was fortunately able to save Mrs. Grahame the annoyance of an inquest.

When the will was proved in due course, its contents agreed substantially with what Mr. Beach had told Miss Grahame—Mr. Beach was appointed executor; twenty thousand pounds was left to him, and ten thousand pounds to Mrs. Grahame, both bequests being free of legacy duty; the residue of the property was left to Miss Grahame absolutely. The property, which was entirely personal, was even greater than had been supposed, and amounted to nearly £110,000, which was invested chiefly in Three Per Cent. Consols, English Railway Debenture Stock, and French and American Government Bonds. Mrs. Grahame took her share of the property in Consols, and it was settled that the banking account was to be kept in the name of Miss Grahame, who took the bonds as part of her share. While the estate was being administered, Mrs. and Miss Grahame and I used frequently to go to Mr. Beach's offices in Bedford Street, Strand. He was a wealthy man who had of late years confined himself to a small and select practice, and his offices consisted of a spacious, well-furnished room on the first floor, and, separated from it by a wooden partition, a small room where a sandy-haired, and rather unwholesome looking, young man, who acted as his clerk, was generally seated at a desk.

Mrs. Grahame gave a cordial assent to my union with her daughter, and it was arranged that we were to be married when I passed my examination in the autumn, and also that we were to spend the honeymoon in the South of France during the following winter. In the meantime, we were to stay in Doughty Street until December, when the house would be surrendered to the landlord.

"Man proposes, God disposes," as the proverb has it. How our expectations were fulfilled the reader will learn in the next part of this narrative.

PART II.

About a fortnight after the property of the late Mr. Carton had been transferred to Mrs. and Miss Grahame I was walking home one evening from University College Hospital. On my way I turned

down through Torrington Place ; but I had not got many yards out of Gower Street when I stopped short and stood for a minute literally spell-bound with astonishment. It was about twenty minutes to nine, rather dusky, but still quite light enough to see everybody in the street distinctly, and there, some fifteen or twenty yards before me, and walking very leisurely towards Gordon Square, was Louisa Grahame, leaning on the arm of a strange man, who looked, as far as I could make out, to be a tall, fair-haired man of about thirty. I had only left her at six o'clock, after we had had tea in Doughty Street. She had not said that she was going to see anybody, or that anybody was coming to see her. As far as I was aware—and I knew all her friends—she did not know a single man, except myself, with whom she was entitled to be walking at such a time, and in such a manner. For a moment I hoped that I might have made a mistake. But I knew too well her dress, and, better than her dress, her slight and graceful figure ; and, whoever the man might be, it was perfectly clear that the woman was Louisa Grahame, and none other.

Hastily retracing my steps, I got back into Gower Street, glancing furtively over my shoulder as I left Torrington Place to see if they had observed me, which they had not, for they seemed to be immersed in each other's society, and to be strolling along quite lovingly together. My resolution was formed at once. I could not, of course, go up to Miss Grahame and accost her ; pride, if nothing else, would have prevented me from doing that. But I could easily get to Doughty Street before them. I would go home, then, and wait the course of events. Perhaps I should hear the explanation from Mrs. Grahame.

"Perhaps so," I thought ; "but at present I don't quite see the answer to this charming conundrum." I was beginning to get angry, but I determined to keep my temper.

As I took a hansom from Kepple Street to the corner of Doughty Street, it did not take me many minutes to get back.

"I was in hopes you were Louisa when I heard you shut the hall-door," said Mrs. Grahame, who was sitting in the drawing-room, which she occupied now that Mr. Carton was gone. "What a time she is to be sure."

"Where has she gone?" I asked in a careless tone.

"To the dressmaker's," said Mrs. Grahame ; "but she would have had time to try twenty dresses on by this."

"But not to find fault with them," I replied with a laugh.

"That's true enough," observed Mrs. Grahame. "Girls are very

particular nowadays ; more so, I think, than we used to be. Still, I don't like her being out so late by herself."

"By herself?" Mrs. Grahame, then, knew nothing about the man she was with. What on earth could it mean? My feeling of anger was changing into a feeling of grief and fear. The matter was becoming too serious for any mere jealousy. In Miss Grahame I had had the most implicit confidence, but here were facts which certainly required an explanation, and what the explanation might be I was utterly unable to surmise. So I waited for her return, almost praying that she would clear the mystery up when she came home.

It was after half-past nine o'clock when we heard her footsteps on the stairs. Mrs. Grahame went to the door to meet her.

"Goodness me, Loo!" she exclaimed, "where have you been? We were afraid some accident had happened to you."

"Oh, I have had such a piece of work with Miss Simpson! I thought I'd never get back," she said, in a flurried and constrained manner, as she took off her hat and jacket. Then, turning to me, she observed, "I can't scold you any more for being late."

"I am afraid I have generally a better excuse than yours," I remarked gravely.

She blushed and looked confused for a moment, and then said, by way of answer, "You want your supper, I can see. I'll tell Jane to lay the things," saying which she left the room.

"Good heavens!" I thought, "what can it mean? Is this some old secret acquaintance of hers? Has she always been fooling me, or has she suddenly lost her wits because she has come in for a fortune?"

Still I could not find it in my heart to lose confidence altogether in her. I had known her so long, and she had always seemed so true and loving. Perhaps there was an explanation—a satisfactory one—which she would give me when we were alone. Surely, I thought, or rather hoped, the thing must in some way be innocent. At all events, I determined that, if possible, the explanation should come voluntarily from her, and not in answer to any questions of mine. She should have time and opportunity to justify her conduct of her own free will before I put to her a question which would necessarily be tantamount to an accusation.

After supper Mrs. Grahame went downstairs, where she remained for some time, and I sat still, pretending to read, but in reality waiting anxiously to hear what Miss Grahame would say now that we were alone. She was working at a piece of embroidery, and went on with her work without saying a word. So, after we had passed some

minutes in silence, I closed my book, and made some casual remark in order to give her an opportunity of speaking. She began at once to speak of Margate—where we purposed going to the following week—and kept on talking about Margate and the sea air until Mrs. Grahame came back. It was clear then that she did not intend to take me into her confidence, at least, not for the present; and, as I was afraid that I should lose my temper if I stayed in the room any longer, I wished them good-night, and went up to my bedroom. If I had yielded to my inclination, I should have gone back to call Miss Grahame out of the room, and ask her for an explanation. But I refrained from doing so because, for reasons which I have already intimated, I wished, if possible, that the explanation should be voluntarily tendered by her, and I was not yet without hope that this would be done. Besides this, I was curious to see what would happen if I let things take their own course. At all events, I thought to myself, I can do no harm by waiting for a day or two if necessary.

I was in or about the house all Saturday—except for a couple of hours in the morning—but nothing occurred that was of any consequence. On Sunday morning we all went to church, and in the afternoon Miss Grahame and I went to the Zoological Gardens. It was just nine o'clock that evening, and we were sitting in the drawing-room before supper, when a messenger came to the house to ask if Mrs. Grahame would go to see a Mrs. Wilmott, who was very ill at Highgate. Mrs. Wilmott had been a school-fellow of Mrs. Grahame's. She was the only very intimate friend that Mrs. Grahame had, and so Mrs. Grahame sent at once for a cab, and went to see her. Before she departed she left orders that the house was to be shut up if she did not return by twelve o'clock, but that the hall-door was to be left unbolted, and a candle and matches left for her in the hall, so that she could let herself in, and go up to her bedroom when she returned. We waited for her until after one o'clock, when we went to our bedrooms. Miss Grahame's thoughts had evidently been preoccupied all Saturday and Sunday. It was quite clear that she was brooding about something, and I now began to doubt my wisdom in not having spoken to her before this about the man I saw her with on Friday evening. I had gained nothing by waiting. If I had asked her with whom it was that she was walking, directly after I saw her, I should have acted in a perfectly natural manner. But if I questioned her on the subject now, the question might arise why I had been silent about the matter for such a length of time. Why did I not speak to her about it at once on the Friday night? It was an awkward question, and, as I meditated on the subject before

going to sleep, I could see that it behoved me to act at once. Accordingly, I made up my mind that when I came back from the hospital next morning—for I had to be there at nine o'clock—I would tell her what I had seen, and ask her for an explanation.

At eight o'clock on Monday morning the servant brought a cup of coffee up to my bedroom, and at half-past eight I went out intending to have a more substantial breakfast on my return at about half-past ten. The postman came to the door, just as I opened it, with a letter and a post card, both of which were for Miss Grahame. The post card was from Mrs. Grahame, saying that she had been detained at Mrs. Wilmott's, but that she would be back by three o'clock that day. The letter was addressed to Miss Grahame in a man's handwriting, and bore the Manchester post-mark. It was not from Mr. Beach, or Mr. Moffatt, or the manager of the bank—all of whose handwritings I knew. From whom then could it be? for I did not know of any other man, except myself, who had ever written to her—and whom could she know in Manchester? At first I thought of sending the servant to her room to say that I wanted to see her at once. But it would be some time before she would be dressed, and I was in a hurry, so, being more determined than ever to have a clear understanding when I came back, I put the letter on the table in the hall, and sallied forth. My state of excitement and suspense was so great that I found it impossible to attend to anything in the hospital, and I left the place more than half an hour earlier than I had intended. I had just crossed the lower end of Millman Street, on my return, it being then about a quarter to ten o'clock, when a small, well-appointed brougham whisked round the corner of Doughty Street, and came towards me at a rapid pace. I looked at it with some curiosity, as Doughty Street is not a thoroughfare, and private carriages are not very usual there. But my curiosity changed into a feeling which I cannot describe, when, as the equipage dashed past me, I saw Louisa Grahame sitting in it by the side of a fair-haired man with a heavy beard and moustache. My agitation was such that I dropped my stick, and stood for some seconds in a kind of dream, gazing blankly after the retreating vehicle. Then I whistled, and shouted "Hi! hi!" and ran after it as fast as I could. But it had got a good hundred yards' start of me, and was going at the rate of eleven or twelve miles an hour.

"Better take a hansom, sir," said a driver, whose cab was standing at the rank by the Foundling Hospital. I deliberated for a moment, which is always a foolish thing to do when circumstances require immediate action. It would be impossible to overtake the brougham

on foot, and the cabman's horse had his nose-bag on, so that Miss Grahame and her companion would be pretty well out of Guildford Street before we could start. Besides, why should I make all this fuss? Either the thing was innocent or it was not. If it were innocent there was no occasion for me to pursue Miss Grahame in this ridiculous manner, but if it were not I was certainly not going to run after a woman who would be unworthy to be my wife. I therefore declined the services of the cabman, and walked on to Doughty Street. On the way an idea occurred to me which, from being the merest surmise, ripened into almost a conviction before I reached the door of our house. Perhaps it was not Miss Grahame whom I saw in the brougham. Perhaps it was somebody else that was exactly like her. I had heard of such things. If I were mistaken about the woman in the carriage, I might have been mistaken about the woman I saw on Friday night. The hope was, perhaps, father to the thought, and, when I reached the door, I felt almost certain that I should find her in the house. Ridiculous as it may seem, I felt a genuine sense of disappointment that she was not in the hall to meet me. The hypothesis of my having made a mistake about the woman I saw in the brougham would, if it were correct, have explained everything so naturally, and easily, and satisfactorily that I had come, in a sense, to believe in it. But she was not in the hall, and she was not in the parlour, where the breakfast things were laid.

I sat down, and was trying to collect my thoughts, when the servant came into the room to ask if she should get my breakfast ready.

"Lor, sir," she said, "you do look unwell."

"Yes," I replied, "I am not very well this morning. Where is Miss Grahame?"

"She's just gone, sir, with a strange gentleman. He come not half an hour ago, and I took his card up to Miss Grahame, and she told me to show him up, and then the next thing was she come into the kitchen in a great hurry with her things on, and sez she'd be back in about an hour, and you wasn't to wait for her, and then they got into his carriage and drove away."

"Do you know the gentleman's name?"

"No, sir, he gave me his card, but I didn't mind the name. But Miss Grahame, she seemed to know him quite well, for directly she looked at the card she sez, 'Oh, show him up at once, please,' just as if she had known him all her life, and, when he came up, she seemed to know him quite well, though I'm sure I never saw him before, and I've been here now for nearly six years."

The latter part of the sentence was uttered in a tone of remonstrance, as if she disapproved very much of what had happened.

"Very well, Jane, you may bring up the breakfast," I said, to get rid of her, for she was evidently disposed to be garrulous on the subject. When she left the room, I sat meditating for some time. The stranger I saw Miss Grahame with on Friday had the appearance of being a military man, and, as far as I could judge, he resembled the man I had just seen her with in the brougham. Then there was the letter that morning, the fact of his coming for her at the one time in the day when he would be certain to find her alone (for of late Mrs. Grahame generally breakfasted in bed), and the information I had just received from the servant that she seemed to know him quite well. It was evident that she was expecting him. The letter she received that morning must have been from him, and the elopement which I had just witnessed had been arranged in that letter. To the question why she had not left a line or a message for me to say where she had gone there was but one answer. She had not done so because she did not want me to know. In other words, because she did not intend to come back. This was the conclusion that was forced upon my mind. I would soon be able to verify it.

"Let me see," I thought, "she left at say a quarter to ten, and was to be back in about an hour. I'd wager fifty pounds to a sovereign she's not here by one o'clock."

Still, I was bound to give her the benefit of the doubt as long as a doubt could exist. So, after making a pretence of breakfasting, I went up to my sitting-room and waited wearily, trying to read, but starting up to look out of the window every time there was the slightest noise in the street, until the bell of the clock on the mantelpiece chimed one. When the nervous system is in a high state of tension there is something peculiarly affecting in the tone of a bell, and for some minutes the sharp, clear, uncompromising chime, which marked the advent of the hour that I had been waiting for, rang in my ears, filling me as it did so with a vague, sickening sense of grief and fear. Its sharp metallic tone seemed to tell the end of hope. For minutes after I had heard it I sat still, feeling only very sick, very tired, very sorry about something that I had not the strength to think clearly about, but with a horrid feeling that the sorrow would never end, and then—such is the inconsistency of our nature at such times—there dawned upon me a hope that Miss Grahame was on her way back to me. She must, I thought, have been detained longer than she expected, but she was certain to return. She might come

at any moment. Surely she could not leave us in such a way. The suspense of waiting and listening to the noises in the street became so unbearable, now that this hope had, in an unaccountable manner, possessed me, that I left the house, determining to walk to the Marble Arch and back. It would take, I said to myself, about an hour and a half to do so, and when I came back I should find her at home. At all events, I felt that whilst I was away the mental tension produced by the constant momentary expectation would be removed, as a fixed time must elapse before I could know anything. When I got there, I was so apprehensive lest I should come back before her and have to endure the suspense of waiting in the house again that I turned into Hyde Park, where I wandered about for more than an hour.

It was about a quarter past three o'clock when an idea occurred to me. I knew the paying cashier in the bank where she kept her account; I would go to the bank and ask if she had been there. Accordingly, I left the park, and hurried to the bank as quickly as I could. There were several people at the counter when I entered, and the clerk I wanted to see was very busy, but in a few minutes he came to the part of the counter where I was standing.

"I called," I said, "to ask if Miss Grahame has been here to-day."

He looked at me for a moment with a surprised expression, and then replied :

"Yes, she was here at ten o'clock."

"It is very odd," I said, leaning over the counter and speaking to him in a whisper, "but she left Doughty Street at a quarter to ten saying she'd be back in about an hour, and she had not returned when I left at half-past one. Mrs. Grahame is at Highgate, and I was not at home when Miss Grahame left the house."

The clerk seemed to have got very much interested in the matter, for he bent forward so that I could almost whisper what I was saying into his ear.

"And do you not know with whom she was when she left Doughty Street?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"No," I replied, "she went away with a stranger in a brougham."

"A tall man of about thirty-five, with fair hair and a long fair beard?"

"Yes."

"He was here with her. It is very strange. She has closed her account with us," he said meditatively.

"Closed her account!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," replied the clerk, rising from the desk on which he had been leaning, "that is all that I can tell you. She presented a cheque for her balance, and took her money and bonds away with her in the brougham."

It required this conclusive proof to make me believe that she was faithless. Up to this it had only been a matter of suspicion—however strong—but now the whole thing was clear. She had eloped in this sudden manner because she was afraid to see me; she was off—perhaps to Manchester—with her money and bonds. She wanted to conceal her whereabouts until she was married. And we should hear nothing more about her until she wrote—probably from the Continent. I do not know whether my strongest emotion was one of grief or anger. As I strolled homewards, for I was in no very great hurry now to get back to Doughty Street, I began to think that Mrs. Grahame must have returned by this time, and to consider what I should say to her when I saw her. My resolution was formed very quickly; I would tell her of what I had seen that morning, and of what I had learned in the bank, but I would keep my own counsel about what I had seen on Friday night. Already I began to upbraid myself for not having spoken to Miss Grahame on the subject while there was yet time. That would have been the candid, straightforward thing to have done; I had acted for the best, and according to my lights, but events proved that I had acted quite wrongly. I should get nothing but blame from everybody for having kept silent when I ought to have spoken out. My position was not by any means a dignified one. What the world would say, if I told what I knew, would be that, while I was hesitating and prying like a laggard and a spy, my sweetheart had been carried off before my very eyes by a bolder suitor. Besides which, I did not wish Miss Grahame to think that I had ever had a suspicion about her. It would add to the qualms of her conscience, I thought, if she were to think that I was believing in her and waiting for her, while she was with this stranger for whom she had deserted me. When I got back, Mrs. Grahame was walking up and down the drawing-room in a distracted state. She sat down while I told of the way I saw her daughter leave in the morning, and of the information I had obtained at the bank.

To my surprise, the account I gave her of what had happened at the bank seemed to calm her. She sat thinking for some minutes, and then asked, in a tone almost of anger:

"And what do you think of it all?" Generally speaking, she was a quiet, delicate, nervous woman, but she seemed suddenly to

have acquired strength and courage, and there was something that was rather angry and imperious in her tone.

"What can I think?" I asked evasively. "She was to have been back at about eleven; she is not back yet. It is most mysterious."

"Have you no idea of the cause of her going away in this manner?"

It is wonderful what an amount of thinking we can do in a few seconds when we are put to it. I had a conviction founded on the best evidence that Miss Grahame had run away with this stranger. Part of that evidence I was determined not to divulge, because, in addition to the reasons I have already stated, it could not do the least good if I were so to do. If I had known nothing more than what I told Mrs. Grahame, I should not have had the least idea of the reason why Miss Grahame had acted in the way she did. So, remembering what Dr. Johnstone says about there being times when we are justified in saying that which is not the truth, I replied:

"Not the least."

I gained very little by this fib, for Mrs. Grahame could hardly have been more angry, if I had told her everything I knew.

"In other words," she said, in a tone of suppressed indignation, "you think the poor girl has run away from us. That she has taken a fancy to some strange man, and gone off with him."

It was exactly what I did think; but, as I determined to suppress what I regarded as the conclusive evidence I had that it was the case, I replied by saying:

"Oh, Mrs. Grahame, how can you speak in such a way?"

"Because it is what anybody would think who did not know her as well as I do. Now, mark me, there has been a conspiracy—there has been some great fraud—and this poor girl has been the victim. God grant we shall ever see her alive."

This was not quite reconcilable with the evidence I possessed, or, if it were, it must be a fraud of a very strange nature indeed—one that extended over a considerable space of time, and one in which Miss Grahame had played a very curious part. But I was not quite in a humour to take a methodical and matter-of-fact view of things. I was rather disposed, on the contrary, to cling to any hope that might be excited in my mind, however illusory it might be.

"Have you any evidence—anything to make you think so?" I asked in astonishment.

"No more than you have, except that I know her character better than anyone else does."

"I had better go at once and see Mr. Purvis," I said. "He may be able to suggest something."

Mr. Purvis was a solicitor whom I had happened to know, who had a large practice in the criminal courts. His offices were in the Marylebone Road, and thither I hurried as fast as I could drive. He was at the Old Bailey, and did not return until nearly half-past six o'clock. I waited for him, as it was uncertain at what minute he might be back, and as I might have crossed him if I had gone after him to the Old Bailey. At last, after I had been waiting for more than an hour, he came in, and in a few minutes we were closeted together. He was a sharp, active little man of about forty, and he not only seemed to master, by a sort of intuition, all that I wished to tell him, but very nearly succeeded, by a few adroit questions, in extracting from me what I had resolved to keep secret.

"Mrs. Grahame, then, has no idea who this stranger may be?" he asked, when I finished my story.

"Not the least."

"A young lady with £70,000 is, of course, entitled to do pretty much as she pleases," he said, after a moment's pause; "but if she goes away in this manner, she cannot complain if her friends take the trouble of looking after her. I would advise you to go at once to Mr. Durant, at 90 Bartholomew Road, Camden Town. He has offices in Oxford Street and in Paris as well, but he lives in Camden Town, and that is where you are likely to see him at this time. Mr. Durant is a private detective, and one of the cleverest men in the business. If anyone can help you, he can. You had better go to him at once, and, if you take my card, you will find that he will give you every assistance."

He wrote Mr. Durant's address on his card, and I started for Camden Town.

"Is Mr. Durant at home?" I asked the maid-servant who opened the door in answer to my knock.

"No, sir, and I don't expect he'll be back until late," she replied.

"That's unfortunate," I said; "I wanted to see him very particularly."

"Would you like to leave a message or a letter for him, sir?"

"Can I write a line?"

"Certainly, sir," she replied, and showed me into a well-furnished parlour, where she provided me with writing materials, and shut the door.

I wrote a short letter to Mr. Durant, saying that Mr. Purvis had recommended me to him, and that I would be obliged if he would

call at 54 Doughty Street at his earliest convenience. Before I fastened the envelope, I rang the bell, and asked the servant if she thought that Mr. Durant would get the letter in time to be at Doughty Street that night.

"I shall ask Mrs. Durant, sir," she said. "What name shall I say?"

"You had better show her this letter," I replied; "it will explain matters."

I gave her the letter and Mr. Purvis's card in the envelope, which was not closed, and in a few minutes a very handsome, lady-like young woman came into the room.

"Mr. Durant is in Gloucester," she said, when she had asked me to sit down; "but he is coming back by a train that gets into Paddington at 2.15 to-morrow morning. If the case is urgent, I can telegraph to him to go on to Doughty Street when he arrives."

"Oh, not at all," I replied; "the case is urgent, but he could not do much before nine or ten o'clock, and it would be absurd to send him on such a journey after his arrival at such an hour."

"I do not, of course, know what the case is," she said smiling, "but time is sometimes of great importance in his business, and I know that he would like to be of service to any friend of Mr. Purvis's."

This was said in a tone that seemed to invite my confidence. She was a very intelligent woman of about thirty years of age, and apparently of French extraction. No harm could be done by telling her why I wanted to see her husband, so I told her in a few words of the way in which Miss Grahame left home that morning, and of what I had heard at the bank.

She listened attentively to my story, and said, when I had finished, "I shall telegraph to Mr. Durant at once. He will go straight to your house when he arrives. Has any search been made to see if Miss Grahame has left anything—any letter or anything else—that may throw light on the matter?"

"No—at least, not that I am aware of."

"Then I should advise you to get Mrs. Grahame to search her daughter's bedroom carefully before Mr. Durant comes. He will be with you at a little before three o'clock to-morrow morning. The bonds were worth about £12,000?"

"Yes. There were about £8,000 worth of American, and about £4,000 worth of French bonds."

"Do you know the numbers of the bonds?"

"No."

"Well, they will have them at the bank, of course."

After a few further remarks, I wished her good evening, and drove back to Doughy Street. To my surprise, I found on my return that Mrs. Grahame was dressed and ready to go out.

"I am going," she said, "to see Mr. Beach. You had better have your dinner. You must be exhausted by this time. I shall be back as soon as possible."

"Nonsense," I exclaimed, "I shall go with you."

"No," she replied, "Louise may come back, or there may be a message or telegram from her. One of us ought to be here, and you could not do any good by coming with me. Besides, the drive will do me good; the suspense of waiting here is dreadful."

It was about half-past eight o'clock when she left, and she did not return until nearly half-past ten, when she came back from Bayswater with Mr. Beach, who seemed very much shocked and perplexed. The last post had in the meantime gone round, but there had been no tidings of any sort from Miss Grahame. It would be tedious to repeat the various surmises and conjectures with which we sought to while away the time until about half-past twelve, when Mr. Beach went home, promising to be back the next morning at half-past nine, and to call into the bank on his way to get the numbers of the notes and bonds that Miss Grahame had taken with her.

When he had gone, Mrs. Grahame and I arranged to sit up until Mr. Durant arrived—neither of us, of course, had any thought of going to bed—and, presently, more with the view of giving her something to do, than in the hope of any good result, I told her of Mrs. Durant's suggestion that she should search Miss Grahame's bedroom. She seemed glad to have anything to divert her thoughts for the time being, and went upstairs to commence the search, while I took a book, and tried to fix my attention on it.

About half an hour elapsed when she came back into the parlour, in a great state of excitement, with a letter and a card in her hand, saying: "See, I found these in the work-box on her toilet table. She evidently put them there just before she went out."

On the card was printed Mr. Clifford, solicitor, and on the upper part of it was written lightly in pencil, and in a strange handwriting, "With a message from Mr. Beach."

The letter which was from Mr. Beach was as follows:—

"4 Cornwall Gardens, Bayswater,

"May 5, 187-.

"My dear Miss Grahame,—My friend Mr. Clifford, a solicitor,

who is the bearer of this letter, has just called at my house, and given me some very serious information which he will communicate to you. I would have come to you myself if it were possible, but he will explain to you how I am engaged. Do exactly as he tells you to do, and meet me at half-past ten.

"In the greatest haste,

"Yours sincerely,

"Miss Grahame."

"JOHN BEACH.

"Gracious heaven!" I exclaimed, "he denied all knowledge of her, and here is his own letter to her yesterday."

"Yes," said Mrs. Grahame, "you see it is as I told you, the girl has been enticed away and robbed. God grant she is not murdered as well. I shall go at once to Mr. Beach's house, and see him; he can hardly deny knowing where she is now that we have his own letter to her."

I had some difficulty in dissuading Mrs. Grahame from starting off at once to Bayswater, but it was half-past one o'clock, Mr. Durant would be with us in a little more than an hour, and I succeeded at last in satisfying her that we had better wait until we saw him, as we could do nothing by ourselves. She was quite clear that the whole thing was the result of a conspiracy between Mr. Beach and Mr. Clifford; but, for my part, the more I thought about the matter the more mysterious it seemed. There, to be sure, was Mr. Beach's letter. She had evidently gone away in consequence of that letter, and the man who went into the bank with her must have been Mr. Clifford, who brought the letter. But, on the other hand, Mr. Beach was a wealthy man of high standing in his profession; it was extremely unlikely that he would be guilty of such a crime as the evidence so far seemed to indicate. And, then, assuming for the sake of argument, that the present disappearance of Miss Grahame was caused by her having been in some way kidnapped by Messrs. Beach and Clifford—a very unlikely assumption—the other circumstances of which I was cognisant—the man she was walking with on Friday night, her preoccupied manner on Saturday and Sunday, and the letter she received from Manchester on Monday morning—were left utterly unexplained. When the minute hand of the clock pointed to a quarter to three, I began to feel nervous, lest something should have happened to prevent Mr. Durant from coming to us. I had long before given up any hope of seeing Miss Grahame that night—or rather morning as it was now—but my hopes clung in some undefinable way to the detective. Not, perhaps, that I had any great hopes that he would

be able to solve the mystery, but, rather, that I felt it would be a relief to hear the opinion of some disinterested and competent person on the subject. At ten minutes to three we heard the rumble of a cab on the pavement of Doughty Street. I ran downstairs and opened the hall-door. It was still dark, and the cabman was looking about the street to find the house to which he was taking his fare. Seeing me on the doorstep he drove over to me. A smart, active-looking man, dressed in a light tweed suit, and apparently not more than thirty-three or thirty-four years of age, got out of the cab, saying :

" This is number fifty-four, I think ? "

" It is," I said. " Are you Mr. Durant ? "

" I am," he replied. " Are you Mr. Pemberton ? "

I answered in the affirmative, and asked him to walk upstairs.

I must say that I was very much disappointed at the appearance of Mr. Durant. He did not look in the least like any of the detectives I had read of in novels. I had imagined him to be a man of at least forty-five or fifty, deep and reserved, and with a general appearance of concealed wisdom. But he was totally unlike anything I had conjectured. He was simply an active-looking young man, with very regular features, perfectly frank, unassuming manners, and a complete absence of mystery, or of that species of self-importance which is denoted by the vulgar term " side." The most noticeable features in his countenance were a pair of quick grey eyes, and a rather determined-looking mouth, otherwise there was nothing particularly remarkable in his appearance.

When the door was closed, and we were seated, I told him as briefly and clearly as I could of the letter Miss Grahame had received that morning (that was a matter which there was no occasion for me to conceal) ; of the manner in which she had gone away ; the information I had received at the bank ; and, finally, of the letter and card which Mrs. Grahame had recently discovered. He listened to me attentively, and did not interrupt me by a word. When I had finished, he took the card, which I had handed to him with the letter, and looked carefully at it. Something about it seemed to strike his attention, for he got up and examined it for a minute or so under the gaslight. Then he sat down again and read and re-read the letter slowly and laboriously, as if it were almost undecipherable, though Mr. Beach's handwriting was extremely legible. At last he laid it carelessly on the table, and said to me in a casual way :

" Mr. Beach, you have said, is a solicitor, and was executor to the late Mr. Carton ? "

"Yes."

"How many clerks has he?"

"Only one. He is, or is supposed to be, a wealthy man, and does not take contentious business."

"Would you describe the appearance of the clerk to me?"

I described the appearance of the clerk as accurately as I could.

"Have you any of Mr. Beach's letters besides this?"

Mrs. Grahame had two, which she produced. He examined them carefully for about a minute, and then said, in a quiet matter-of-fact tone :

"If you will compare these three letters together, I think you will see that the last one is a forgery."

At first the three letters seemed to be in exactly the same handwriting ; but, when we compared them more closely, and were guided by a few hints from Mr. Durant, it became evident that the letter which Mrs. Grahame had found was not written by Mr. Beach at all.

"What on earth is the meaning of it then?" I exclaimed, when I had satisfied myself that it was a forgery.

"I am pretty certain I have a clue to that," said Mr. Durant, in the same matter-of-fact and unexcited tone. "You see these words in pencil on the card. They are in the handwriting of a man whose real name is Paul Aston. He is a well-educated man, with most plausible and gentlemanly manners ; in fact, he was originally an ensign in a foot regiment. Now, however, he is one of the most accomplished and daring swindlers in London, and it is not six months since he came out of gaol after undergoing five years' penal servitude for forgery."

"But how did he know anything about Miss Grahame?" both Mrs. Grahame and I exclaimed together.

"That is just what I am coming to," said Mr. Durant, as calmly as if he were talking about something of the most commonplace nature. "I have been having Aston watched for some time past about another matter—a long firm affair—and within the last week or so he has taken a furnished house in Greek Street, Soho. During the last four weeks a young man, who does not belong to the professedly criminal classes, has been seen in his company very frequently. The description I have had of this young man tallies exactly with the description that you have given me of Mr. Beach's clerk. If this clerk is the man who has been with Aston, of course everything is explained, for there is no doubt about Aston having written the

words on that card. One of my men has taken lodgings in the house next to Aston's to keep a watch on him, and if Miss Grahame has gone to Aston's house, he is almost certain to have seen her. I shall be off now, and I trust I shall bring Miss Grahame back in the course of a couple of hours."

"I shall go with you," I said.

"On no account," said Mr. Durant; "you could do no good, and would only be in the way. I must have the house quietly surrounded first; when that is done, I shall let myself into the house where my assistant is with a duplicate latch-key I have at my office. But everything must be done very quietly. Aston and his friends are probably on the look-out, and it is quite likely that they know your appearance."

I could not say anything in answer to this, so I showed Mr. Durant to the hall-door, where the hansom was still waiting for him, as it had not been discharged.

"Was it not a strange mistake for Aston," I said, as we parted, "to leave his own handwriting on the card after all the trouble he must have taken?"

"Pooh!" replied Mr. Durant, "that is the kind of mistake that criminals are always making. They are what we call 'fly flats'—clever fools. He thought he'd have been off with the money before there'd have been any suspicion about Miss Grahame. I hope I shall be in time to get the bonds and notes before they have gone too far."

"But Miss Grahame——"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about that. She's quite safe. Criminals stick to their own line of business like honest folk, and violence or murder is not Aston's game."

He got into the hansom and drove away, while I went back to wait with Mrs. Grahame until we should see or hear from him.

Mrs. Grahame was nervously jubilant. She was naturally very apprehensive about the safety of her daughter, but she was elated by the accuracy of her prediction that Miss Grahame had stayed away in consequence of a fraud, and not of her own free will. As for me, the whole thing had become so mysterious that I gave up thinking about it.

More than two hours had elapsed, and the sun was shining brightly, when, at last, we heard a cab rumbling up Doughty Street, and, looking out of the window, we saw a four-wheeler, with a policeman sitting on the box, which was coming in our direction. Miss Grahame was in the cab. She was rather tired and confused, but otherwise

quite well. The account she gave of her adventures was very briefly as follows :—

When Aston (whom she described as a perfect gentleman) came to her with the forged letter of introduction, he told her that he had just been to Mr. Beach to tell him that the bank at which Miss Grahame kept her account was going to suspend payment that day. He told her also that he met Mr. Beach just as he was leaving his house to go to Greek Street to make a will for a lady who was dying there. They were, he said, to go on to Greek Street to meet Mr. Beach after they had been to the bank, and from Greek Street she was to go on with Mr. Beach to the Bank of England to deposit the bonds and notes, while he, Mr. Clifford, went to his offices in Regent Street. When Miss Grahame received his card, she supposed, from the words which were penciled on it, that he was a friend of Mr. Beach, and so told the servant to show him up in a way that led the servant to think she knew him. I may leave to the reader's imagination the assurances he gave her that she had not one moment to lose in taking her property away from the bank, and the manner in which he deplored the dreadful calamity that was about to befall so many people. When they got to Greek Street, a neatly dressed maid-servant came out to ask Miss Grahame to come into the parlour to Mr. Beach. It was not until the hall-door was closed that she discovered how she had been trapped. She was then told that everything would be done to make her comfortable, but that she would be detained for about forty-eight hours. Of course, being perfectly powerless, she had to accept the situation. Aston and an accomplice of his, together with the woman who personated the maid-servant, and who was with Miss Grahame all the time she was in the house, had been apprehended by Mr. Durant and his assistants.

All the bonds and fourteen hundred pounds out of eighteen hundred that Miss Grahame drew from the bank on Monday morning were found in Greek Street. But the bonds and money had been taken with the prisoners to the police station, where Miss Grahame had had to go to make the charge. Of the remainder of the money two hundred and fifty pounds was afterwards found secreted in the lodgings of Mr. Beach's clerk—a man named Mullins. He confessed after the trial that the others had got their information from him ; and they were sentenced, the men to long terms of penal servitude, and the woman to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour. I may mention also that Aston had laid his plans so well that if he had had a few hours more the bonds would have

been converted into cash, and he and his accomplices would probably have escaped altogether.

"I think it is time to get to bed now," said Miss Grahame, after we had been discussing the matter for about half an hour.

"Yes," said Mrs. Grahame, "I am very tired, and I shall sleep well now that you are safe back again."

I got up to leave the room, but, to my surprise, Miss Grahame motioned to me to stay where I was. She went out of the room with her mother, but came back in a minute, and said hurriedly :

"Wait for a few minutes till I put mamma to bed ; I want to see you."

I sat down in astonishment, and waited, wondering what was going to happen next.

In about twenty minutes she came back, and said, as she put on her hat and jacket :

"It's all right now, mamma is tired out, and she has gone off to sleep. You must put on your hat and come out very quietly. Don't make a noise."

"Where to?" I exclaimed.

"Don't ask me now. I have a surprise for you. Come on quickly, but make as little noise as you can."

When we got out of the house, she walked quickly on to the cab rank in Guildford Street, while I followed her, wondering more and more at this new vagary.

"Where to, sir?" said the cabman whom she hailed.

"Euston Square Station, and drive quickly please," she replied, as we got into the hansom.

I thought it better to let her have her own way, as I had a curious suspicion that we were in some way approaching to an explanation of what I had seen on Friday night.

"I do hope we shall be in time," she said, when we got into the Euston Road.

"In time for what, for goodness' sake?" I asked.

"Oh, never mind, you'll see directly," was the answer.

"Where does the Stafford train come in?" she asked a porter, when we alighted at the station.

"Number three platform on the right, miss."

It was not more than five minutes before the train from Stafford came puffing in, looking tired, as I always think that trains do after a long journey. A number of heads looked out of the windows. A number of doors opened as the train came to a standstill.

For a minute there was a confused mass of muffled travellers, porters, bags, rugs, and boxes.

"There he is ! There he is !" cried Miss Grahame, starting from my side and rushing through the crowd.

I followed her as well as I could. But she was quicker than I was, and she must have been twenty yards away from me when she threw her arms round the neck of a fine handsome-looking young man, whose appearance seemed in some strange way to be familiar to me, and kissed him rapturously.

"Oh ! Arthur," she said, when I came up to them, "this is my brother Edward. Edward, this is Mr. Pemberton, who will be your brother before long."

As we walked back to Doughty Street, I learned his history, of which the following is a brief summary :—

Twelve years before the time I speak of he ran away to sea when he was a boy of fourteen. His first voyage was to Melbourne, and thence he had written home to say that he was coming back in a vessel called the *Caxton*. The day before the *Caxton* started, however, he changed his mind, and went in another ship to California to try his fortune at the gold diggings. There he made a good deal of money at first, but lost it almost immediately afterwards in gambling. Then for some years he had a very rough and tumble life, until latterly, when he got into a large firm in New York in which he had very recently become a partner. At first he did not write because he intended to give his mother a surprise by coming home with the money he had made at the gold diggings. When he lost this money, he did not like to tell the story of his misfortunes, and put off writing until he had some good news to relate. As time went on, it became more difficult to write, because he would have to commence by explaining why he had not written before, and end by telling a weary tale of continued ill-luck. Finally, when his fortunes had mended, which was only during the last few months, he determined to adhere to his old plan of not saying anything until he presented himself in person to his mother. He arrived in London at about five o'clock on Friday evening, having come to England on some business for his firm. When he got to London, he found that he would have to leave by the 9.15 train that night for Manchester, where he would be detained for a day or two. Then he started for Doughty Street, but stopped on his way at a shop in Lamb's Conduit Street, where his mother used to deal, and where the people knew him very well before he left England. The same people were in the shop still, and from them he learned, to his astonishment, that the *Caxton* had been lost at sea with

all hands, and that he was supposed to be dead. It at once occurred to him that it might give his mother a great shock if he were to go to the house before she was prepared to receive him. Accordingly, he wrote a letter to his sister telling her briefly what had happened, and asking her to come round to the shop in Lamb's Conduit Street to see him. The messenger brought the letter to Miss Grahame a few minutes after I had left for the hospital. She went out at once, and saw her brother in the parlour of the house in Lamb's Conduit Street. Mrs. Grahame was in a very delicate state of health at the time, and suffering very much from sleeplessness; and, as Miss Grahame knew that if her brother were to call and leave again that night her mother would not only receive a great shock, but would not have a chance of sleeping until he came back, they arranged that he was not to go to the house until he returned from Manchester, when he would be able to stay for some weeks, and that she was to break the news to her mother a few hours before his arrival. I need hardly add that the letter she received on Monday was from her brother, saying that he was coming back by way of Stafford on Tuesday morning, and that it was with him that I saw her on Friday night.

It is unnecessary for me to tell how the news was broken to Mrs. Grahame. She was almost delirious for some hours, and for days she could not bear to let her son out of her sight.

"I suppose you have been wondering why I did not tell you anything about Edward all Saturday and Sunday?" said Miss Grahame to me that evening.

"Yes, I have been wondering very much," I replied.

"Well, you see he ran away as a scapegrace, and then he had been leading a wild life for years. I thought that you would only have conceived a prejudice against him if I told you about him before you were introduced to each other. You would have thought he was a horrid, rough, yankee boor instead of the nice gentlemanly fellow he is."

We were married before he left London, so that he might give his sister away at the wedding, and, when I had passed my examination, Mrs. Grahame and Louisa and I went out to New York, where we stayed for some months at his house. Money is made or lost very quickly in the States, and some four years afterwards he retired from business on a comfortable fortune, and came back to England with a very charming little wife. We live near to each other, and Mrs. Grahame, who is a model mother-in-law, is in a constant state of transit between our houses.

PRINCE RUPERT.

THE history of England contains few figures of a more peculiar interest than that of Rupert, Prince of Bohemia and General of the Cavaliers. The interest which belongs to his story is the interest of romance. The life of Rupert is an epic—as wild, as stirring, and as eventful as that of any of the heroes of Homer, of Mallory, or of Ariosto. In truth, with these old champions of the legends he had much in common. The interest which the details of his life excite resembles the interest excited by the exploits of Achilles, of Roland, or of Lancelot of the Lake. Like them, he moved in a constant whirl of wild adventure ; like theirs, his fame is not the fame of a great general—of the brain that devises and the eye that foresees—it is the fame of the free hero who fights for his own lance. But no Homer, no Ariosto, has seized on Rupert's exploits and left them “married to immortal verse.”

What may be called the first division of his life—it ended with the field of Naseby—is that part of it which bears conspicuously the colour of romance. In its main events the story of that period is as follows :

Rupert was born at Prague in December, 1619. His race combined the splendours of two proud houses. His mother was the daughter of a king of England ; his father, Frederic, King of Bohemia and Palatine of the Rhine, traced his grey line through Otho back to Charlemagne, and beyond him, through the dusk of ages, to the fierce Attila who called himself the Scourge of God. Rupert's birth was celebrated at an hour of passing peace. But the fiery cloud of war, then wandering over Europe, was already drawing threatfully towards his father's kingdom. Soon the savage chime of arms began to be heard about his cradle. The banners of Maximilian were seen shining on the slopes of the White Mountain. The battle of Prague was fought—and lost. The beautiful city fell. Frederic and his queen were forced to fly ; and when at last, after months of hardship, they again found refuge, it was to look no more upon the palaces, the gardens, the bazaars, the proud spires, and the wandering waters of the fairest city in the world, but upon

the dykes and fens of Holland. The royal exiles found asylum in a palace at the Hague; and there for many years they continued to reside.

Rupert and his elder brother were sent to the University of Leyden. Rupert hated the classics; but his passion for reading books on the science of war caused him to pick up French, Spanish, and Italian readily. In the feats of the gymnasium he was soon without a rival; while his aptitude for arms was such, that at fourteen he was judged capable of commanding a regiment. With the pistol he became a deadly shot—a curious proof of which is said to be still existing at St. Mary's Church, at Stafford, where, many years after, on a wager with the King, he sent two bullets in succession through the weather-cock on the spire. Field sports of every kind were his delight. His mother had always been pre-eminently fond of hunting, and the boy, during his holidays, was sometimes allowed to join her parties. On one of these expeditions, Rupert and a favourite hound outstripped the rest of the party and became lost to sight. When the company reached the spot where they had vanished, nothing was to be seen but a pair of boots sticking out of a hole in a bank. The astonished hunters pulled at the boots, and presently pulled out the Prince, the Prince pulled out the hound, and the hound pulled out the fox. Nor were foxes' tails his only trophies. While he was still at Leyden, the Prince of Orange held a tournament for the knight-errants of his court. Rupert entered the lists, overthrew all his opponents, and was crowned at the close of the day, amidst the notes of trumpets and the shouts of thousands of spectators, by a fair lady, with a garland of flowers. He was then not yet fifteen.

It was the succeeding year that Rupert came, for the first time, to England, on a visit to the court of his uncle Charles. That court, then at the height of its gay splendour, was regarded by every sovereign in Europe with envy and despair. A king of fine artistic taste, a beautiful and pleasure-loving queen, had combined to make of it a sparkling and amusing world. It was a world in which genius was the slave of beauty. Vandyke was painting there the beautiful and noble faces, and filling his canvas with the peaked beards, the flowing locks, the plumed hats, the scarves, the ruffs, the lace collars, and the rich armour, in which his soul delighted. Ferabasco was setting knights and ladies dancing all night long to the strains of his bright and joyous music. Inigo Jones was laying out his terraces. Ben Jonson was displaying his masques.

It is true that even then, outside the palace walls, an angry sea

was rising. But, hitherto, the sun continued shining, though the tempest muttered in its caves.

Into this world of pleasure Charles received his nephew kindly, welcomed him to all the amusements of the court, and even promised to provide for him. But it was not very easy to decide how this was to be done. Several plans were suggested. Laud, with fine insight both into Rupert's character and into the good of the Church, proposed to make him a bishop. Then, on Rupert's surprising refusal to deck himself in lawn sleeves and a mitre, a plan was projected for sending him as Viceroy to Madagascar, with charge to send home every year to England an argosy of oranges, sugar, spices, turtle-shells, and gold. Why this scheme fell through does not appear. Rupert himself was eager to accept it ; but, for whatever reason, the expedition never sailed. It was then resolved that Rupert must pick up an heiress—and the daughter of the Duke of Rohan was the lady selected by the King. The match, however, came to nothing ; and Rupert remained about the court, without any very settled prospects or position, hunting, dancing, masquing, sitting to Vandyke, or studying the fine arts, for over eighteen months.

In the meantime, affairs in Bohemia were changing. Frederic and his eldest son were now both dead. Charles Louis, the next in age, was heir to the kingdom of the Palatines, in which the rotten old Duke of Bavaria now sat. Frederic had spent the last ten years of his life in futile efforts to regain his crown ; and, at his death, that mission had devolved upon his heir. But the Duke was shadowed by the banners of the empire ; and the army which, with infinite exertion, Louis had at last succeeded in collecting, did not, including a detachment of the Swedes, exceed four thousand men. With this array, however, such as it was, he resolved to fly at the throat of the old robber ; and his plans for the attempt were now mature. Rupert flung himself eagerly into the enterprise. Bidding adieu to masques and hunting-parties, he crossed over to his brother's camp, and plunged at once into the smoke of war. He was placed at the head of a regiment of cavalry ; and presently found himself, under the flags of battle, marching against Lemgo.

The road lay past a grim and scowling fortress, the garrison of Rhennius. Rupert, burning for battle, and careless of his enemy, was unable to resist the sight. He determined to assault the fortress with his troop of horse. The cavalry of the garrison, in twice his numbers, rushed furiously out at his approach ; and *then*, for the first time, the sight was seen, of Rupert riding at the charge. It was a spectacle afterwards to be witnessed with wonder and terror on many

a famous field. The enemy were swept away like chaff. A few fled back over the drawbridge and rushed into the town. There was not much more of real resistance than a rabble of camp-followers might have offered to the charge of the Tenth Legion.

Rupert, with colours flying and bugles singing, left the garrison to its meditations, and rejoined the cavalcade. The chief command of the expedition had been committed to Count Conigsmark; the Swedes were under a Scotchman of the name of King. Of these two officers, King was a traitor, who was only looking for an opportunity to forsake the cause; while the Count's sole thought in drawing up a battle was how to place himself most safely in the rear. It was under these auspicious leaders that the Palatines at length found themselves in sight of the spires of Lemgo, but cut off from that city by a large and dangerous body of Austrian horse.

The conduct of the two commanders, now that a battle was imminent, was exactly what might have been expected from their respective characters. King posted his infantry and artillery at a spot where they were likely to be useless, and refused to stir. Conigsmark selected a narrow defile, in which he drew up his forces in four lines, his own being the rearguard and well within the shelter of the gorge. Hardly were his lines in order, when the Austrians, in close column, dashed upon him. Their onset broke the first line instantly; and its flying masses, hurled back upon the line behind it, wrecked that also. The *third* line, which now came into action, was thus exposed at once to the rush of fugitives from its own side, and to the charge of the enemy's horse. This line was Rupert's.

The shattered lines, instead of meeting the assailants with a charge as fiery as their own, had chosen to encounter the attack on their own ground. This was an error which Rupert was in little danger of committing. On seeing the ranks before him waver, he turned round in the saddle, and shook his drawn sword in the air. Instantly the spurs flew into the flanks of his five hundred. The charge that followed swept the enemy headlong out of the defile into the open plain.

The splendour of this exploit was extreme. It is half pitiful, half ludicrous, to relate the cause which made it unavailing. It had now become the duty of the rearguard to dart forward in support of Rupert's charge; and, had this been done, the chance of victory might have been recovered. But the disaster of the foremost lines had been enough for Conigsmark; and the Count, with a white face and a beating heart, was already retreating up the gorge at the top of his speed. Rupert was left alone and unsupported in the midst

of tenfold odds. King looked on with unconcern ; the enemy had time to rally ; fresh troops were hurried up ; and though fighting every foot of ground with desperate courage, Rupert's men were gradually forced back into the gorge. Soon parties of the enemy began to gather on the hills above them, and to steal downwards among the boulders in their rear. Nothing so much resembles the spectacle which followed as some wild story of the ancient legends. Rupert's position was desperate ; his friends had forsaken him ; he was caught between the devil and the deep sea. At the foot of the only standard which still reared above the tempest the colours of the Palatines, he fought till every man about him fell. Then, collecting his strength for a final effort, he burst through the swords of his assailants, and put his horse at a stone wall. The exhausted beast refused the leap, and fell back upon his haunches. Before he could recover himself a score of curassiers rushed up, and Rupert was a prisoner.

His first experience of the field, thus ended, singularly resembles that of every field in which, in after years, he played a part. That day was fatal to his cause ; but it covered his own name with glory. And such was to be Rupert's fate through life. He never charged an enemy whom he did not scatter to the winds. At Rhennius, at Lemgo, at Worcester, at Edgehill, at Marston Moor, at Naseby—it was everywhere the same. It was his singular destiny to fight for the falling flag on every field, and to emerge from every field with added glory.

He was now the captive of the empire. His prison was appointed in the ancient Tower of Lintz—a rock-built, battlemented donjon, black with age, which looked gloomily upon the waters of the Danube. Except for the loss of liberty, however, he was put to no great hardship. It is true that Ferdinand, nettled at his abrupt refusal either to ask for pardon, to turn Catholic, or to fight under the Austrian banners, put him for a short time under guard ; but generally he enjoyed the freedom of the castle and the castle gardens ; and in course of time he even obtained leave of parole for three days together, during which he was free to pay visits in the neighbourhood of the castle, to hunt the chamois among the perilous crags which overhung the river, or to track, among the windings of the lower valleys, a fox, a wild boar, or a stag of ten. Nor was the ancient Tower a dungeon wholly given up to gloom. Count Kuffstein, the governor of the castle, was an old soldier, with whom it was no hardship for a younger to exchange a story, or to sit down to a flask of Rhenish ; while his daughter, Mademoiselle de Kuffstein, was a lovely girl, whose beauty and spirit consumed the hearts of numberless

adorers for ten miles up and down the Danube. Such society, even in a prison, makes time fly ; and, moreover, Rupert, even when debarred from hunting, discovered several means of lightening the burden of captivity. He studied chemistry ; he played tennis ; he practised with a rifle ; he tamed a hare, as a present to the Lady of the Tower ; he improved, with the same object, a device of Albert Dürer for drawing perspectives. He also spent much time and patience in training a magnificent white dog, of a very rare breed, whom he called Boy. This dog, who afterwards accompanied him in all his perils, became in time as well known in the field as his master, and almost as much dreaded ; for when Rupert's name had grown to a sound of terror in the ears of the Roundheads, his dog was regarded by the superstitious among them as a familiar spirit, who brought him unvarying success. Various extraordinary opinions arose respecting his nature and power. Some declared that he could swallow the deadliest poisons without injury. Some held that he was, in reality, a Lapland lady, who had been changed by enchantment into an animal. Some believed that he was a powerful wizard, and some that he was the devil. One thing, however, is certain—that no wizardry had rendered him immortal ; for, to Rupert's infinite regret, he was killed at last in the battle of Marston Moor, in the act of pulling down a Roundhead.

The Prince had need of all his devices to kill time ; for his captivity was long. Three years were wasted in negotiations for his release. At the end of that time he found himself at liberty, without other condition than his word of parole that he would not again take arms against the empire.

Those years had covered England with a gloom that deepened. Charles had now advanced to the verge of the war. The Queen was in Holland, employed in pledging the crown jewels, and endeavouring to raise supplies. Henrietta sent for Rupert, informed him that the King had appointed him General of the Horse, and was then expecting him in England. Rupert put hastily to sea in a small vessel called the "Lion," which was driven back by a tempest and nearly wrecked. He again set sail, and landed at last at Tynemouth in the dusk of an evening which, though the month was August, was as cold as winter. Impatiently refusing to delay his journey for an instant, he threw himself on a horse and rode forward. In the midst of a dark and frozen road the horse slipped, his rider was thrown violently against a jagged edge of rock, and dislocated his shoulder. The limb was set by a surgeon who was luckily discovered within half a mile of the spot. But Rupert, to his great vexation, lost some hours.

At length, in spite of every misadventure, he came up with the King. The place was Leicester Abbey. The time was evening—the evening which preceded a momentous day. War had not yet been finally declared. But the next morning, upon a rising ground within the park at Nottingham, the King unfurled his standard. An omen attended the ceremony which would have appeared to a Roman soothsayer as full of warning as a sacred chicken which refused its food, or a bullock found at the sacrifice to be without a heart. No sooner was the standard raised than a fierce tempest blew it down. Again the heralds raised it ; and again, as if the ancient elemental powers viewed with indignation the folly of man, the tempest bore the standard away. At last it was secured with strong cords to the flagstaff on the turret of the ancient castle, and the little blood-red flag of battle which streamed above it was seen shining afar out over the windy vale of Trent.

And now, in awful and splendid succession, the scenes of the Civil War begin to pass before us. At those scenes we shall glance rapidly, beholding, as in the rolling pictures of a panorama, a few of the varied aspects of Rupert in the field.

The Royal Horse, to which he found himself appointed, consisted of a few ranks of ragged troopers, ill-equipped with corslets, casques, and even swords. At the head of these, Rupert rode out of Nottingham. For a month he scoured the country day and night ; he stormed garrisons, taxed cities, despoiled the tormented Puritans of horses, saddles, swords, carbines, pistols, armour, doublets, plumes ; and at the end of that time rode into Shrewsbury at the head of more than three thousand followers, all mounted on good horses, armed with good swords, glittering from head to foot in coats of mail, gay with crimson cloaks, gilt spurs, and dancing feathers, and burning for battle with all the spirit of their chief.

With some five hundred of these troops he was resting, on an autumn afternoon, in some meadows outside Worcester. The day was sultry ; the men were hot and wearied ; and they were glad to take off their armour, which had become heated by the sun, and to lie down at full length in the deep grass, under the shadow of a clump of lime trees. No enemy was suspected to be at hand ; no watch was kept ; and the first signal of danger was given by a trooper who chanced to lift his head out of the deep herbage, and whose eye was caught by the sparkle of a coat of mail emerging from a narrow road which led towards the meadows. The alarm was just in time. A thousand horse, the picked troops of the enemy, clad in complete armour, had stolen upon them in the silence of the autumn

day, and were on the point of sweeping down upon their drowsy groups. Rupert snatched a sword, leapt into a saddle, and dashed bare-headed upon their ranks. His men flew after him. Four hundred of the enemy were killed on the spot, or swept into the river and drowned. The rest flew back into Pershore in a panic of fear. While the sight of their white faces and bloody spurs was striking terror into the people of the town, Rupert, with six standards, and a rich prize of horses, went leisurely back to pick up his armour under the lime trees. He had only lost five men.

Two days later he was riding out alone, for the purpose of reconnoitring the position of the enemy. Their camp was posted on Dunsmore Heath. On the road he came up with a country fellow, who was sitting on the shaft of an apple-cart, and flogging his horse in the direction of the camp. Rupert bribed the man with a guinea, put on his smock-frock and slouched hat, took his seat on the shaft, cracked his whip, and proclaiming in a loud voice that his apples were the finest and the cheapest in the world, drove coolly into the heart of the enemy's encampment. There he inspected their position at leisure, sold his apples to the troopers, and drove the cart back to its owner, who was holding his horse in the road. Then, taking off his disguise, and giving the man another guinea, he bade him drive in turn into the camp and enquire of the soldiers, "How they liked the apples which Prince Rupert had sold them?"

A month later, the full force of the King's army met the full force of the Roundheads at the battle of Edgehill. Rupert's share in that great action may be summed up very briefly. He won one portion of the battle. His allies lost the other.

On the morning of that day the royal troops were drawn up on the brow of the steep rising which looks down upon the Vale of the Red Horse. Below them, a wide plain stretched towards the town of Kington; and from the streets of the town the Roundhead army came streaming forth into the open ground. First came Stapleton's cuirassiers, glittering in bright armour; then the troops of Denzil Holles, of Lord Brook, and of Lord Mandeville, in scarlet, in purple, and in blue. Rupert looked upon their hosts with glistening eyes. The day was Sunday; the time was the middle of the afternoon; the church bells were ringing among the elms on each side of the valley; and among the enemy the forms of the dark-robed preachers could be seen, moving with eager gestures between the armoured ranks. On the King's side, the prayer of one brave man has been preserved for us: "O Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me!" Such was the simple and noble prayer of Lindsey.

Rupert, at the head of his cavalry, rode slowly down the steep. The rest of the King's army followed, and gathered in the plain. It is said that its plumed and glittering ranks were watched from the hills by a spectator whose name is written on the scroll of fame in letters more lasting than their own. From the slopes above the valley Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, is said to have watched, for many hours, the progress of the battle through a glass.

As the guns began to roar, Rupert, at the head of his brilliant troop, dashed forward at the charge. The ranks before him were swept back into the town in hopeless rout. Ramsey, their leader, drove the spurs into his horse and galloped towards St. Alban's. Lord Wharton fled headlong into a saw-pit, from which he peeped out at intervals at the Cavaliers despoiling his baggage, and thanked heaven that he was safe. Rupert, while his men were engaged in completing the victory and collecting the spoil, rode back, with a few attendants, to the field. He expected, as was natural, that what his wild energy had found so easy his allies had not found impossible. But the event had proved far otherwise. When he reached the field, he found the remnants of the two armies still engaged in a bitter struggle. The ground was strewn with the dead and dying; the royal standard was taken; and only a few noblemen were left about the King.

Rupert had no men with whom to charge. Night was falling; and before either side could claim a victory, darkness parted the contending armies. Lord Wharton crept out of his saw-pit, and made off to his own party. There was no moon; a biting wind was blowing; and Rupert and the King sat all that night beside a fire of brush-wood, which they kept burning on the hill-side. When day dawned, the two broken armies, like two wounded wolves, lay glaring at each other, neither daring to renew the fight. When night again fell, Essex drew off his shattered forces, leaving the empty name of victory to the King.

In reality, the only victor of that day was Rupert.

The King retired to Oxford; and gradually his court, which was now settled there, began to reassume some likeness of its ancient splendour. Rupert had rooms in Christchurch; and thence is to be seen, for many months, darting out at intervals, over the ancient bridge of Magdalen, to skirmish with the enemy, or to head the storming parties at the walls of towns and garrisons. At Brentford, which was the first to feel his power, his cavalry was stopped by redoubts of stones, and by barricades of carts, waggons,

tables, chairs, and beds, through which poured a ceaseless fire of musketry. Rupert headed a troop of foot, tore the barricades in pieces, rushed into the breach at the head of his cavalry, and swept the enemy out of the streets. At Lichfield, for the first time in English warfare, he employed a powder-mine. The walls of the Cathedral close, within which the enemy was ensconced, were too strong for his artillery. Rupert drained the moat, constructed a mine, and filled it with five barrels of powder. While he was thus engaged, the Puritans looked over the walls in fancied safety, or entertained their leisure, after the curious fashion of the godly, within the walls of the Cathedral. They hunted a cat about the nave, baptised a calf at the carven font, pulled down the images of saints and prophets, smashed the painted windows and the gilded organ-pipes, broke up the communion plate, and set all the bells in the steeple ringing in derisive peals. In the mean time the mine was ready. Rupert waited for the fall of evening. The match was applied ; a tremendous explosion was heard ; a yawning gulf, filled with smoke, appeared in the walls ; and the besiegers rushed in through the ruins. The enemy, in terror, instantly raised a white flag on the Cathedral, and surrendered. Rupert allowed them to march out under the honours of war.

On a Sunday morning in the middle of June his trumpets were heard ringing among the cloisters and quadrangles of the ancient city ; and presently, amidst the cheering of the people, Rupert and his cavalry were seen riding out across the bridge and through the city gates. He first fell upon Lewknor, an outpost of the enemy, where he seized a great number of horses, arms, and prisoners. Thence he pushed on through Chinnor, where he stormed another outpost, and came up with the main body of the enemy at Chalgrove Field. There he drew up his cavalry in a wide cornfield bounded by a hedge ; and in this position he waited, while the enemy, pouring down the slopes of Gelder's Hill, advanced on the other side of the dividing barrier. Presently their skirmishers began to fire their carbines between the roots of the low fence of thorn. That sound was Rupert's signal. He instantly rushed over the hedge at the head of his men and scattered their ranks to the winds.

It was in attempting to resist this charge that Hampden received the wound that caused his death. No reader of Lord Macaulay will have forgotten the pathetic picture of the dying patriot, as "with his head drooping, and his hands resting on his horse's neck, he moved feebly out of the battle." Within six days he was a corpse.

In the meantime Rupert rode back to Oxford. His troops were followed by a long train of prisoners, horses, captured standards, and baggage-waggons heaped with spoil. The huzzas of the townspeople and the smiles of the court ladies which greeted his return, could not be said to be undeserved. Within a space of forty-eight hours from the time he started he had ridden fifty miles, taken two outposts and many standards, fought and won a pitched battle, killed both the officers who opposed him, left a great number of the enemy dead on the field, and lost of his own party only five men.

Some time after this, Lord Essex, with a body of troops, was passing through the forests of Auborn Chace, eager to reach Newbury before the King. No enemy was suspected to be at hand and the earl rode carelessly through the flowery glades. The turf was soft and spongy, and the fall of a horse's hoof awoke no sound. Very suddenly a troop of riders, noiseless as a flight of phantoms, appeared among the distant beechen boles and came sweeping over the turf upon his ranks. The ghosts were Rupert and his cavaliers.

A sharp encounter followed. Essex was beaten back to Hungerford, and the King reached Newbury before him.

At sunrise the next morning, the two armies marched out to the encounter. The strife was bitterly contested. All that day the fight went on. Night fell; the losses on both sides were deadly; yet the victory was undecided. The King, with the fragments of his army, retired into the town. The enemy, equally broken, prepared to snatch a few hours of rest, for the trumpets were to sound for retreat at break of day. But twelve hours of desperate fighting had not sated Rupert. In the silence of the night he stole about the sleeping town, and mustered, by the gleam of the watch fires and the torches, a small band of men and horses. Moving out with these in the grey of morning, he caught the enemy in a defile, as they toiled away beneath their baggage, cut down a great number of them, and would have killed or taken many more, but that his men were dropping out of their saddles with weariness, and their horses falling down at every step.

It is in such adventures, of which these are but specimens of events that happened daily, that Rupert is best seen. In the great battles of the war, though his personal achievements were not less, his glory was eclipsed by the disaster of his allies. It is not by these that we can judge him rightly. And yet we cannot bring ourselves to turn away without one glance at the two great fields which were to follow—the fields of Marston Moor and Naseby.

Marston Moor! No battle-scene in history is more impressive

than that which is conjured up before the mind at the name of that famous field. As we pronounce the words we see again, as we have seen them in a hundred pictures, as we have read their story in a hundred pages, the sombre circumstances of that great fight. We see the sun setting in angry splendour, dying all the clouds with blood ; we see the fields of yellow rye in which the Roundheads were drawn up, and the gorse-bushes and the broken ground which was the station of the King ; we see the air dark with brooding storm ; we hear the fierce hymn rolled from the ranks of the Roundheads, mingled with the boom of thunder ; we see Rupert, in his scarlet cloak, facing the grim battalions of the Scots ; we see Cromwell, yet an unrisen meteor, praying at the head of his fierce host ; then we see the wild charge of Rupert, and the ranks of the Tartans whirled away before him like the leaves of winter ; and *then*, in the gloom of storm and darkness, the heart of the King's battle breaking before Cromwell !

It was Rupert's constant fate—and it was so at Marston Moor—to find that while the enemy had been flying like deer before him, his companions had been flying before the enemy ; and so it was to be again at Naseby.

It has been often stated that in that last great contest of the war, Rupert faced the forces of Cromwell, and was beaten back. This is an error. Rupert and Cromwell—the unconquered champions of their parties—never met. It is true that at Naseby Rupert eagerly sought Cromwell ; but Cromwell had taken the right wing, while Rupert believed that he was stationed on the left. Rupert on that day, as ever, scattered his opponents to the winds. Then believing, as at Edgehill and at Marston Moor, that the victory was won, he rode carelessly back to the field, and reined his horse on the crest of the overlooking hill. He instantly discovered his mistake. There in the vale below him he saw Cromwell, at the head of his men, with his helmet knocked off, and the blood streaming down his face from a wound above the eye, driving the Cavaliers in wild disorder among the low bushes of a rabbit warren. He saw the King strive to rally his men for a last charge. He saw an attendant lay his hand on the King's bridle, and turn away his horse's head.

Of what followed we are able, from descriptions which have come down to us, to form a singularly exact idea.

Rupert spurred his horse into the press, and fought his way to the King's side. They rode together from the field. On the crest of the rising ground which overlooked the plain they drew rein for a moment, and cast a last glance at the scene below them. The

Roundhead soldiers, drunk with victory, covered the whole field with a raging flood of men and horses. Such of their own party as were not riding off the ground were either lying among the heaps of slain or huddled together in groups of guarded captives. Mingled with the sombre banners of the Puritans, in which five Bibles were displayed against a ground of black, there could now be seen shining above the hosts of the victorious enemy the crimson folds of the Royal Standard, and the snow-white silken ensign of the Queen. From that sight the two spectators turned away their eyes, and rode silently together into the falling night.

The war was over. Rupert had ridden his last charge in England. Many and wild were the adventures which awaited him by land and water. But into these we must not enter here.

The scenes at which we have been glancing, briefly and rapidly as they have passed before us, may have perhaps attained the purpose of denoting in what light the figure of Rupert ought to be regarded. He is usually dismissed by historians with the remark that his character lacked the essential qualities that make a general great—foresight, patience, tactics, discipline. But it is not as a great general that we think of Rupert. The interest which surrounds his figure is of a different kind. He is one of the free seekers of adventure. His forerunners are the ancient heroes of romance : Achilles whirling in his chariot ; Eiradnus darting into the cave of Hugo the Eagle-headed ; Roland, with his sword Durandal, defying the ten kings. Such are the fit comparisons of Rupert in the field—such are the companion pictures which arise before the eye of fancy, as it views his black flag flying from the walls of conquered cities, or his white plumé shining in the front of battle.

H. GREENHOUGH SMITH.

FLOWER LORE.

A CATHOLIC writer has made it a subject of complaint that at the Reformation "the very names of plants were changed, in order to divert men's minds from the least recollection of ancient Christian piety;" and the Protestant Jones of Nayland, who wrote at the close of the last century *Reflections on the Growth of Heathenism among Modern Christians*, also complained that "Botany, which in ancient times was full of the Blessed Virgin Mary," was then as full of the heathen Venus. They appear to have thought that piety was in some way promoted by calling the daffodil a Lent lily, the pansy Herb Trinity, or the holyhock the Holy Oak; or that a man might be morally the better for calling the cranesbill Herb Robert, in memory of St. Robert, who was abbot of Molesme in the eleventh century, and the founder of the Cistercian Order. The old Catholic monks evidently tried to weave some Christian legend round every flower, or to connect it with some saint of the calendar; as when they called the campanula the Canterbury Bells, in memory of Saint Augustine; but often the meaning of their nomenclature has been lost, and the imagination can only vainly guess why the cowslip gained the name of Our Lady's Bunch of Keys, or the common dead nettle that of the Red Archangel.

But to this day the flower lore of Europe remains strongly associated with Christian mythology, and from the way flowers mixed themselves with legends of the Virgin or St. John the Baptist, we may learn how, in an earlier epoch, they entered into the stories of Zeus, Hercules, Indra, or Osiris. As the caroub-bean came to be called St. John's Bread, gooseberries his grapes, and the wormwood his girdle, so in the Vedas, one plant is known as Indra's food, and another as his drink. Just as in Roman times numberless plants were named after Hercules, it would be difficult to enumerate all the plants which claimed to be Our Lady's tears, her tresses, her mantle, or her smock. Thus does the general philosophy of a people tend to imprint itself on the common surroundings of life. In the flax-fields of Flanders grows a plant called the *Roodselken*, the red spots on

whose bright green leaves betoken the blood which fell on it from the Cross, and which no subsequent rain or snow has ever yet been able to erase. In Palestine, the same account is given of the colours of the red anemone, and in Cheshire, of the spots on the *orchis maculata*. The Crown of Thorns has in Germany given to the holly (holy-tree) the name of *Christ-dorn*, whilst in France it has caused the hawthorn to be called the "noble thorn" (*l'épine noble*), and in Italy it has been associated with the barbery. Catholic fancy believed that the St. John's-wort showed red spots on the anniversary of the beheading of the Baptist, and perceived in the Passion-flower of Peru the resemblance of nails. In the same way, the Turks see in the geranium a mallow that was touched by the garments of Mahomet ; whilst the Chinese see in tea-leaves the eyelids of a pious hermit, who, to resist his inclination to sleep, cut them off in despair and threw them away.

There is, however, a rather remarkable monotony in the poetical fancies about flowers, to which their various peculiarities have given rise. White flowers, as a rule, spring from tears, red ones from blushes or from blood. Thus in Bion's Idyl, anemones represent the tears shed by Venus for Adonis, whilst lilies-of-the-valley are in France the Virgin's tears. Catullus has it that the rose is red from blushing for the wound it inflicted on the foot of Venus as she hastened to help Adonis ; but, according to Herrick, roses lost their whiteness when, after being worsted in a comparison of their whiteness with that of Sappho's breast, they blushed and "first came red." So in Ovid, the fruit of the mulberry was originally white, till, after witnessing beneath it the sad suicide of Pyramus and Thisbe, it blushed for shame for ever. In Germany the heath owes its colour to the blood of the heathen slain in the sanguinary conversions of Charlemagne ; the inhabitants of the uncultivated fields, where the heath (*heide*) grew, coming to be called heathen (*heide*), much as in South Europe the inhabitants of the villages remote from the influence of the Church came to be called Pagans from *pagus*, a village ; so that our word *heathen* appears to be a derivative from our word *heath*.

In Herrick's "Hesperides" the blueness of the violet is accounted for by the fancy that violets were once girls, who, having defeated Venus in a dispute she had with Cupid as to whether she or they were the sweeter, were beaten blue by the goddess in her wrath. But in the famous Latin poem "Hortorum," by the Jesuit René Rapin, the violet was originally a nymph, who, to escape the love of Phœbus, turned into a flower, as she exclaimed in despair—

“ Formosæ si non licet esse pudicam,
Ah ! pereat potius quæ non fert forma pudorem ! ”
Dixit, et obscura infecit ferrugine vultum.

So too, according to the same author, the marsh marigold, or *Caltha*, was once a girl who gazed on the sun she adored till at last she assumed a solar hue :

Calthaque, Solis amans, Solem dum spectat amatum,
Duxit eum, quem fert, ipso de sole colorem.

The modern Italian name for the marigold is actually *sposa di sole* ; and one can imagine how the solar mythologists of the future will sagely prove that by the marigold Rapin meant the moon, which derives her light from the sun she adores, whilst they will refer the story of Phœbus and the violet into the change of the fair nymph-like daylight into the purple twilight and the withdrawal of the heat of the sun.

Rapin gives the following curious account of the origin of the rose. Rhodanthe was a lovely Greek maiden, troubled by many suitors. One day, pursued by the latter, she took refuge in a temple, where the people, in an ecstasy at her beauty, exclaimed, “ Let Rhodanthe be a goddess, and the image of Diana give place to her ! ” She was then raised upon the altar, whereupon Phœbus, taking umbrage at the insult to his sister Diana, turned his rays full against the new-made goddess. Her feet fixed themselves to the altar as roots, her stretched-out hands turned into branches, the people who defended her became protecting thorns, whilst her three chief admirers became respectively a convolvulus, a drone, and a butterfly. That was the end of Rhodanthe’s divinity ; and her story, too, may be commended to the solar mythologists as an allegory of the conquest of rosy-fingered dawn by the triumphant rays of the sun.

But so many of these stories of metamorphoses have no reference whatever to Phœbus that it is better to accept them as they stand, and as related to a primitive state of thought when everything in nature was looked on as interconvertible, than as bearing any real allusion to solar phenomena. There is Sir John Maundeville’s story of the origin of rose-trees. A fair maiden, the victim of slander, was condemned to be burnt in a field near Bethlehem. “ As the fire began to burn about her, she made her prayers to Our Lord, that as truly as she was not guilty, He would by his merciful grace help her, and make it known to all men. And when she had thus said, she entered into the fire, and immediately the fire was extinguished, and the faggots that were burning became red rose-bushes, and those that were not kindled became white rose-bushes, full of roses. And these were the first rose-trees and roses, both white and red, that ever any man saw.”

Rapin is full of metamorphoses of this sort. The tulip was a Dalmatian virgin beloved by the god Vertumnus. The nasturtium and cytissus were originally beautiful youths. The daisies were once nymphs ; the anemone was a nymph changed by the jealous goddess Flora into a flower ; the peony (from Παιών, the god of medicine) was another nymph, whose deep-red colour is the proof of her flagrant sin, not the blush of modesty. There is very little invention or poetry about these stories, and they strike one as wonderfully insipid ; but former times must have listened to them not merely with patience but admiration. One has only to recall the metamorphoses of Ovid : Clytie, deserted by Phœbus, following him as the sunflower ; Daphne, changed by her father Peneus into a laurel, to escape the attentions of Phœbus ; the Apulian shepherd, who passed into an oleaster ; the beautiful youths, who became respectively the narcissus and the hyacinth ; the sisters of Phaeton converted into poplars ; Cyparissus, changed by Apollo into a cypress, to relieve him from his grief for the stag he had killed. Our more recent ancestors must have had the same taste, at least in the days of the poet Herrick, as an illustration of whose manner may be quoted his account of the origin of heart's-ease :—

Frolic virgins, once these were,
Overloving, living here ;
Being here their ends denied,
Ran for sweethearts mad and died.
Love, in pity of their tears,
And their loss in blooming years,
For their restless here-spent hours
Gave them *heart's-ease* turned to flowers.

But precisely the same kind of flower-lore is found even so far as Malacca, for we find Argensola, in his "History of the Conquest of the Molucca Islands," giving the following native story of a tree which the Portuguese called "the sad tree," from the fact of its belonging to the class of plants which droop by day and flower by night. "The idolaters believe, or pretend to," he says, "that in olden days a person of singular beauty, daughter of the Satrap Parizatico, fell in love with the Sun, who having at first responded to her affection and become engaged to her, changed his mind, and gave his love to another ; that the first lover, seeing herself despised, could not bear it, and killed herself. In those countries it is still the custom to burn the dead body, and they say that hers was burnt, and that from her ashes sprang this tree, the flowers of which still retain the memory of her grief, and so abhor the sun that they cannot bear its light. This

plant is called in some places Parizatico, from the name of the father of this metamorphosed Indian girl."

This story, of course, might also serve the turn of the solar mythologists, but many will think it much more likely that it originated, as so many other stories of similar metamorphoses, from the effort of the imagination to supply an explanation to a botanical peculiarity. For the sun to love a mortal is a natural conception in a state of thought where the sun and other heavenly bodies are believed to be human; and where men and animals, stones, flowers, and stars are deemed capable at any moment of changing from one into the other. Many modern savages are still in that state of thought, and everything tends to show that it once prevailed among our own ancestors. It is a fair inference that as the peculiarities of the floral world became connected with the leading names of Christian theology, so they became connected in an earlier age with the gods of the Greek, Norse, or Hindu Pantheon, being often called after Zeus, Jupiter, Thunar, or Indra, not from any far-fetched symbolical relation to them, but simply from the natural part they would play in the legends of deities whose connection with earth was at least as close as their connection with the skies. And in fact the part played by plants in the stories of gods is a great obstacle in the way of that facile explanation of mythology which traces every legend of Zeus or Indra to some diurnal feature of the heavens or to some common phase in the history of a day.

Perhaps the most fantastic of all poetical metamorphoses is that told of the dandelion in "Hurdis' Village Curate," a poem of the nineteenth century. The difference between the glory of the dandelion when in full bloom and the grave hoariness of its decay is assuredly very striking; but who but a poet of first-rate fancy would have seen in these two stages of that splendid weed the contrast between the flashy undergraduate of a university and the grave divine of later years? These are the lines:—

Dandelion this,
A college youth that flashes for a day
All gold; anon he doffs his gaudy suit,
Touched by the magic hand of some grave bishop,
And all at once becomes a reverent divine—how sleek!

.
But let me tell you, in the pompous globe
Which rounds the dandelion's head, is couched
Divinity most rare.

Who after that will ever see the dandelion without thinking of divinity, or a divine without thinking of the dandelion?

Are we really to believe that the dandelion, from the French *dent de lion*, is so named because the French saw a resemblance in the plant's indented leaf to the tooth of a lion? How came they to be so conversant with the dental structure of lions? It seems more probable that in some country the plant was thought to be a magical protection against a lion's tooth, just as Bavarians still carry a certain plant about their person as a safeguard against the bite of a dog, and that thus the name spread so widely. One may be sceptical, too, about the name *caprifole*, or goat-leaf, which in French, Italian, and Spanish, as well as in the English of Spenser and Shakespeare, is the synonym for the honeysuckle. All the botanical books assure us that this is because it climbs rocks like a goat. But then there are hundreds of other plants which climb rocks equally like a goat. Perhaps the name was given from the partiality of the goat to the leaves of the honeysuckle. Anyone who has a goat could easily decide the point.

The names of flowers, when their real origin has been forgotten, would themselves naturally give rise to explanatory legends, which would often vary considerably. Thus the Greek letters *αἶ*, *αἷ*, thought to be discernible in the hyacinth, were interpreted to represent either the first letters in the name of Ajax, with whom the flower was connected, or the wail of Apollo for Hyacinthus.

Two reasons are given why the daisy (*the eye of the day*, according to Chaucer) is also called Herb-Margaret: one that it refers to St. Margaret of Hungary, martyred in the thirteenth century; one that it alludes to the famous penitent St. Margaret of Cortona, who amazed the world about the same time. The poet tells the story as follows:—

There is a double flowret, white and red,
That our lasses call Herb-Margaret,
In honour of Cortona's penitent,
Whose contrite soul with red remorse was rent;
While on her penitence kind Heaven did throw
The white of purity surpassing snow;
So white and red in this fair flower entwine,
Which maids are wont to scatter at her shrine.

But this is another case of a forgotten etymology giving rise to an explanatory myth. The word Margaret means pearl, and has nothing to do with either St. Margaret. The Greek for pearl was *μαργαρίτης*, which became in Latin and Italian *margarita*, and in French *marguerite*, and both in Italy and France the same word serves both for a pearl and for a daisy. In Germany, too, one of the synonyms for the daisy means meadow-pearl, the more usual term

Gänseblume, or goose-flower, being of even less applicability to St. Margaret the penitent, or St. Margaret the martyr.

The Forget-me-not affords another case in point. Some say that the flower was given as a *souvenir* by Henry of Lancaster when in exile to the Duchess of Bretagne. Others, that the name perpetuates the last words of a lover to his mistress, as he threw her the flower she craved of him at the cost of his own life in the Danube. Grimm traces it to the German legend of a certain luck-flower, which admits its finder into the recesses of a mountain or castle where untold wealth lies before him. When he goes away with as much as he can carry, he leaves behind him the flower to which he owes his fortune ; and, as he leaves, the words "Forget not the best of all" reproach him for his ingratitude, the suddenly closing door either imprisoning him for ever, or descending upon one of his heels and laming him for life. But there is a fourth tradition still. Adam, as he named the plants in Paradise, bade them all remember their names. One little flower, that paid no attention, had to ask the father of men, "By what name dost thou call me?" "Forget-me-not" was the reply ; which has caused that humble flower ever since to droop its head in shame and ignominy.

So many explanations all discredit one another. Perhaps the forget-me-not was once a flower most important among the prescriptions of a medicine-man, and therefore *never-to-be-forgotten* in the search for magic flowers. So it may be also with the pansy (*pensée*), which in Dutch is the forget-me-not.

Magic, indeed, was one of the earliest uses to which flowers were put, and to this day explains many practices and beliefs in connection with them. For the savage sorcerer herbs would suggest themselves as the readiest cure or charm, and their relative powers in averting evil spirits, in protecting from animals or tempests, in controlling the affections of the heart, or in curing disease, would form the main staple of his lore. In this way some real knowledge of the medicinal uses of the plants would be arrived at, such as we find in the old herbals of Gerard or Turner, and as exists often among savage tribes, far in advance of their knowledge in other respects. And as this knowledge of their medicinal virtues would not lessen the belief in their efficacy against witchcraft, thunder, and so forth, floral magic, which bears much the same relation to botany as astrology bears to astronomy, would long survive the transition of botany into a science. So it is that we still have so much floral magic. In Wales it is still lucky to have a house covered with stoncrop to avert disease, whilst in Germany the same plant serves to ward off light-

ning. It is curious to consider the number of plants gifted with this latter power. In the Netherlands St. John's-wort, gathered before sunrise, is held to be efficacious. Pliny mentions the *vibro*, which he calls *herba Britannica*, as a plant which, if picked before the first thunder of the year, was a safeguard against lightning. In the Tyrol the Alpine rose is planted on the roofs of houses against the electric fluid, and in Westphalia the *Donnerkraut*, the English orpine or live-long. Such names as *Donnerkraut*, *Donnerburt*, &c. would thus be readily intelligible, without our having to refer them, with Mannhardt, a learned German writer on the subject, to any fanciful relation to Thor or Thunar, the thundergod of Norse mythology.

The necessity of gathering certain plants before sunrise, as in the case of the St. John's-wort, or in the gathering of May-day garlands, goes back at least as far as Pliny, who tells us that some flowers, like the lily-of-the-valley, had to be gathered in secrecy, and therefore before daybreak, to ensure their efficacy.

In the Tyrol they can still point out by name the flowers which are good against witchcraft, curses, or lightning; and the use of the vervain, or holy-herb, worn in the shoe to keep off fatigue, may indicate the origin of our own word *speedwell*. Then there are plants that dispel evil spirits. The old name for the *hypericum*, or St. John's-wort, was *fuga dæmonum*; and the Russians still shake a plant, called the devil-chaser, against the arch fiend, if he comes to disturb the grief of a mourner. In the same country there is a plant that is useful for destroying calumnies spread abroad for the hindrance of marriages; and Albertus Magnus names certain herbs that have the wonderful power of restoring peace between combatants, or harmony between husband and wife. So that there is practically nothing too hard for floral magic to do.

These facts of actual flower-lore are of great importance in throwing light on ancient mythology; and when flowers are shown to have done for the gods precisely what they would do for sorcerers on earth, it is clear under how human and commonplace an aspect those deities were originally regarded. The Soma plant, by which Indra conquers Vritra, or puts demons to flight, does for him exactly what St. John's-wort, or *fuga dæmonum*, did only a few centuries ago for Europeans. The moly, by which the god Hermes enabled Ulysses to counteract the charms of Circe, did for him exactly what any Tyrolese sorcerer could do now for a man with a spray of juniper. The lotus, or nepenthe, that conferred oblivion, conferred a gift that any old herbalist could easily have supplied from the lore of his herbarium. And when we read in the Vedic hymns of plants invoked to avert

curses, to destroy evil, or to act as love-philtres, we see that sorcery must have played the same part in ancient India that to this day it plays in the Tyrol.

From the superstitious reverence that these magical virtues conferred upon the floral world, it is easy to see how naturally the most famous flowers, useful for so many mysterious purposes in life, would lend themselves to unlock many of the larger mysteries of the world. And thus we find that the sun, moon, and stars, which were often thought of as men, were sometimes thought of as flowers, as in the Indian cosmogonies; and in reversion of the process of thought which led Goethe to call flowers the stars of earth, stars might have been called the flowers of heaven. This conception throws some light on allusions to the gardens of the Sun, and explains how, in German mythology, admission to the skies was also an entrance into a paradise of flowers.

But a commoner though less simple theory traces the uses and legends of plants in mythology, not to the large part they played in sorcery, but to their supposed symbolical application to the phenomena of the solar system. From De Gubernatis' work on *La Mythologie des Plantes* some illustrations of this other method may be usefully gathered, in order to enable the reader to judge for himself between the merits of the rival theories.

Both in India and Europe a large class of the plants is named after parts of the lion. "The lion," we are told, "represents the sun; the planets which owe their name to him are essentially solar. Such is visibly the character of Löwenzehn, or Dent de Lion." (Then, how are Indian plants called after the elephant related to the sun, or, if they are not, what is their meaning?) The grass-destroying dæmon of German folk-lore, the grass-wolf, is the dog Sirius, the sun which at the end of July destroys vegetation, for the reason that in Sanskrit the word *vrika* meant both dog and sun. And the humble stonecrop, or *sempervivum* (*aizoon*), called by the Romans *occhio di Dio*, and still in French called Joubarde, or Jupiter's beard, refers either to the sun or moon, because either may be called the "everlasting" of the heaven.

The moon, as of next importance to the sun, plays a scarcely less conspicuous part in De Gubernatis' theory. The luck-flower, which opens or discloses treasure-stores, is evidently the moon, because the moon may be called the herb *par excellence*, the queen of herbs, which discovers the hiding-places of robbers. The plant mentioned by Ælian as a cure for the eyes, like our clary (so called because it cleared the eye), is explained mythologically as the moon or dawn,

which chases away the all-blinding darkness. The moly, which frees Ulysses from Circe, is the lunar herb, that is, the moon which enables the sun to continue its course. The *aglaophotis*, spoken of by Pliny as also called *marmoritis* from its resemblance to marble, refers to that luminous plant of the East, the dawn or the white. The flower of the fern, by aid of which, in Russian legend, the shepherd discovers his hidden cattle, and is also shown where treasure lies, is either the thunderbolt or the sun itself, which with its light tears open the darkest caverns of the cloud. The selenite (from *σελήνη*, the moon), used by shepherds, according to Plutarch, for preserving their feet from snake-bites, alludes to the moon that slays the serpents or monsters of the sky.

Such are ordinary samples of the solar method of interpreting plant legends. Many will think that the explanations are as farfetched as they are monotonous, and that they are only applicable to the facts they profess to meet by a most unnecessary distortion of the plain and simple meaning of the stories themselves. Why, when the simple explanation is at hand that is afforded by the influence and known practices of the magician and the sorcerer, resort for an explanation to a theory of the human mind which has nothing analogous to it in the mental condition of any known existing race of mankind?

J. A. FARRER.

THE IRISH DYNAMITARDS IN PARIS.

DURING a residence in Paris of nearly ten months—from the commencement of May 1884 to the middle of the following March—I saw and mixed with the Irish dynamiters in that city more than, perhaps, any other individual who was not a member of their notorious conspiracy. It is almost needless to say that I have no sympathy with the worse than treasonable views and opinions of those who are working their ends by means which cannot be too severely condemned, and which, if not stamped out, must be the cause of more mischief than almost any body of men banded together for evil has ever effected in the world. But there are so many people in England who have got utterly wrong views both as to the importance of the dynamiter work, and also respecting the absolute necessity of putting an end to the same, that the experience of one who has made the subject a study of considerable time and care may be interesting to those who have the welfare of England as well as of Ireland at heart.

It will, of course, be understood that I do not for a moment pretend to have been in the secrets of the Irish dynamiters. In relating what I have learnt during the period I mixed with them I violate no oath, nor do I betray any confidence. What has been said to me may be, and no doubt has also been, said to others who do not belong to the conspiracy. But few, if any, have studied the men who make it their boast that they will "free Ireland" by means of explosions of public buildings with more care than myself, or, as I hope to show, with more impartial or unbiased opinions on the subject in question. And here I may be allowed to explain that my original object in seeking out and mixing with the dynamiters in Paris was with a view to obtaining a true and impartial account of their doings for the paper of which I was the special correspondent. In this I was singularly fortunate: I was introduced to one or two of them, and gradually became acquainted with several others—in fact,

with all the chief men of the party. And it is only fair to say that during all my intercourse with them I experienced nothing but civility. They knew me to be a journalist, and as such gave me all the information they could without violating the oath of secrecy they had taken. Whenever I asked them a question which they could not, consistently with what they considered their duty, answer, they told me as much ; but I don't recollect a single instance in which they replied to any query of mine by an untruth. I have very many times argued with them, and endeavoured to show that their action was calculated not to advance, but to throw back, for twenty years or more, what they term "justice to Ireland" ; but I am afraid I made no converts amongst them. They listened to what I had to say with courtesy, but always returned to what they regard as their political dogma—which was that, all other means having been tried, and failed, England must be frightened into doing what is right, and into freeing the sister island altogether from the yoke of the Imperial Government. But I am bound in truth to say that although their anti-English and often loudly treasonable doctrines were not a little startling, they were never personally abusive in the manner they answered the opinions and arguments which I put forward.

Paris is, and has been for nearly three years, the head-quarters of the Irish dynamiters in Europe. Those who belong to the conspiracy and are resident in that city are about twenty or twenty-four in number. In England we have an idea that those who plot and work this secret warfare are mere vulgar loafers, most of whom make a living by their political scheming. Such is not the case. The Irish dynamiters in Paris are, with very few exceptions, men of education, and they are all more or less busy with their respective avocations or callings. Some of them are printers, two or three are journalists who correspond for American papers, others are mechanics or different traders, and a few have independent means of their own. But there is not one of them who receives anything in the shape of salary, or pay of any kind, from the dynamite funds. When any "work," as they call it, has to be done the funds are forthcoming ; but only to such an extent as will repay those concerned the expense to which they may be put. I have been credibly informed that on the occasion when the explosion at the Tower and at Westminster took place the outlay did not exceed £100.

One of the most curious of the many extraordinary facts concerning the Irish dynamiters is the manner in which they managed to take explosive material into England. But that they did so in spite of the most rigid rules concerning the examination of baggage is certain.

The dynamite they use comes nearly always from America. It is landed at Havre—a fact which says but little for the friendly vigilance of the French Government towards England. From Havre it is taken to the neighbourhood of Paris, where it is packed in different portable forms which makes its transport to England easy enough. I have been shown a case of silk dresses—a plain large deal box lined with tin. At first sight it would appear to anyone that this packing-case had nothing whatever peculiar about it. But a careful and very minute investigation would show that the lining was double, and that between the two linings a very large amount of explosive matter might with safety be stowed away. Hand-bags, hat-boxes, trunks, portmanteaus, and other travelling-gear, made with false bottoms, have been made and used for the same purpose ; and yet there has not been a single instance of dynamite being discovered in the baggage of any passenger from France to England. When the explosive material reaches London it is stowed away until required for use ; but where the place or places of stowage may be is one of those secrets which none save the initiated know. I have been told—and I don't think that my informant had any wish to exaggerate matters—that there was in London not long ago enough dynamite to blow up more than half of the public buildings in the City and West End ; and yet we never hear of discoveries of the kind being made by the authorities.

There is a very common mistake made by the English public in general, and by nearly all our newspapers in particular, of confounding the Irish Fenian with the dynamite party. In Paris, where all the different political conspirators avow themselves openly, the error is very soon rectified by those who take any interest in the subject. It is true that all the Irish who rebel against the authority of England may be classed as Fenians ; but the dynamite party object strongly to be thus designated ; and they have no more energetic opponents than, so to speak, the Fenians pure and simple. I never heard the use of explosive material as a political argument more strongly denounced than by James Stephens, the well-known Fenian of former days, who two years ago was residing in Paris ; and by another well-known leader of the same party, John O'Leary, who, his term of exile having expired, returned to Ireland in 1884. Nor, from all I have heard, have the dynamiters many followers in Ireland itself. The only country where they exist in anything like numbers is in the United States, whence come the funds by which their work is carried on. Paris, as I have pointed out, is the dépôt, or rather the post, of the advanced guard whence the war is carried on against England, the

latter being regarded as the enemy's country, which it is a matter of duty to injure and annoy as much as possible, in order that the nation may be frightened into making peace with Ireland at any price, even at the cost of allowing that country to proclaim herself perfectly free and independent of the British Empire.

When the dynamite conspiracy was first set on foot, some eight years ago, it was divided into three sections, viz. one that looked upon Donovan Rossa as leader, and of which those who belonged to it were called Rossaites ; a second which went by the name of the Emergency Club, of which the directing genius was Patrick Ford ; and a third, which was recruited from the more extreme members of the revolutionary club, entitled the *Clan-na-Gael*. These three parties have now virtually merged into one, of which the directing spirit is Donovan Rossa, by whose orders all the explosions in England took place. The head-quarters of the party are in New York, whence orders, money, and very often what are called executive agents, are sent to carry out the designs of the conspiracy.

Those who have not mixed with the Irish dynamiters are under the impression that all who belong to the party know the when and the where of any future explosion. This is a mistake. The three dynamite chiefs, who live respectively in New York, London, and Paris, decide the place and the time when action is to be taken ; and all details are left to the discretion of those employed in the work. But the members of the conspiracy residing in Paris invariably knew, and made no secret of their knowledge, that an explosion would happen somewhere or other in a day or two, and they were invariably right. With all details of any explosion they were fully acquainted very few hours after the event had taken place, and before any account of the same had appeared in the newspapers. On such occasions their rejoicings at what had happened were so far from being concealed that they made them as prominent as possible. One or two of the men concerned in the affair found their way to Paris almost as soon as the news, and were fêted accordingly by their fellow-conspirators ; the latter invariably boasting that the English police had not laid hands on any of them, and would never be able to do so. Every failure on the part of the authorities in London to find out the authors of one of those murderous outrages, and every attempt by the English detectives sent to Paris to get upon the right scent of the dynamiters in that city, was regarded by the conspirators as a victory of which they had good reason to be proud. The intense gratification they invariably expressed after an explosion had taken place would hardly be believed save by those who heard them. It

has been my lot to witness not a few national hatreds expressed by different races and people. Thus, the Italians were very much the reverse of complimentary to the Austrians until the latter were driven out of Lombardy and Venice. During the war between the Christians and the Druses of Mount Lebanon in 1860-61, there were very few amicable words spoken by one race of the other. Ten years later, when the Germans invaded France, even common civility between the two nationalities was, to say the least of it, extremely rare. But nothing I have heard, or read of, ever equalled the intense hatred which the dynamiters bear against England, and which they gave vent to on every possible occasion. To individual Englishmen they are courteous and civil; but towards the nation collectively, and more especially towards anyone connected with the Government, they show an implacable, revengeful, devilish abhorrence, such as has rarely been witnessed in the world. What makes this all the more extraordinary is that on all other matters and on all other subjects the dynamiters are mostly sensible and well-informed, and can talk on general topics like ordinary men of the world. But as regards their own affairs, they seem to have but one brief maxim, which is, that all England has done, is doing, or ever will do regarding Ireland is dictated by motives worse than fiendish, and that from the Queen down to the humblest employé in the service of the Crown, whether in their own land or in England, nothing but the most infamous conduct has ever been experienced or can ever be expected. As I said before, it is only those who have mixed much with them who can realise or believe in this intense hatred which they bear towards the English Government and nation. To hear them talk, anyone not acquainted with facts would believe that it is the special practice of officials in Ireland to send as many Irishmen as they can lay hands on to prison, and to keep them there as long as possible. Amongst very many of the French, who rarely trouble themselves to look into any subject beyond the surface, there is now a sort of undefined belief that it is only necessary to be an Irishman in order to be sent to a British Siberia, the geography of which is not exactly known, but which must exist somewhere. As an example of how very little our neighbours know regarding the Irish question, I may mention that shortly after the explosions at the Tower and House of Commons the moderate paper *La France*, which was looked upon as an organ of M. Jules Ferry's Government, attempted, in an article on the subject of Ireland, to justify, or at any rate to palliate, the dynamite movement, saying, amongst other things, that the Irish were Catholics, and that their religion was interfered with by the Protestant Government of England.

As an Irish priest to whom when in Paris I showed the extract said to me, "I should like very much to know when or where, for the last half century or more, the Catholic Church was half so much interfered with in Ireland as it is in France. At the present day, and for many long years past, the Catholic Church in Ireland is far more free, and very much less annoyed by the authorities, than in any part of the world, with the exception of Great Britain and the United States, and it is quite as unshackled in Ireland as it is in either of those countries." This, it must, however, be remembered, is not an argument, or plea, put forth by the dynamiters, but by a French newspaper, a would-be friend who tries to advance the cause by what everyone acquainted with the true state of the case must regard as utterly absurd. To do the dynamiters justice, it is very little indeed that they care about the Church to which they are supposed to belong. No doubt they are nominally Catholics; but, I may say without a single exception, all those I have met and talked to are more or less imbued with what has been the curse of France for so many years—infidelity or "free-thought," as it is called. They know that the conspiracy to which they belong is, like all other secret societies, anathematised by the Church, and that they will never be allowed to approach the Sacraments, will never be given absolution, unless they renounce all connection with the dynamite conspiracy. During the first days of February 1885 Dr. Vaughan, the Catholic Bishop of Salford, issued a pastoral letter in which he denounced secret political societies in general, and the dynamiters' conspiracy in particular. This document was copied into the English papers published in Paris; and I defy the most fanatical anti-Catholic Protestant that ever lived to have denounced the Bishop in more bitter terms than did the Irish dynamiters; of whom, be it noted, nine out of ten were, or at any rate had once been, members of the Catholic Church, and of whom two, if not three, of those in Paris were, *up to the age of two or three and twenty, educated with a view of being priests.*

There are certain facts concerning the Irish dynamiters which it is only fair to state. One of these is the astonishing manner in which they manage to become acquainted with all that goes on in the Government offices, either in London or Dublin, regarding themselves. It is a common, but a very true, boast with them that they know far more of what is going on in Scotland Yard, than Scotland Yard knows of what is going on amongst them. How, or whence, they obtain this information is one of the secrets known only to the initiated. Not once, but a dozen times, have certain of the members

in Paris told me that this or that measure against them was about to be taken in London, or that such and such a detective officer was about to arrive in Paris in order to keep an eye on their doings. At first I treated this kind of information as a pleasant invention, got up for the purpose of astonishing those who heard it. But I invariably—without a single exception—found it to be true; and after a time came to the conclusion that the dynamiters had certainly far better spies in their enemy's camp than the enemy had in theirs. Nor is the facility with which certain of the body go from Paris to London and back less surprising. With English police on the look-out for them, and though many of the leaders have their photographs in every police station, they manage to come and go whenever business calls them to do so. The dynamiters who directed the explosion at London Bridge, the Tower, and the House of Commons, put in an appearance at Paris a very few hours after these events had taken place, although they were, no doubt, very much "wanted" at the English seaports. Of one of these—who speaks French like a native, and who could any day pass for an educated Parisian—it is reported that he went out of his way at Dover to ask the inspector of police what was the latest news he the inspector had concerning the explosion at Westminster on the previous evening. The inspector believed he was not an Englishman, and gave him a very civil answer, little thinking that he was speaking to the individual who had directed the whole affair, and that a very handsome reward awaited any person who captured him. Never in the history of our own or any other country have more energetic measures been taken by the authorities to find out the working of a conspiracy against law and order, than by our police with regard to the dynamiters; and never has any action of the kind proved a more utter failure. The conspiracy is stronger and far more energetic than it was a few months ago, and every week increases its power for evil. The dynamiters in Paris boast that they never have been, and never will be, laid hands on by the Government of England. So far as the past is concerned they are certainly right; and unless there is a change in the way we attempt to investigate the matter, and a new departure is taken in the manner of bringing the culprits to justice, the conspirators will speak as truly of the future as they have of the past. Latterly a most extraordinary move has been made in the matter by our Government. For some reason or other, known only to themselves, the authorities ignore, or pretend to ignore, facts concerning the dynamiters which are patent to everyone acquainted with the subject. Thus, a meeting of dynamiters and other branches of the Irish revolutionary party in Paris was announced to

take place on Monday, February 23, 1885. But the French police being exceedingly active, and having full powers to act as they like with regard to any political meeting of more than a dozen persons, the Irish were naturally anxious to baffle them. The word was therefore passed amongst themselves that the meeting would be held on the Sunday instead of the Monday, and it was then held accordingly. Two or three English journalists, who were not in any way connected with the conspiracy, but in whose honour the Irish had confidence, were allowed to attend the meeting, on condition that they reported only such portions of the proceedings as were meant to be made public. This was done, and the account of what was said, and the resolutions passed, were by no means pleasant reading for any loyal subject of the Queen, or for any lover of order. As a matter of course people began to ask how it was that the authorities did not take some more energetic measure than heretofore to crush the dynamitic conspiracy. What was the result—what the reply virtually given to the question that everyone was asking? Why, that in all the morning papers of the February 27 there appeared a semi-official announcement to the effect that the Government had “carefully inquired into the newspaper reports of a meeting of conspirators said to have been held in Paris with the avowed object of destroying buildings in this country, and have ascertained that the statements have no foundation.” A cleverer manner of getting out of a difficulty has seldom, if ever, been heard of. That the meeting *was* held, and that resolutions of destroying buildings in this country were proposed and carried, is a fact which not only the dynamiters in Paris, but at least three English journalists who were present, could swear to. It does not need any very profound reasoning to show that those who belong to the conspiracy dare not, and those who do not belong to it could not, in honour come forward to swear, but the fact of the meeting having taken place was true. When the above semi-official announcement appeared in the papers the dynamiters were delighted. Of two things, one, they said, either the English authorities do, or do not, believe that the meeting took place. If they do believe and yet deny the fact, they simply admit, what everyone knows to be the case, that their detectives in Paris tried their best to be admitted to the meeting, but utterly failed in their attempt. If, on the other hand, they do not believe that it took place, so much the better for us. Henceforth we may with impunity do what we like, for the information of the English authorities must be worse than bad about all that concerns us and our doings.

But apart from this worse than silly manner of denying what

many people in Paris know to be a positive fact, it would seem as if the home authorities had resolved upon making as light as possible of all that concerns the dynamite conspiracy. Were it not so, would an attempt not be made to enter into something like an international agreement with France, so as to secure extradition of Irishmen who are busy plotting in Paris the destruction of public buildings and other property in England? To say that in this matter we are sleeping upon a barrel of gunpowder, is to give but a very faint notion of the danger incurred as long as the dynamite conspiracy is not hunted down and stamped out. I repeat that no one who has not mixed for a considerable time with the Irish dynamiters can possibly understand the intense energy and hatred towards British rule which guide them. Their political creed may be summed up in a very few words. They believe most firmly that it is their bounden duty as Irishmen to free their country not only from the Government of the British Empire, but even from any alliance with England. What they aspire to, and what they declare openly they have sworn to obtain, *is not merely the repeal of the Union, but the establishment of a perfectly independent Irish Republic.*

To obtain this by parliamentary, or what is called constitutional, means they admit to be perfectly impossible. They therefore declare that the only manner of obtaining their ends is by frightening England and the English people until at last we shall be only too glad to let Ireland go her own way. This they propose doing, and declare they have already in some measure done, by means of explosions and destruction of public buildings. It is true that we may afford to laugh at this wild, and worse than savage, programme ; but having justice and common sense on our side will not save us from repetitions of what has been already witnessed at the Victoria Station, the Tower, and the House of Commons. For several days before the last explosion took place the dynamiters in Paris declared openly that there would very shortly be in London a far greater "scare" than had ever yet been known in the shape of an explosion ; and they now say that a still more destructive explosion will take place in the not-very-far-off future. Surely with such a warning we ought to take steps in the way of that prevention which is proverbially better than cure. It is by no means impossible that before these lines appear in print, the inhabitants of London may again be frightened by a repetition of what has been before, only on a much larger scale than has hitherto occurred. To do the dynamiters justice, they never threaten in vain ; and as yet they have proved that their mad and undying hatred to England is by no means mere talk. Their boast

now is that destructive and intimidatory as have been the explosions that have taken place, the worst is still to come, and that the damage they have caused in London is a mere nothing to what they will do ere long if their demands regarding what they call the liberation of Ireland are not complied with.

In money as in other matters the dynamiters have lately been extremely fortunate. In addition to the large, increased, and every year increasing, sums subscribed to these funds by the vast mass of Irish Americans in the United States, they have, or rather their leader Donovan Rossa has, had a legacy of no less than £10,000 bequeathed to the conspiracy for the purpose of carrying on the dynamite war against England. This money will not be available for a few months yet, but when it is so we shall no doubt see a greatly increased activity on the part of the conspiracy. One of the leading men of the party told me in Paris not long ago, that the simultaneous explosions at the Tower and Westminster were, so to speak, experiments, and that in future attempts would be made to blow up, not two, but half a dozen buildings at the same time.

More than enough has been said to prove the great danger hanging over England from this conspiracy against life and property. A few more "scares" like what followed the last explosion would be destructive to anything like a feeling of security either in London or any of our large towns. The question naturally arises as to what are the best means of putting a stop to that which may with truth be designated as the most abominable conspiracy of modern times, and that has rarely, if ever, been exceeded in villainy since the world began. One thing is very certain: no half measures will ever accomplish the desired end. The dynamiters have not only stated again and again that they will never cease their diabolical work until their ends are gained, and the Government ought to meet them in the same uncompromising spirit. As yet literally nothing has been done to accomplish the desired end. There are in Paris a few English detectives who follow the leading men of the dynamiters, keep watch at the doors of the houses where some of them are supposed to live, and with that their mission appears to end. In the meantime hardly a week passes without one, two, or more Irish-American dynamiters' arrival from the United States in Paris, where their infernal plots are matured, and the result shown in the explosions which take place from time to time in London. The English detectives are as well known in Paris as life-guardsmen are in London. There is something or other about them which can never be mistaken. They are, no doubt, honest painstaking men, and do all they possibly can to

discover the working of the company, but without anything like even a partial success. The waiters in the cafés have got to know "les mouchards Anglais" (the English spies), and point them out with a certain amount of respect, wondering not a little what has brought them over to Paris. It is not by means of such men that we shall ever lay hands upon the Irish dynamiters in Paris; and until we do so—until we make the offence a capital crime for those convicted of it—the present state of affairs will, no doubt, continue. It is hardly fair to throw all the blame of non-discovery of the criminals upon the English authorities, for unless the latter are helped by the French Government they can do little or nothing. But could not some international treaty be entered upon by which effective aid might be given to those sent to Paris by the British Government? The French would complain somewhat bitterly if there existed in London a conspiracy of their countrymen whose object it was to destroy by explosive materials Notre Dame, the Palais Bourbon, the Louvre, or the Hotel de Ville. Can we be expected to feel less keenly when a band of conspirators meet in Paris with the avowed intention of wrecking the Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's, the Law Courts, Buckingham Palace, and the Mansion House? If any such French conspiracy existed in England, there is not an Englishman in the land who would not do his utmost to crush it. But our neighbours take anything very easy provided it does not concern themselves; and it is doubtful whether even their Government will ever help us effectually to contend with the dynamite conspiracy. If they do so, and give that aid which we have a right to expect from a friendly power, the task might soon be accomplished and the work brought to an end. If they hold aloof as they have hitherto done (and *La France*, which is the organ of the Opportunists, sympathises openly with the enemies of England), the result will be very much longer before it can be brought to a satisfactory end. But still it could be done. What we require to counteract the dynamite conspiracy in Paris is a really effective secret police; men who can and will mix with the enemy, and track him when required to do so. English or Irish ordinary detectives are no use whatever for this work. They serve merely as a standing joke for the members of the conspiracy. The notion of disguised spies in the pay of the police may not seem very "English," but it is the only possible method of overcoming that which will otherwise, in a great measure, crush us. If the French Government will help us, and—as it ought certainly to do towards a friendly nation in such an emergency—give our police agents in Paris the right, at any rate for some time to come, of

laying hands upon whomever they suspect of being connected with the dynamite conspiracy, so much the better. But if they will not do this we must fight the battle ourselves. In the latter case the contest will be longer; but, if properly managed, the cure will be not the less certain. In the meantime our position is by no means an enviable one. Still less is it creditable to us as a nation. We have a determined and implacable enemy at our very door, who is master of the situation, and who does not for a moment dream of disguising either his animosity or his determination to attack us again and again until he obtains what we never can, and never will, grant him. The war is one to the knife; but it is one in which neither England nor the immense number of sober-minded Irishmen are to blame. The dynamiters have not only said, but they have shown by deeds that they mean what they say, that a war of terror is to be carried on against us. Men like these cannot, and, to do them justice, they declare they do not, expect any mercy from their enemy. They have resolved upon a campaign which has carried, and will yet carry in a far greater degree than hitherto, dismay into thousands of households. For such men no punishment is too severe; and it will be strange if in the long run they do not come off second best. In the meantime the English authorities, by officially ignoring what everyone who has lately been in Paris knows to be true, have decidedly lent a helping hand to the most dangerous conspiracy that ever threatened the peace and welfare of the nation, while, at the same time, it is utterly opposed to the views of, and loudly condemned by, all the other Irish political parties. Once more I repeat that the danger of the dynamite conspiracy is far greater than the immense majority of people believe, and that unless the most vigorous method of subduing it is put in practice without delay we shall, when too late, regret most bitterly our apathy and want of enterprise in not putting it down whilst there was yet time. Everyone who has mixed with the dynamite party, noted what they say, and seen how true their threats inevitably are, will agree with me in the vital importance of the conspiracy being put an end to with the least possible delay. Rarely, if ever, in the history of the world, and certainly never in the history of this country, has there existed any plot or conspiracy so repugnant to the laws of mankind or so openly and defiantly at war with all that society respects and esteems throughout the civilised world.

It is true that since my sojourn in Paris of which I have spoken in this paper, certain changes have taken place amongst the dynamiters in Paris. One or two of them have been banished from France by

order of the French Government, at the instigation of the English executive. Amongst others, the Fenian James Stephens, who never had anything whatever to do with the dynamite conspiracy, and who for several years has kept himself perfectly free from everything like political intrigue, has been sent across the frontier, and is now living in Switzerland. But it is by no means improbable that certain recent events in the political world will cause the conspiracy to begin active work again, and if so, the authorities in England can hardly plead ignorance as to where these active agents of Donovan Rossa are to be found, and how a stop can be put to their diabolical intrigues against order, law, and life.

MALCOLM LAING MEASON.

MUSIC AND MEDICINE.

GEORGE ELIOT, in one of her early works, has given a powerful description of a girl taking refuge in music from her own passion. "Caterina," runs the narrative, went away and sat down to the harpsichord in the sitting-room. "It seemed as if playing massive chords, bringing out volumes of sound, would be the easiest way of passing the long feverish moments before twelve o'clock. Handel's 'Messiah' stood open on the desk at the chorus 'All we like sheep,' and Caterina threw herself at once into the impetuous intricacies of that magnificent fugue. In her happier moments she could never have played it so well ; for now all the passion that made her misery was hurled by a convulsive effort into her music, just as pain gives new force to the clutch of the sinking wrestler, and as terror gives far-sounding intensity to the shriek of the feeble." This is no exaggerated conception of the power of music at times on the human mind ; for, as Herbert Spencer remarks, "it arouses dormant sentiments of which we had not conceived the possibility, and do not know the meaning ;" or, as Richter says, "tells us of things we have not seen and shall not see." Mr. Darwin, too, has remarked in his "Descent of Man" (1874, p. 571), how "music arouses in us various emotions, but not the more terrible ones of horror, fear, rage, etc. It awakens the gentler feelings of tenderness and love, which readily pass into devotion. In the Chinese annals it is said, 'music hath the power of making heaven descend upon earth.' It likewise stirs up in us the sense of triumph and the glorious ardour for war." Indeed, amongst the most primitive races we find the same ideas very strongly represented in their social habits ; music being regarded as an enchanting influence whereby even evil deities are overpowered and temporarily deprived of their sway over mortals. Hence, it is not surprising that, in semi-civilised countries where it is commonly believed that sickness is produced by evil spirits, one of the ordinary methods of driving these away from the patient, should be by the effect of music. As Mr. Buckle,¹ moreover, has pointed out, we may expect to find this form

¹ *History of Civilisation*, 1867, ii. 477.

of superstition in greater force in those communities where medical knowledge happens to be most backward, or where disease is most abundant. In countries, therefore, where both these conditions are fulfilled, the superstition is supreme. Accordingly, Professor Monier Williams¹ informs us, describing the devil dances of Southern India, how when pestilences are rife, exceptional measures are taken to entice and draw off the malignant spirits supposed to cause such visitations by inducing them to enter into these wild dances, and so by this means become dissipated. In certain districts, too, Schoolcraft, in his "Indian Tribes," tells how all diseases are treated alike, being referred to one cause—the presence of an evil spirit which must be expelled. This the medicine-man tries to banish by making certain incantations intended to secure the assistance of the spirits he worships, and then he proceeds to make all kinds of frightful noises and gestures. Among the Araucanian Indians,² the hut in which the patient lies is illuminated with a number of torches, in a corner of which is placed a large branch of cinnamon, to which is suspended the magic drum. A band of women then sing aloud and beat upon little drums, during which time the medicine-man, by various gesticulations and contortions, exorcises the evil spirit which is supposed to be the cause of the malady. Occasionally, we are informed, he will suddenly display a spider, a toad, or some other supposed obnoxious animal which he pretends to have extracted from the body of the sufferer. We may note here, that this idea of animal spirits causing disease is by no means uncommon among uncivilised races. Thus with the Northern Californians, snakes and reptiles get most of the blame for sickness, and among the wild tribes of Mexico the animals generally guilty are monstrous ants or worms.³ Again, the natives of Brazil imagine that disease is produced by the spirit of some animal entering the body of the patient, in revenge for some wrong.⁴ Accordingly, the chief of the tribe, who acts as physician, asks the patient if he has offended a tortoise, deer, or other animal. Once more, the Abipones of Paraguay believe that if anyone happens to give the flesh of a tortoise, stag, or boar to dogs, it is an indignity to these animals, and that punishment will overtake him.⁵ The Indian tribes in Columbia and Vancouver Island have a curious method of

¹ *Indian Wisdom.*

² See *The Araucanians*, by E. R. Smith, 1855, 235; Engel's *Musical Myths and Facts*, ii. 91.

³ Bancroft's *Native Races*, i. 640.

⁴ See Dorman's *Primitive Superstitions*, 54.

⁵ See Schoolcraft's *Indian Tribes*.

curing disease by music, an interesting account of which is given by R. C. Mayne in his "Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island" (1862, p. 261) :—"Towards night the doctor came, bringing with him his own and another family to assist in the ceremony. After they had eaten supper, the centre of the lodge was cleared and fresh sand strewed upon it. A bright fire of dry wood was then kindled, and a brilliant light kept up by occasionally throwing oil upon it. I considered this a species of incense offered, as the same light would have been produced by a quantity of pitch-knots which were lying in the corner. The patient, well wrapped in blankets, was laid on her back with her head a little elevated, and her hands crossed on her breast. The doctor knelt at her feet, and commenced singing a song, the subject of which was an address to the dead, asking them why they had come to take his friend and mother, and asking them to go away and leave her. The rest of the people then sang the chorus in a low, mournful chant, keeping time by knocking on the roof with long wands they held. As the performance proceeded, the doctor became more and more excited, singing violently and loudly, with great gesticulation, and occasionally making passes with his hand over the face and person of the patient, similar to those made by mesmeric manipulators." It should be observed, too, that amongst most uncivilised communities these musical ceremonies have a close resemblance. Thus, among the Mapuches, where disease is attributed to an evil spirit, the medicine-man makes himself as horrible-looking as he can, beating a drum and working himself into a frenzy until he falls to the ground with his breast jerking convulsively. At this stage of the proceedings, a body of young men outside the hut begin yelling and running round the hut with lighted torches. If this does not frighten the evil spirit away, then the illness is attributed to witchcraft.¹ Similarly, the Abipones place "an immense drum which makes a loud bellowing near a sick person's head to frighten away the evil spirit." In Burmah, when severe illness of any kind has baffled the greatest skill, it is customary to abandon all further medical treatment, the patient's complaint being supposed to be caused by an evil spirit which must be driven away before any hope of recovery can be expected. This is accomplished by means of music and dancing, during which certain mystic rites are performed.² Amongst the New England Indians music and singing are much employed, and are regarded as possessing a magic influence over disease. Amongst the tribes of the North-West,

¹ See Wood's *Uncivilised Races*, ii. 562; Dorman's *Primitive Superstitions*, 55.

² Winter's *Six Months in British Burmah*, 1858, 161.

writes Mr. Dorman,¹ the medicine-men in their practice generally begin by singing, accompanying it with rattles or something that will make a great noise. They get more excited as time passes, if quieter methods do not succeed. According to Mr. Swan,² one of the most violent of their doctors around Shoalwater Bay was always called when the others failed, whose operations he thus describes :— “ Old John came bringing with him his family of some half-dozen persons, who aided him in the cure by attacking the roof with long poles. Old John sat at the patient's feet with his head covered up with a blanket for some time. All at once he threw off his blanket and commenced to sing and throw himself about in the most excited manner, rattling large scallop-shells, the chorus in the meantime keeping up their pounding on the roof, and also on a couple of tin-pans and a brass kettle. He soon mesmerised his patient till she was asleep, when he pounced upon her breast with his whole weight and scraped his hands together as if he had caught something, which he tried to blow through his hands into the coals.” Of course we have the same idea here of illness being caused by some kind of evil spirit which must be banished.

To give one further illustration of these music cures, we are informed by Abbé Huc in his interesting volume on “Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China” (1844, vol. i. p. 76), how on one occasion when a certain lady was attacked with an intermittent fever, she was informed by the doctor that a demon of considerable rank was present, and that no time must be lost in expelling it. Eight more doctors were forthwith called in, who constructed of dried herbs a puppet, which was termed the “Demon of Intermittent Fevers,” and placed in the patient's tent. They then ranged themselves in a semicircle round the upper portion of the tent with cymbals, bells, tambourines, and other musical instruments, while the members of the family assembled, completed the circle. At a given signal the music struck up, at the conclusion of which the chief doctor opened his book of exorcisms, and after abusing the puppet with fierce invectives, he struck up “a tremendously noisy chorus in hurried, dashing tones; all the instruments here set to work.” In addition to this, everyone made as much noise as possible, the proceedings terminating by the burning of the herb figure.

It has been stated that idiots appear to most advantage when under the influence of music, and that there are very few cases which are unaffected thereby.³ Thus we are told how a new life is

¹ *Primitive Superstitions*, 356.

² *Wash. Ter.* 176.

³ See *Chambers's Journal*, 1857, p. 377-379; and D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*.

infused into these unfortunate persons by the harmony of sweet sounds : "all exhibit pleasure ; some move their bodies in time to the air which is played, others sing after their own fashion ; some even of the most torpid when looking on for some time as some of their less apathetic companions dance, suddenly become animated, start up, and dance in their own way. Mr. Plott in his 'History of Staffordshire,' relates the case of an idiot who, chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck ; the clock being spoiled by accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was entire." Indeed, in mental cases, music from the earliest period has been considered highly efficacious, and it is recorded how both Pythagoras and Xenocrates cured maniacs by melodious sounds. Coming down to modern times, much has been written on the subject, and experiments of various kinds made with more or less success. Music, as a remedy for insanity, is alluded to by Shakespeare in "Richard II." (Act v. scene 5), where the king says :

This music mads me : let it sound no more ;
For though it help madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.

And again referring to music as soothing the spirits and inducing sleep, we may quote the touching passage in "Henry IV." (Act iv. scene 5) where the king says :

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends ;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
Wor. Call for music in the other room.

Ariel, too, it may be remembered in "The Tempest" (Act ii. scene 1) enters playing solemn music to produce this effect. Once more, music as a cure for madness is perhaps alluded to in "King Lear" (Act iv. scene 7) where the physician of King Lear says : "Louder the musick there !" ¹ Mr. Singer, ² however, speaking of this passage, says : "Shakespeare considered soft music favourable to sleep. Lear, we may suppose, had been thus composed to rest ; and now the physician desires louder music to be played, for the purpose of awakening him." So in "Pericles," Cerimon, to recover Thaisa who had been thrown into the sea, says :

The rough and woeful musick that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.

¹ Halliwell Phillipps, *Handbook Index to Shakespeare*, 1866, p. 333.

² *Shakespeare's Works*, 1875, ix. 461.

Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" (1881, p. 367), has given an elaborate account of the medical qualities of music, and speaking of its influence on the mind, says: "Besides that excellent power it hath to expel many other diseases, it is a sovereign remedy against despair and melancholy, and will drive away the devil himself." M. Burette was of opinion, too, that music has the power of affecting the whole nervous system so "as to give a temporary relief in certain diseases, and even a temporary cure." Among some of the well-known modern instances of music as a cure for mental complaints, may be mentioned the remarkable case of Farinelli on Philip of Spain. It is related that this monarch was in such a deplorable state of despondency that he even refused to be shaved or to appear in public. Accordingly, when all other remedies failed, the Queen resolved to try the effects of music, and arranged for Farinelli to sing in a room adjoining the King's chamber.

At the Queen's request he sang two of his best airs, which so overpowered the King that he ordered Farinelli to be brought into his presence, when he promised to grant him any reasonable request he might make. In the most respectful manner Farinelli begged of the King to allow himself to be shaved and attended by his domestics, to which he assented. Before many days had passed, the voice of Farinelli accomplished what no medicine had succeeded in doing—the restoration of the King's health.¹ Again, Jacques Bonnet,² in his "*Histoire de la Musique et de ses Effets*" (Amsterdam, 1725), tells us how, when at the Hague in the year 1688, he was entertained by one of his friends then in the service of the Prince of Orange, with the performance of three first-rate musicians. This was the remedy, he informed him, which his master employed to get rid of melancholy whenever he was therewith oppressed. Cases of this kind are very numerous, and form an interesting chapter in the history of medicine in bygone years.

Thus music is reported to have exercised a remarkable influence over the Flemish painter, Hugo Van der Goes, who, towards the close of a laborious life, entered the Convent of Rooden Clooster, a *rouge cloître* near Brussels, and spent there the last of his days. The cause of his determination "to take the frock" remained a secret, but the stories of his demeanour and conduct, chronicled in the annals of the monastery, show that he was frequently assailed with doubts as to the prospect of his salvation in the next world; and that these

¹ Millingen's *Curiosities of Medical Experience*.

² See *Medica Musica: or a Mechanical Essay on the Effects of Singing, Musick, and Dancing on Human Bodies*, by Richard Browne, 1729.

doubts at last drove him mad. Numbers of people of rank, the Archduke Maximilian among the rest, constantly came to see him and admire his pictures ; and through their intercession he obtained permission to frequent the guest-room and join the strangers' dinners. Five or six years after he professed he went with his brother Nicholas and others to Cologne, and on his return he was seized with such a hot fit that but for his friends he would have laid violent hands on himself. He was brought back with difficulty to Brussels, and there the prior, who had been sent for, endeavoured to soothe his passion with the sound of music ; but for a time nothing would quiet him, and he laboured long under the delusion that he was a "son of perdition."¹

The case is related of a man in Yorkshire who, some years ago, after severe misfortunes, lost his senses, and was placed in a lunatic asylum. There, in a short time, the use of the violin gradually restored him to his intellects ; and at the end of six weeks after the experiment, on hearing the inmates of the establishment passing by, he said, "Good morning, gentlemen. I am quite well, and shall be most happy to accompany you."

Again, Madame de la Marche, on hearing one day of her husband's inconstancy, was so deeply mortified that she made several attempts to destroy herself—in fact she went mad. Although attended by physicians, she obtained but little relief and remained incurable, till one day a monk chanced to be begging alms in the neighbourhood where Madame de la Marche lived. He heard of the lady's state, and suggested the experiment of music at the hands of some skilful performer. This was speedily arranged, and with so much success that in less than three months the violent symptoms began to diminish, and ultimately Madame de la Marche was restored to health both of body and mind.²

We are also told of a woman who was once prevented starving herself to death by the intervention of music. It seems that for many months she had been laid up with an illness which threw her into such a desponding state that she conceived the notion of starving herself to death. She was, however, prevailed upon to see a representation of a musical piece entitled the "*Serva Padrona*." At its conclusion she found herself decidedly better, and quickly renouncing her melancholy resolution, was entirely restored to health by witnessing one or two more representations of the same composition.³

¹ *The Early Flemish Painters*, by J. A. Crowe and G. B. Caval-Caselle, 1872, p. 163, 165.

² Crowest, *Musical Anecdotes*, 1878, ii. 195-6.

³ *Ibid.* pp. 251-2.

Amongst some of the many other strange causes produced through the agency of music may be noticed the recovery of the voice, the following account of which we quote from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1803: "In the beginning of December, 1801, Elizabeth Sellers, a scholar in the Girls Charity School at Sheffield, aged thirteen, lost her voice; so that she was unable to express herself on any occasion otherwise than by a whisper. She, however, enjoyed very good health, and went through several employments of the school, such as knitting, sewing, spinning on the high and low wheel, &c., without any indulgence. Read audibly, she could not, and her infirmity resisted without intermission all medical assistance, till in the evening of March, 1803, she, hearing some of her schoolfellows singing a hymn in which she wished to join, went up to one, Sarah Milner, and whisperingly begged that she would shout down her throat. Milner at first was shocked at the proposal, and refused to comply with her request. But, at length, through her repeated solicitations, she consented, and shouted down her throat with all her might, upon which Sellers immediately gained her voice, and to the astonishment of the whole school, wept and sang as if she had been almost in a state of mental derangement, and has continued in possession of her voice ever since." Without enumerating further instances of this class of musical cures—for they are of frequent occurrence—it may be safely asserted that they form an important subject for psychological research. Indeed, in past years music as a medical agency was regarded with more or less scepticism, and many of the remarkable remedies reported to have been effected by this means are occasionally discarded as savouring of superstition and ignorance—and hence did not meet with the attention they deserved.

Perhaps few maladies have been more closely connected with music than that which in the fifteenth century, under the name of Tarantism, made its first appearance in Apulia, and thence spread over the other provinces of Italy, where, during the two following centuries, it prevailed as a great epidemic.¹ This strange disorder was popularly supposed to be caused by the bite of the Tarantula (*Lycosa tarantula*), a species of ground-spider common in Apulia;² but this explanation has long ago been discarded by medical science as throwing no light upon the nature of the disease in question, especially as the bite of the said insect does not produce the alarming

¹ Hecker's *Epidemics of the Middle Ages*, translated by E. G. Babington, 1859, pp. 101-2.

² It is one of the largest of European spiders, of a somewhat elongated shape, with rather long legs.

effects once attributed to it. Anyhow, the fear of this insect was so general from the highly superstitious and exaggerated reports spread about it that, as Professor Hecker remarks, "its bite was in all probability much oftener imagined, or the sting of some other kind of insect mistaken for it, than actually received." The earliest account of this disease is in a work of Nicholas Perotti, a man of learning, born in 1430, who writing of it, says: "*hic majorum nostrorum temporibus in Italia visus non fuit, nunc frequens in Apulia visitur.*"¹ According to Perotti, those who suffered from the mischievous effects of this venomous spider generally fell into a stage of melancholy—a condition which, in many cases, was "united with so great a sensibility to music that at the very first tones of their favourite melodies, they sprang up, shouting for joy, and danced on without intermission until they sank to the ground exhausted and almost lifeless."² Thus a case is recorded of a young man in a secluded village in the kingdom of Naples, who when seized with a violent attack of Tarantism, danced during a paroxysm of his disorder "with astonishing vehemence, and violently leaped like a madman, keeping time, however, with the music that was played for him. But as soon as it ceased he fell to the ground in a state of syncope, from which he recovered when the musicians recommenced." On this account, the influence of music as a medical agency was considered so infallible that a class of songs and tunes was composed, designated "*Tarantella*," to be specially employed in the cure of those suffering from this epidemic. These, it may be remembered, have lingered long after the extinction of the malady, and may still be heard in the wilder districts of Italy.

There were different kinds of Tarantella, so arranged "as to represent even the idiosyncrasies of the mind as expressed in the countenance." Thus, as Prof. Hecker tells us, one kind of tune was called "*Panno Torso*," a lively impassioned style of music; another, known as "*Panno Verde*," was suited to the milder excitement of the senses; whereas a sixth had the appropriate designation of "*Spallata*," as if it were only fit to be played to dancers who were lame in the shoulder. For those, again, who loved water love songs were selected "which were sung to corresponding music, such persons delighting to hear of gushing springs and rushing cascades and springs." Slow music had the curious effect of making the tarantate feel as if they were being crushed; false notes simply tortured them; while if

¹ *Cornucopiæ Latinæ Linguae*: Basil, 1563.

² *Epidemics of the Middle Ages*, 104. See Madden's *Illusions and Fanaticisms*, 1857, i. 415.

they disliked any particular melody, they generally "indicated their displeasure by violent gestures expressive of aversion."¹ Among further peculiarities of this enchanting influence is the startling fact that persons who throughout life had never manifested any taste for music now acquired "an extremely refined sense of hearing, as if they had been initiated into the profoundest secrets of the musical art." Nor was this all, for even the deaf and hard of hearing were, for the time, equally under the same mesmeric influence, listening with an enthusiastic eagerness to the inspiring strains. In short, "against the effects of Tarantism neither youth nor age afforded any protection, so that even old men of ninety threw aside their crutches at the sound of the Tarantella, and, as if some magic potion, restorative of youth and vigour, were flowing through their veins, joined the most extravagant dancers." We even read, too, of a philosophic bishop, Jo. Baptist Quinzato, Bishop of Ialingo, who allowed himself by way of a joke to be bitten by a tarantula, but could obtain a cure only through the influence of the tarantella, compelled to dance under its power as fast and furiously as the peasantry.² Dr. Martinus Kähler, a Swedish physician, who visited Apulia in the year 1756, for the purpose of investigating the history of this complaint, came to the conclusion that it was a peculiar form of hypochondria with hysteria, to which "the inhabitants of the island of Taranto are especially subject on account of their mode of living, and from their food consisting entirely of green vegetables, oysters, and periwinkles. Be this as it may, the complaint is, according to medical opinion, curable by means of music and dancing."³

Lastly, it should be noticed that music has been stated to produce undue excitement bordering on madness. Thus Butler, in his "Principles of Music,"⁴ tells an old story of the power of music over the human mind. It appears that a musician of Eneus, king of Denmark—who reigned about the year 1130—having given out that he was able by his art to drive men "into what affections he listed, even into anger and fury, and being required by the king to put his skill into practice, played so upon his harp that his auditors began first to be moved, and at last he sent the king into such a frantic mood that in a rage he fell upon his most trusty friends, and, for lack of weapon, slew some of them with his fist, which, when he came

¹ Hecker's *Epidemics*, p. 114. See Kircher, *de Arte Magica*; Hawkins, *History of Music*. Epiphan. Ferdinand. *Centum historiae seu Observationes et Casus Medici*: Venet. 1621, p. 259.

² See Engel's *Musical Myths and Facts*, ii. 102.

³ *Ibid.* p. 103.

⁴ See Hawkins' *History of Music*, 1853, ii. 493.

to himself, he did much lament." Again, the story runs that on the occasion of the marriage of Henry III.'s favourite, the Duc de Joyeuse, to Mademoiselle de Vaudemont, the king's favourite musician, Claude le Jeune, caused a spirited air to be sung which, to quote the words of the old chronicler, "so animated a gentleman who was present that he clapped his hand on his sword and swore that it was impossible for him to refrain from fighting with the first person he met; upon which Claude caused another air to be performed, of a soothing kind, which immediately restored him to his natural temperament."¹ In modern times, it may be remembered, what a wonderful effect, amounting almost to inspiration, music had upon Philpot Curran, who at the latter part of the last century gained an eminent reputation at the bar. Thus it is related how on the day before making any important speech he was in the habit of assisting his imagination by running carelessly for hours over the strings of his violoncello, this being the manner in which he prepared himself for many of his most important cases.² In truth, the beneficial effects of music have been universally acknowledged in medical treatment; and, after all, this is not surprising when we recollect that "no other is so capable of easily moving a man to tears of grief, of exciting him in a moment to cheerfulness, of inspiring him with courage, and of making him forget his real or imaginary troubles and anxieties."³ It was, indeed, on account of its wondrous influence in soothing the ills to which flesh is heir that made Luther speak of music as "one of the most beautiful and glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy."

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

¹ See Crowest, *Musical Anecdotes*, i. 139-140.

² *The Georgian Era*, 1832, ii. 311-312.

³ Engel's *Musical Myths and Facts*, ii. 84.

*NAN CLARGES, DUCHESS OF
ALBEMARLE.*

IN the reign of the "Merry Monarch," courtiers and nobles, to say nothing of princes, did not always look to the highest rank in the selection of their wives ; and indeed the same to a certain extent may be said to have been the case during the puritanical times of the Commonwealth ; for within three years after the execution of Charles the First at Whitehall the daughter of a blacksmith and farrier in the Savoy, John Clarges by name, was fortunate enough in her matrimonial career to secure for her husband no less a celebrated person than General Monk, the Duke of Albemarle. To John Clarges is attributed the setting up of the Maypole in the Strand, at the time of the Restoration, upon the site. Clarges was farrier to the Duke, then plain Colonel Monk. He lived over his forge at the junction of the Strand and Drury Lane, near the spot where the historic "Maypole" was set up. He gave his daughter an education suited to the employment to which she was brought up, namely, that of a milliner. As the manners of young people are generally formed in early life, Anne—or as she was usually called "Nan"—Clarges retained something of the blacksmith's daughter about her even after her elevation to a coronet with strawberry leaves.

On one fine morning in the summer of 1632 Anne Clarges was married, in the church of St. Lawrence Poultney, in the City of London, to one Thomas Ratford, the son of another man of the same name, who had been a farrier, and a servant in the employment of Prince Charles, and was resident in "the Mews," no doubt the King's Mews at Charing Cross, on the spot now covered by the National Gallery. After their marriage we are told that this Thomas Ratford and his wife lived at the "New Exchange," in the Strand, in a house or shop bearing the sign of the "Three Spanish Gipsies." Here they sold such articles of domestic use and requisites for the toilet as wash-balls, powder, and gloves ; Mistress Anne Ratford also

teaching plain and fancy needlework to such young girls as, wishing to acquire the art and mystery of a sempstress, chose to avail themselves of her services. About 1647 Mistress Ratford was herself acting as sempstress to Colonel Monk ; she used to carry his linen to his military quarters, and, as it is alleged, "had great control and authority over him." It is even said that when Monk was in "durance vile," in the Tower of London, she was kind to him in more than one capacity. It must be remembered that he was then in want, and that she assisted him ; and when afterwards she became his wife he had so high an opinion of her understanding that he often consulted her in important matters. As she was a thorough Royalist, it is probable that she really had a hand in bringing about the restoration of the monarchy. But nothing is more certain than that the brave commander, who was never afraid of bullets, was often terrified by the tongue of his wife.

In 1648 her father and mother died, and in the following year, some little domestic squabble or grievance having arisen, she and her husband separated. Whether Anne Clarges (or Ratford) had given up the stall in her New Exchange, or whether her husband was really dead, is not, and never will be known, for no certificate from any parish register appears to have been forthcoming to prove his burial ; but at all events, in 1652, the lady herself saw no impediment to her entering a second time into the connubial state, and accordingly in the above-mentioned year she was married at the church of St. George-the-Martyr, in Southwark, to the gallant colonel, a name of importance in English history, and one whom we afterwards know as the chief instrument of the restoration of monarchy. In the following year she was delivered of a son, Christopher, of whom we shall hear more presently.

In 1660 the Dukedom of Albemarle was conferred on Monk (who had now become a General), but the coronet of strawberry leaves does not appear to have rested very becomingly upon the brow of the Duchess ; for, as Pepys tells us in his gossiping diary, "she became the laughing-stock of the Court, and gave general disgust"—of course, he means among the ladies. Pepys tells us, by the way, how he went to Westminster Hall, and bought among other books one of the *Life of our Queen*, which he read at home to his wife. "But," he adds, "it was so sillily written that we did nothing but laugh at it. Among other things, it is dedicated to that paragon of virtue and beauty, the Duchess of Albemarle." Indeed, it may be added that she was not at all handsome or attractive, or even cleanly in appearance ; and her mother was one of the five women-

barbers of Drury Lane, and a person of no high repute for her morals. A ballad is extant, written upon her and her four companions ; the burden of it is :

Did you ever know the like,
Or ever hear the same,
Of the five women-barbers
That lived in Drury Lane ?

The Duke died in January 1669, leaving the above-mentioned son Christopher, who became, or at all events was called, the second duke, who was appointed Governor of Jamaica in 1687, and died there without issue in the same year, when his titles became extinct.

A few years later, namely, in November 1700, a *cause célèbre* was heard at the Bar of the King's Bench, in which the name of Anne Clarges, Duchess of Albemarle, was brought prominently before the public. It was an action for trespass between William Sherwin, plaintiff, and Sir Walter Clarges, Bart., defendant. The plaintiff, as heir and representative of Thomas Monk, Esq., elder brother of George, Duke of Albemarle, claimed the manor of Sutton, in Yorkshire, and also other lands in Newton, Eaton Bridge, and Shipton, as heir-at-law to the said Duke, against the defendant, to whom they had been left by his only son and successor Christopher, the second duke. At the trial several witnesses were brought forward to swear that they had seen Thomas Ratford, her Grace's first husband, alive as lately as January 1669-70, many years after her marriage with the first duke and the birth of the second. In opposition to this evidence it was contended that all along, during the lives of Dukes George and Christopher, this matter was never questioned ; that the latter was universally received as the lawful son of the former, and, further, that the matter had been thrice already tried at the Bar of the King's Bench, where the defendant had gained three verdicts. One witness swore that he owed Ratford five or six pounds, which he had never demanded ; and a man who had married a cousin of the Duke of Albemarle swore that he had been told by his wife that Ratford died five or six years before the Duke married. The "benefit of the doubt" was given by the judge to the side of equity and leniency. In summing up, Lord Chief Justice Holt thus addressed the jury : "If you are certain that Duke Christopher was born whilst Thomas Ratford was living, you must find for the plaintiff ; if you believe that he was born after Ratford was dead, or that nothing appears of what became of him after Duke George married his wife, you must find for the defendant."

In the end a verdict was given for the defendant, who was the

only son of Sir Thomas Clarges, brother of the Duchess, and who was created a baronet in 1674; he owned the property on which Clarges Street, Piccadilly, now stands.¹

It only remains to add that "Nan" Clarges, Duchess of Albemarle and ex-sempstress, died within a few days of the Duke, her husband, in January 1669, and was buried by his side in Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey.

EDWARD WALFORD.

¹ We are told in Evelyn's Diary that a Mr. Neale took from Sir Walter Clarges a large piece of ground on the north side of Piccadilly, agreeing to lay out £15,000 in building; but he did not do so, and Sir Walter, having after great trouble got the lease out of his hands, built on it what is now called Clarges Street.

A WARM DAY'S WORK.

WHEN the pinnace arrived alongside the *London*, Malcolmson on reporting himself found that he was indeed in for some much more exciting work than shooting hippos, and that one of his two messmates, who had been reported wounded, was dead ; indeed, the steam pinnace that had been sent to fetch him had left without bringing accurate details of the action. What had happened was briefly as follows : One of the *London's* large sailing boats had anchored for the night off Pemba, and it being a very unpleasant night with heavy rain, her rain awnings were spread, and except a boat-keeper, the crew of the whaler which was in company with her had come on board her, the whaler having been made fast astern.

On board the boat all were asleep except the look-out, who, wrapped in his lammy suit, was stationed in the bows, and who, suddenly in the midst of a squall of rain, saw by a vivid flash of lightning the hulls of two dhows about a hundred yards ahead of the boat, and drifting rapidly down on her.

The look-out shouted to his shipmates to turn out ; but before they could get the awning down or clear away for action, the dhows were on top of them, one on either side and hanging to her by a line across her stem, and the boats' crews, all unprepared as they were, found themselves assailed by the Arab desperadoes who manned the dhows.

There was no time for counting odds, and Jones and Smith, the two officers and their men, found themselves engaged in a struggle against three times their number of active Arabs, who besides enjoyed all the advantages resulting from their position and what was practically a surprise, but even under these circumstances the hearts of British seamen did not quail ; and though some poor fellows were speared and sent to their long account ere they could disengage themselves from the wet canvas of the rain awning, the remainder boarded the two dhows, and after a desperate encounter in which every one of their number was wounded, and the boat sunk, they

succeeded in making themselves masters of one dhow, while those who could of their assailants made their escape in the other.

Those among the boats' crews who had received least injury, after attending to the needs of their comrades, made sail in chase of the slavers, or pirates ; but seeing her run into one of the numerous inlets in Pemba Island, Jones, who was able only with difficulty to sit up, concluded that it would be best for him to make his way to the *London* and get the wounds of the men attended to ; for out of the twenty-seven men and officers who had formed the crew of the sailing boat and whaler, he found that no less than five had lost the number of their mess, whilst Smith and eleven others were so seriously wounded as to be utterly unable to render any assistance in the working of the dhow they had captured, and the remainder, including himself, were all more fitted for the cots of the *London's* sick bay than for another bout with the Arabs.

Accordingly, he gave orders for the helm to be put up, and a course steered for Zanzibar. Soon after he fell in with a cutter and gig, which were coming with provisions for his boats and reliefs for some of his men ; so he gave them orders to watch the entrance to the creek where the dhow that had made her escape had gone in ; but thinking it probable that her crew might find friends and assistance in the island, he told the sub-lieutenant in charge to lie off and not go in, and to keep under way at night in order to prevent the Arabs having another try at surprising the boats.

Poor Smith and two of the blue-jackets had died of their wounds after they had got on board the *London*, and there was but one feeling among all the men on board the old liner, and that was to give the slavers a thorough thrashing for their audacity, and to revenge the deaths and wounds of their shipmates ; indeed, to use the words of one of the men, "they were all that bloodrusty that they'd shoot their own mothers if so be as they were Arabs."

As soon as Malcolmson had reported himself, the skipper gave him the information above, and told him that he intended him to take the steam pinnace with a nine pounder and a sailing launch and pinnace, with their guns, and proceed at once to the place where the slavers had gone in, and, picking up the cutter and gig, he was to go in and cut the dhow out. "I am giving you all this force because I hear from the Sultan that some Persian Gulf Arabs have made their headquarters there, and you may, very likely, have to deal with at least a hundred and fifty Arabs, and, most probably, there are other dhows there, in which case you will have a tough job. As far as I can make out, the two dhows who attacked Jones

and poor Smith had about fifty on board each, and though they have lost a lot of men, you know how those fellows fight, and I don't want us to have a big butcher's bill. You will tow the launch and pinnace up, and then the creek should be entered in two lines ; the launch and gig in one, and the sailing pinnace and cutter in the other, while you will lead in the centre in the steam pinnace. I can't give you precise orders as to what to do, but you will have to act on your own judgment and responsibility. I should like very much for some prisoners to be made, as the Sultan will deal with them ; and, remember now, these fellows have the prestige of a partial success, and it is imperative that they should be thoroughly beaten, or else every dhow will resist our boats, and we shall have serious work for a long time, but, remember, you must not land."

"All right, sir. Badenoch and his two friends want to know if they can come as volunteers ; and Badenoch has ordered his yacht to come up as quickly as possible, and thinks she might be useful for wounded men to be put on board."

"Well, I do not object to their volunteering, and if the yacht—what's her name, the *Pearl*—comes up in time, you may put Macarthy, who is going as medical officer with you, on board her ; but, remember, in this slaving business, she is not a tender of this ship, and it will not be legal for her to take any part in the action, unless she is attacked."

"I know that, sir, but I suppose we may construe her being attacked rather widely."

"Yes ; now hurry about getting away. Harris has the cutter and gig up there now ; Simpson will be second in command in the launch, and O'Ryan will have the sailing pinnace. You will have full crews, and I am going to send twenty marines besides ; you will have close upon a hundred men. If they fire on you from the bushes ashore, use shrapnel and the cutter's rockets ; it is little or no use firing muskets at random into trees, so reserve your rifle fire for exposed bodies of men."

"Very good, sir ; I have no doubt we shall give a good account of these fellows. I'll go and get ready. I suppose the provisions and ammunition are all in the boats ?"

"Yes ; I told Hammond to see all right, but you must see everything is right yourself."

"I'll go and look after everything, sir ; but there's the *Pearl* up by the Harp shoals already. I think it would be a good thing if you got Badenoch to let the marines and some of the stores go up in

her, it will make the boats lighter for the pinnace to tow, and we shall gain time."

"If he likes, it will be a good thing, but I fancy yachtsmen don't much care about having their craft knocked about."

"He'll do it fast enough, sir. Now I must go and look after things."

Badenoch, Stevens, and Richardson were delighted to hear that permission had been given to them to go with the expedition, and soon were equipped with navy cutlasses and revolvers, and said that they would stick with Malcolmson in the steam pinnace, where they might be of use as sharpshooters, and, as he would be sure to head the boarders, be certain of being in the thick of the day's fun.

On the main deck of the *London*, the men were busy sharpening their cutlasses, overhauling their belts, and looking to their rifles; and Malcolmson, by careful personal inspection, made sure that all that was required in the boats was provided, and that every oar, lanyard, becket, &c., was properly fitted, and looked well to the gun-carriages and slides.

By the time all was ready it was pretty late in the day, and the men were piped to supper; and the captain thinking it better to start the boats away in the evening than to wait for the morning, for fear that news of their coming might be sent to Pemba and put the Arabs on their guard, decided that they should start immediately afterwards.

In the ward room, those who were going and those who had to remain behind had a farewell bottle of champagne to drink success to Malcolmson and his party in their undertaking. Jones, who had an arm in a sling, and his head and one leg bound up, said, "Now, Malcolmson, there is one fellow I want you to look out for; he was going to job at me with a spear when I was down on the poop of the dhow we took, and it would have been all U.P. with me if poor Smith, who had lost his sword, had not seized the fellow's spear with his hands and dragged it on one side, and then he and this fellow rolled over together, and in the struggle the Arab managed to get his dagger out and stab Smith three or four times."

"How can I know this fellow," said Malcolmson; "it must have been dark when you were having your fight?"

"I think you may know him by his being out and out the tallest man among our assailants, and I noticed that he had a wound from a cutlass down one side of his face from which blood dropped on mine as he was standing over me; I fancy he must be well marked."

"All right, old man, I'll look out for him; but there goes the pipe 'Boats' crews fall in.' Good bye, old lad, I must go; I hope your wounds will be better when we come back."

"Good-bye and good luck, and remember that big Arab if you come across him, he's the fellow that did for poor Smith." "All right," said Malcolmson, and buckling on his sword and revolver, and slinging his glasses over his shoulder, he hurried on deck, followed by his friends and the officers who were going with him.

On reaching the quarter-deck he found all the men fallen in, and after their arms had been carefully inspected, he reported all correct to the captain, who made a short speech to the men.

"My lads, you are going on what may be a stiff bit of work; your shipmates have been roughly handled, and we can't afford to let these fellows boast of any sort of success. Stick together and obey orders, and you'll thrash them well. Now down in the boats."

Malcolmson and the officers shook hands with the captain, and in a few minutes more the pinnace was towing the other boats to the northward, and Badenoch's yacht, the *Pearl*, following them up with the marines on board, a nice fresh breeze enabling her to lay her course and keep close to the boats.

Before midnight they passed the north end of the island of Zanzibar, and, the breeze drawing aft, all the boats made sail and soon rattled across the stretch of open water separating them from the green island of Pemba.

At daylight an anxious watch was kept for the cutter and gig, and it was not long before they were made out from the mast-head of the *Pearl* standing off and on the shore of the island about five miles away, and the yacht and boats stood towards them; and when they were come up to, Harris, who was in command, said that two more dhows had gone into the inlet where the one that had attacked the boats under Smith and Jones had retreated, and that they had fired on his boats on passing, but happily without effect; and though he had returned their fire, he had not been able to board either of them before they ran into their companion inside, and as his orders were to wait for more force, he had not attempted to follow them into the creeks.

Malcolmson at once arranged for entering the creek or inlet, and Badenoch told his skipper to follow up the boats as close as he could, as there would be deep water up to the very trees on the shore, and Bucket, who was still on board, would be of use in pointing out channels and anchorages.

From the sea, the place where the dhows had entered seemed to

be a mere gap in the mangrove bushes, but once it had been entered, Malcolmson and his command found themselves in a perfect labyrinth of islets and coral reefs all covered with mangrove bushes down to the water's edge, and behind which might be seen the crests of cocoa-nut and oil palms.¹

Up one passage, down another, round islets and reefs, up creeks, the boats ferreted and hunted about; and when at last they met the *Pearl*, which they thought miles from them, coming into one end of a channel as they entered the other, Malcolmson began almost to despair of being able to find what he was in search of. By this time, too, the men were tired and harassed by pulling under a hot sun, and he gave orders for them to take a spell and have something to eat and a smoke; and, on Badenoch's invitation, all the officers went on board the *Pearl* to see what his steward could provide for them, and the marines, who had been packed away among the oarsmen in the boats since they had come inside, were not sorry to have a chance of stretching their legs on the decks.

Malcolmson said, "I hope and trust these fellows have not slipped out since we have come in; I will go up to the mast-head and see if I can't make out their masts among the trees."

"That will be no use," said Badenoch; "there have been men at both fore and main cross-trees all the time, and they have been able to make out nothing above the trees."

"Never mind," said Malcolmson, "I'll have a look; bend a boatswain's stool on to the gaff top-sail haulyards, and sway me up to the main top-mast head, I shall be able to see over the trees from there."

"Certainly, my dear fellow, but let someone else go."

"No, I'll go myself, and if I see them I'll get their bearing, and then you can keep someone up there to tell us how to steer."

In a couple of minutes all was ready, and Malcolmson was run up to the mast-head, and after considerable trouble he made out the mast of a dhow about three-quarters of a mile away apparently in the very middle of a dense patch of mangroves. He took out his pocket compass and took a careful bearing of the direction in which she lay, and then hailed for a man to be sent up to take his place.

When he was on deck again he ordered the men into the boats, and, taking a piece of paper out of his pocket-book, he laid it on the

¹ This part of Pemba is such a mass of these reefs and islets that there is a story of a whaler, whaler fashion, having shortened sail and eased her stream anchor down to six fathoms and let all hands turn in, having drifted among them and being ten days before she could find her way out again.

roof of the steam pinnacle's cabin and plotted down the direction and length of each stretch of water as they passed through it. At last he found himself close to where the dhow should have been, and in an open stretch of water nearly half-a-mile long and three hundred yards wide ; but nowhere could he find, though he steamed up and down two or three times, any signs of a creek or inlet in which the dhow could have been hidden, and was almost going to give up the search and try some other part of the labyrinth for his quarry, when one of the men in the gig caught sight of a canoe coming out apparently from the very thickest of the mangroves.

In an instant gig and steam pinnacle were in chase of her, but she disappeared as suddenly as she had appeared, leaving no traces of where she had gone.

Malcolmson hailed the gig to see if she were concealed under the overhanging branches of the mangroves, and this resulted in the discovery of a passage only thirty feet wide which had been so completely hidden by the mangroves that it had hitherto escaped notice.

"No doubt the dhows are there," said Badenoch. "See the branches show evident traces of something having passed through there; and look, they have tied up the branches where they are broken."

"True," answered Malcolmson ; "our friends are inside. Now how shall we attack; I can't follow the captain's order in going up a drain pipe like that?"

Malcolmson did not take long to decide upon his plan, for he brought the sailing launch alongside the steam pinnacle and took her in tow; in that position, and with the pinnacle and cutter astern with the gig between them, he entered the passage. For about a hundred and fifty yards nothing could be seen but water and mangroves, but then a small open basin was entered, in the middle of which was a little island, from which the bush had been cleared, and where some huts surrounded by a kind of barricade had been erected, and close to the shores of the island were lying no less than five dhows, four of which had got their masts down.

No sooner did the boats appear than from the dhows and the barricade a furious fire was opened on the boats, not only from matchlocks and muskets, but also from two old ships' guns which were bedded in the ground in front of the huts, and which were loaded with stones and langridge.

Several men were hit in all the boats, and Malcolmson gave orders for them to cast off and spread themselves out, the boats with guns

replying to the fire of the Arabs, and the marines, who were not required to man the oars of wounded blue jackets, using their muskets as the boats dashed forward to board the dhows. In a few minutes the boats were alongside the dhows, each boat taking one, and the gig following up the steam pinnace, and a regular scrimmage and *melée* took place. British pluck and British dash soon began to make headway, though the Arabs were superior in number, and had the advantage of position and fought like fiends incarnate. Many shrewd blows and thrusts were interchanged ; for after the boats were alongside, except for an occasional pistol-shot, the work was mostly done with cold steel, and in about ten minutes the Arabs were driven out of the dhows and making their retreat to the barricade, whose occupants now opened a brisk fire on the English.

"After them, my lads !" cried Malcolmson, who, as Badenoch said afterwards, had bagged four Arabs to his own sword, and who had been well backed up by his friends as well as by his brother officers and men.

At this moment, O'Ryan, who was on the extreme right of the attack, Malcolmson being in the centre, got knocked over by a bullet from the barricade, but a sergeant of marines who was by his side knelt down as coolly as if at drill, and knocked over the man who had fired at him with a shot from his Martini.

"By Jove, that reminds me," said Malcolmson ; and he hailed the gig to collect the wounded and take them to the *Pearl*, which, with some difficulty, was warping up the channel by which the boats had entered ; and then rushing to the front, cut down a man who was going to fire one of the Arabs' guns, which would have swept a lane among the *Londons*, but as he did so, a gigantic Arab, whose head was tied up in a bloody cloth which concealed one side of his face, threw a spear at him, which went right through his left arm above the elbow. He fell from the wound and shock, but Badenoch, who was by him, pulled the spear up, and tying his handkerchief round the wound helped him on his feet again. He at once picked up his sword, and rushed forward to head his men, who were now trying to break through the barricade, and engaged in a series of hand-to-hand fights with the Arabs, and seeing the man who had thrown the spear at him, said, "By Jove, that's the fellow Jones said killed poor Smith, let's have at him !" and at once engaged him. The Arab with his long two-handed sword made desperate cuts at Malcolmson, who, though a good swordsman, had some difficulty in warding off his attacks, but at last, after guarding a terrific blow at his head, he was able to get his point, and the Arab, pierced through the heart, fell

back dead. His fall seemed to be the signal for the rest of the slavers to give in, and throwing away their arms, they rushed into the water and began to swim towards a sandy beach which was opposite to the way where the boats were entered, and off which another dhow was now seen to be moored.

Malcolmson's first duty and endeavour was now to restrain his men from firing on the fugitives ; the *Londons* were excited by the resistance they had met with, and by the number of their shipmates who had been killed and wounded, and were just in that temper when they would have thought no more of killing an Arab than of killing a rat. But ably seconded by the other officers, he managed to stop the firing, and then looked round to see how matters stood. He found that they had taken four large dhows and the island, but that the loss of English was seven killed and fourteen wounded, whilst that of the Arabs was much more severe, as he could count no less than fourteen corpses of Arabs, eleven of whom had been killed by cold steel, and thirty-two severely wounded. The wounded he had conveyed on board the *Pearl*, and then, all seeming quiet, he sent the pinnace to take possession of the fifth dhow. The pinnace got alongside without any opposition, and cutting her cable, took her in tow to bring off to the island ; but after she was fast, found that she could make no headway, but that, notwithstanding that her engines were going ahead full speed, both she and the dhow were being rapidly drawn towards the shore, and a heavy fire opened on her from the trees on the beach, and a bullet striking the steam chest of her boiler, the steam escaped, and she was helpless. Malcolmson at once ordered the launch and sailing pinnace to go to her assistance, and to cut a hawser which was made fast to the stern-post of the dhow and manned ashore. The steam pinnace had got her bow to the shore, and had opened fire with her nine-pounder, and with the guns of the other boats, soon drove the Arab musketeers from the shore, but when one of the boats tried to cut the hawser their fire broke out again, and it was not until after some ten minutes' continuous shelling of the jungle that they gave up, and the dhow was brought back in triumph to the island. How many men the Arabs lost in this second action no one could tell, but four more *Londons* were wounded, as was Jabez White, Badenoch's Yankee harpooner, who saying, "Blood was thicker than water," had chimed in with the Britishers to give the tarnation slave-traders a hiding.

All the huts and stores on the island were burnt, as were two of the dhows, which were too much damaged to take back to Zanzibar, and the steam pinnace, having had her boiler patched, had plenty of

work in towing them out of the basin, and all hands had to work to get them ready for the run down ; and it was not till the next morning that the little squadron and its prizes were clear of the green Isle of Pemba.

On board the yacht Stevens and Richardson, who had neither escaped quite scot-free, were loud in their delight at having been present at such a brilliant little action, and said it quite knocked on the head all their preceding ideas about slaving on the coast which they had hitherto regarded as a sort of cowardly business, and that the Arabs never showed fight, whilst now they said there can be no doubt that we have had a warm day's work.

On board the *London* there was great delight at the success of the expedition, and it was hoped that the slave traders had received a severe lesson, and the captain wrote a special despatch to the Admiralty commending Malcolmson and those under him for their gallantry ; and we may hope that this despatch has had the desired effect of making their lordships remember that even on the coast of Africa there are officers worthy of reward and promotion.

V. LOVETT CAMERON.

SENSATION SCENES.

IT is quite in keeping with the "eternal fitness of things" that in an essentially go-ahead age, when dynamite and other lively things are reckoned ordinary elements of every-day life, the "form and pressure" of the times should be admirably depicted in contemporary melodrama. The "sensation scene"—using the phrase in that peculiarly technical sense given it by Dion Boucicault—is one of the most popular and prominently distinctive features of the modern drama. A century and a half ago, when these effects were in their crudity, so calm and comparatively uneventful was life that playgoers could only be brought to tolerate them in pantomimic entertainments, which were absolved from the regular duty of holding the mirror up to nature; but the many strange mutations which the stage has undergone since are lucidly indicated by the fact that nowadays we accept the inclusion of sensational features in poetical plays like "Claudian" and the Lyceum "Faust" without the shadow of a murmur. The simple contrast here presented strikingly exposes the yawning chasm which intervenes between the hurried, fretful life of this "telegraphic" and "telephonic" age and the prosy tittle-tattling days of hackney chairs and coffee-house lounging.

Nothing has contributed more to the rise and popularisation of the "sensation scene" than the great perfection to which stage mechanism has been brought within the last thirty years. As sensational drama properly so-called is all but impossible without the adventitious aid of scenical elaboration and detail, it is natural that the first play presenting any qualities entitling it to be classed with this species was produced in the great Davenant era, at a time when London was opening its mouth and eyes very wide over the knight's introduction of Italian operas, scenes and machinery. This was no less a piece than Settle's "Empress of Morocco," brought out at the Duke's Theatre in 1673, and otherwise notable for the lively controversy it evoked between the author and Dryden, who was obviously jealous of the hearty reception which the "tragedy" met with at the hands of the king and his parasites. Viewed from a purely literary

standpoint, and by the light of contemporary works, Settle's play was but a poor production ; we must therefore accredit its phenomenal success to the spectacular and sensational features with which it was endowed. It goes without saying that a modern audience would consider these very very small potatoes indeed. An attempt was made to portray the multifarious horrors of hell—needless to say with anything but Dante-like minuteness ; and the ultimate destiny of the arch-villain of the play was shown by ocular demonstration to be that of impalement on a spiked wall.

Successful as it was at the moment, this speculative endeavour to create dramatic effect more by a subtle arrangement of scenical accessories than from the confirmed practice of skilful dialogue and vivid word-painting, failed most egregiously to revolutionise the drama as an entity. The town was far from ripe for the change ; Settle's innovation was not followed to any appreciable extent, and quickly fell into desuetude. Were it not, indeed, that old Downes, the prompter, tells us, in rather a vague fashion, of John Crowns' comedy entitled "Justice Busy" (produced at the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's Inn Fields *circa* 1699, but unfortunately not printed), that it was "well acted, yet proved not a living play ; however, Mrs. Bracegirdle, by a potent and magnetic charm in performing a song in it, *caused the stones of the streets to fly in the men's faces*," we should be disposed to fix the date of the next appearance of the "sensation scene" on English boards at the year 1723. It was at this juncture that manager Rich of Lincoln's Inn Fields bethought himself of the wily expedient of reviving the scenical and mechanical glories of the old Duke's Theatre in his newly-born pantomimes ; and these had so long been relegated to the limbo of the great unwanted, that the town now hailed them as heaven-sent novelties.

Then followed a brisk spectacular contention between the two patent theatres, the one vying with the other in striving to resuscitate Settle's old "Gehenna" with augmented horrors in their rival Dr. Faustus pantomimes. Lincoln's Inn Fields devastated a cornfield by fire in Tibbald's "Rape of Proserpine" ; upon which Drury Lane, not to be outdone, burnt down a barn for the edification of its patrons. It is to these managerial vagaries that Pope alludes in that Dunciad couplet—

Grubstreet ! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from fire.

Since that period the appetite which a certain section of the play-going public has displayed for sensational fire scenes has become abnormally inordinate ; indeed the production of Boucicault's ever-

popular "Streets of London" in 1864 appears to have acted as a whet to their palate. But the more extended resources of the stage scientist, coupled with the introduction of limelight, have increased the realistic effect while minimising the danger.

One very material drawback militated seriously against the development of the "sensational scene" before the rise of the minor theatres. This was the absurd custom, which had prevailed ever since the time of Shakespeare, of permitting a portion of the audience to lounge about on the stage among the actors, and which despite the reiterated mandates of the Crown and the efforts of the managers, obtained down to the latter days of Garrick, when it was finally put an end to by the increasing spectacular importance of pantomime. The number of pieces of this nature brought out by Rich from the year 1723 until his death in 1761 was ridiculously small—not much over a dozen in all! But it must be remembered that they bore frequent revival year after year in the guise of "crutches to the play," and in this modest form the sensation scene was kept up until the rise of melodrama. The earliest specimens of this vitally popular phase of the drama were essentially high-coloured and broadly romantic in tone, abounding in brigands, German castles, and lively interspersed music; but the technicality "sensational" cannot with propriety be bestowed on them. When melodrama, however, began to assume a partially spectral hue (Monk Lewis's "Castle Spectre" is an excellent case in point) sensationalism had inserted the thin end of the wedge, and continued to hold and increase its position with the numerous vicissitudes, through which the art itself—in reality its birthright—passed. Ossas on Pelions of years prior to the advent of Dion Boucicault, the Adelphi Theatre was widely recognised as the nursery-ground of the sensational drama. Here the first earthquake ever simulated on English boards¹ was presented during the Yates-Mathews régime on December 8, 1828, the piece being Fitzball's great spectacular drama of "The Earthquake; or, The Phantom of the Nile," otherwise memorable for the heated newspaper war it evoked on account of the seeming "profanity" of the exhibition. Some idea of the effect produced may be gleaned from the following stage direction which rung down the curtain on the final tableau:

¹ Of course this article only takes into consideration performances on the higher stage. Evelyn tells us in his diary under date September 15, 1692, that "The dreadful earthquake in Jamaica this summer was prophanelly and ludicrouslly represented in a puppet-play or some such lewd pastime in the fair of Southwark, w^{ch} caused the Queane to put downe that idle and vicious mock shew."

"Busiris and others enter ; marauders start up from the rocks ; the Galzetto places himself before the women, who scream and fall on their knees. The marauders raise their javelins and prepare to hurl them, when the earthquake takes place and overwhelms Orchus and his followers. Characters form a group, and the Spectre of the Nile rises from the rush of real water over the falling ruins."

The scene of the earthquake, strange to say, is laid in the great Temple of Dendara, thus recalling all the more vividly a similar effect in "Claudian."

To the Surrey Theatre, however, must the credit be given of having inaugurated the idea of a series of built-up rooms in the one house. A powerful scene of this nature, in which the central episode of the murder occurred, assured the success of the melodrama of "Jonathan Bradford," produced in 1833 ; and this in face of the ill-concealed disgust of the actors, who were alternately puzzled and astounded by the innovation.

The modern sensation scene, which differs materially from its modest prototype of bygone years, may be said to have had its being with "The Colleen Bawn" at the Adelphi in 1860. Boucicault, who formulated and well-nigh perfected the new scheme, evidently went about his work after the principle of Victorien Sardou. It is, indeed, but the trite story of Crummles's pump and tubs retold. The dominating scene is conceived, and after that a fanciful yet plausible embroidery of plot woven around it. That the modern melodramatist, to be successful, must write with the practical eye of a stage mechanic is distinctly shown by the fact that Boucicault himself is accustomed to model all the machinery of his sensation scenes before staging them. Mr. George Conquest, another well-known sensation playwright, possesses a similar inventive genius, and if we revert to poor unfortunate Elkanah Settle we find that, after experiencing more than his share of life's ups and downs, he finally gravitated towards Bartholomew Fair, where he enacted a dragon *in a green leather case of his own invention* ! Some of Boucicault's greatest mechanical sensations were quietly appropriated from those Parisian spectacular houses the Châtelet and the Porte St.-Martin. This remark pertinently applies to "The Shaughraun" and "Arrah na Pogue" ; but "Rescued," which belongs to a later period, and which contains one of the best-worked-up sensational scenes on the modern stage, may fairly be accounted original. Nothing could well be more exciting than the incident of an open swivel bridge, with the whirl of a swiftly approaching train rumbling in the spectators' ears, while a couple of women exert superhuman efforts to work the

lever that closes the bridge, and only succeed in the very nick of time. The "railway train" sensation, no matter in what guise it appears, invariably meets with popular acceptance. Its initiatory production, however, in the melodrama of "The Engineer; or the Life of George Stephenson," which first saw light at the Vic. about twenty years ago, when the theatre was under the control of Messrs. Frampton & Fenton, does not come under this ruling, as the piece proved a decided failure. But thereby hangs a tale. To recoup themselves for the outlay in the construction of the solidly-built locomotive and carriages, the managers gave a commission to a clever melodramatic author to write another piece for their better utilisation. This evoked "The London Arab," which, with an engrossing scene presenting a sectional view of a tunnel, traversed simultaneously by two separate trains, at once made a powerful bid for enduring popularity. Subsequently the railway properties were purchased by a Porte-St.-Martin manager, and in another piece (Crummles again!) duly made their appearance before an appreciative Parisian audience. Their attractions had no sooner begun to pale here than a Transatlantic manager came on the scene and purchased the famous properties; and, shortly afterwards, they were exciting all New York in a fourth drama.

For a very long period a single good sensation scene was generally considered to suffice for the success of a melodrama. With the Drury Lane production of "The World" a new system came into vogue. This interesting play was virtually composed of a number of sensation "acts," and a great deal of ingenuity must have been exercised by the authors to render the plot coherent and continuous; but the critics rewarded their efforts by dubbing the piece a "diorama with dialogue."

After a quarter of a century's agitation of the "sensational" kaleidoscope one would be inclined to think that the bits of coloured glass could not possibly assume an entirely new combination. And yet novelty is quite the order of the day. *Exempli gratia*, a clever scene in a popular provincial melodrama depicts the death of the villain by a landslip in the Highlands; and in a drama dealing with garrison life in India an enthralling effect is created by the flogging of a soldier (for having struck his sister's seducer in the person of his own colonel) in the presence of the entire muster of the regiment. The excitement of the scene reaches fever heat when the good spirit of the piece, an army surgeon, perceiving that the unfortunate man has had *quantum suff.*, utters an anathema against "the regulations," and despite the vigorous opposition of the ruffianly commander severs the bonds which fasten the drooping soldier to the whipping-post with

one swift slash of his sword. But for downright mechanical ingenuity commend us to the "sensation" which forms the prime feature of an American play called "*Josiah Allen's Wife*," first produced at Providence, R.I., in May 1882. With the early unfolding of the meagre plot it quickly becomes obvious that an important letter must be taken a long distance in a proportionately short time. Samantha—who gives the play its name—undertakes the perilous task, and she is seen to get into an old country waggon and start the horse at a brisk pace. Almost the entire second act is taken up with the performance of this journey without the waggon and its occupants ever leaving the stage. This scene, the illusion of which was simply perfect, was managed after the following adroit manner. The horse, which was one accustomed to brick-yard service, trotted for the nonce on a sort of large treadmill placed at the rear of the stage and completely hidden from the prying eyes of the spectator by a frontage of stone wall. This and the background were in reality a couple of panoramas deftly connected with the treadmill by smoothly working machinery; the mere trotting of the horse set everything in motion and caused forests, rivers, and country houses to fly by with surprising celerity and wonderful realistic effect.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

SOLIDIFICATION BY PRESSURE.

THE fact that gases may be compressed until they become liquid, and further compressed into the solid state, appears like a contradiction of what is stated in the preceding note concerning the fluidity of solids produced by pressure. The following considerations will, I think, remove, or at any rate diminish, this difficulty.

The gaseous condition of matter is evidently due to the repulsive energy of heat. When matter is self-repulsive, striving to fling itself away from itself in every direction, and can only be kept within bounds by pressure exerted from without, it is a gas. When it is self-attractive, clinging inwards upon itself in every direction, it is either a liquid or what we call a solid, according to the amount of outside pressure to which it may be subjected. If this outside pressure moves it upon itself without tearing it asunder or breaking it, the properties of a liquid are displayed.

When we compress a gas or a liquid to a reduced volume its temperature is raised, and if this temperature exceeds that of its surroundings heat is lost by it, or, otherwise stated, some of its repulsive energy is abstracted by the surrounding matter which it warms. The pressure is thus an operation of abstracting heat or repulsive energy, and, as it appears to me, it is simply this abstraction of heat or diminution of repulsive energy that negatively effects the liquefaction or solidification, by permitting the attractive energies of the matter that were previously overpowered by the repulsive energy, to operate in holding it together. The evolution of the so-called "latent heat" when vapours are condensed by simple cooling is a similar transmission of repulsive energy to surrounding matter.

As far as I am aware, no gas has ever been liquefied or solidified without the abstraction of heat, and I suspect that any attempt to liquefy a gas under conditions preventing such abstraction would fail, however great the pressure. Such condition would be fulfilled if all the surroundings of the gas while under pressure were raised in temperature by outside means in the same degree as the gas itself rose

in temperature in consequence of the pressure. I here speak, of course, theoretically; the soundness of the theory can only be proved or disproved by experiment.

While on this subject I may add that M. E. H. Amagat is engaged in experiments on the compressibility of fluids. In a preliminary paper read before the Academy of Sciences on August 23, he stated results of a pressure of 3,000 atmospheres on water. Its volume was reduced one-tenth, and its coefficient of compressibility one-half.

THE INNER STRUCTURE OF THE EARTH.

I HAVE been rather surprised to find that Sir J. William Dawson, in his Inaugural Address as President of the British Association, still favours the hypothesis that the earth has a solid central nucleus lying within a plastic undercrust; a constitution which he compares to a drupe or stone-fruit, such as a plum or peach, the stone representing the solid nucleus, the fruity pulp the plastic undercrust, and the skin the outer crust on which we live.

Sir J. W. Dawson does not appear to be acquainted with the experimental researches of W. Spring described in my notes of August 1882, February 1883, and November 1883, which prove that the metals and other solids become fluid when submitted to sufficient pressure.

The pressure communicated by Spring's apparatus imitates artificially (as I explained in the February and November notes) that to which such materials are subjected in the interior of the earth, and the experiments generally demonstrate as a matter of physical fact, without the intervention of molecular hypothesis or recondite mathematical calculations, that "*the enormous pressure of the superincumbent mass must liquefy all the inner material of the earth, whatever be its temperature.*"

In the note of November 1883 I showed that there is no such thing as an absolutely rigid solid; that, for example, the fluidity of so-called solids is shown by every coin in one's pocket, the metal having flowed into all the channels of the die when subjected to sufficient pressure. Such a liquid as water flows in a like manner when subjected to the pressure of its own weight; the action is the same in both cases, but the degree of pressure demanded to effect it is different. Deep in the earth the gravitation of the material above excites a pressure far greater than that of the coining-press or Spring's apparatus.

Sir J. W. Dawson tells us that he bases his conclusions on "astronomical investigations"—that is, on the results of excessively recondite mathematical calculations, based on hypothetical explanations of excessively refined and minute astronomical observations. The unreliability of these results is admitted by him in a note to the report of his Address in *Nature* of September 2, where he says :— "Hopkins, Mallet, Sir William Thomson, and Professor G. H. Darwin maintain the solidity and rigidity of the earth on astronomical grounds ; but different conclusions have been reached by Hennesey, Delaunay, and Airy. In America, Barnard and Crosby, Dutton, Le Conte, and Wadsworth have discussed these questions."

The pre-eminent authority on this particular subject is Airy. He has devoted many of the later years of his life—and from what I have heard him say at the Astronomical Society, he was then devoting more—to the Lunar theory, upon which these calculations primarily depend. As he says in one of his admirable articles in the "English Cyclopædia,"¹ "the actual motion of the moon round the earth is one of the most complicated questions in astronomy." Its disturbance of the earth's movements due to the reaction of this motion on the equatorial protuberance is correspondingly complex, and this complexity is still further complicated and reduced to mathematical cobweb-splitting of the most infinitesimal character when an attempt is made to determine the magnitude of internal earth-tides or the earth's deformation by their theoretically demanded sub-disturbance of the disturbance.

Even if we admit the reliability of such highly elaborated calculations, they become blocked out of the question I have raised by the fact that we are as yet quite ignorant of the degree and character of the mobility and elasticity of the pressure-generated fluid matter.

There is no such complication in the conclusion derivable from the experiments I have quoted. They have not been refuted by any counter-experiments, or questioned in any way. Their testimony is absolutely direct and immediately to the point.

¹ About the clearest, simplest, and therefore the ablest astronomical essay extant is the article "Gravitation," in this Cyclopædia. It was written by Airy for "The Penny Cyclopædia" nearly half a century ago. I read it when a boy, and recommend its careful perusal to all—to non-mathematicians as a grand subject usually put out of their reach, and to mathematicians as a lesson in the art of reasoning directly and vigorously by using the intellect unsupported on the customary crutches of technical formulæ.

A "WRINKLE" TO ARTISTS.

MY ast month's note on the properties of oxydized linoleine, the drying constituent of linseed oil, shows how peculiarly it is fitted for its purpose as a permanent medium for pigments generally. Nothing at present known combines so many merits, or even approaches to such combination.

About a dozen years ago the collected works of Landseer were exhibited in London. I was shocked on observing that some of his finest works were miserably faded. This was notably the case with "The Sanctuary," a picture of a red deer that had just crossed a lake and was emerging with the water dripping from its fur. When this was first exhibited at the Academy I admired, among other details, the sparkling brilliancy of the water-drops, and the general suggestion of cool freshness throughout the picture. At the later exhibition all this had gone.

In naming this I am not selecting an exception, but a typical example of the early fate of the pictures of the majority of modern artists; some become faded, others wrinkled and reticulated with a network of cracks, even during the lifetime of the painter, while the works of the old masters remain with very little decay during many generations.

My opinion is that the turpentine of the medium is the chief offender, and that the true artist should discard it altogether as fitted only for the work of the house painter, of whom rapid drying and flattening are demanded.

Careful examination of the surface of the works of the older of the old masters has led me to doubt whether they used turpentine at all, and to conclude that their medium was linseed oil pure and simple, used so freely that the drying of their pictures must have demanded days or weeks, and a studio free from dust.

With such a medium every individual particle of the pigment matter is enveloped and sealed in a curiously imperishable transparent skin, which dries by gaining something, viz., oxygen, and therefore swells a little in thus drying, thereby compacting itself and embracing more firmly with loving æsthetic hug the precious colour particles that constitute by their arrangement the artist's pleasure-giving legacy to his fellow-creatures.

Not so the turpentine-diluted medium. In this case half of the medium evaporates, leaving the poor particles of pigment half naked to their enemies.

Some painters have mixed varnishes, such as copal or mastic, with

the oil medium, or have even used these as the sole medium. The result of this is peculiarly disastrous, especially if the colour is laid on thickly, as is likely with such a viscous and quick-drying medium. As the solvent of the varnish evaporates the whole contracts, and leaves a network of cracks or wrinkles, practically destroying the picture.

THE GUARDIANSHIP OF THE LUNGS.

IN the *Asclepiad* of the second quarter of the current year Dr. B. W. Richardson describes an incident which is interesting to us all. While suffering from a bronchial cold, he observed that the secretion had a peculiar fetid odour. It was first detected on the pocket handkerchief, and further investigation led to the discovery of the offending cause, which was the brain of a sheep left in a jar in the doctor's laboratory.

A carriage drive in the suburbs and a good brisk walk (which the printer has transformed into a "brick walk") removed the fetor. Dr. Richardson then reopened the jar, which he had closed just before starting out, and found that on breathing near to it for a short time the secretion was rapidly reinfected, and that it was just as easy to communicate the odour to the expectoration as to the moist hand, to moistened cotton wool, or to a watery solution of albumen.

He adds that "this little observation seems to me of moment as explaining the mode in which some infections are directly communicated. When we consider the large area of the bronchial surface, and its position in relation to the blood, we can easily see how the whole volume of the blood may be poisoned from prolonged inhalation of air charged with putrid matter. The observation is also useful in showing how quickly fresh air, even near London, removes the danger. It may be that in some diseases affecting the nasal organs and upper part of the throat, the great benefit which so often accrues from even a few days' change into pure air at the sea-side may be due to the deodorising effects of the air on nasal and bronchial secretions in a state of partial decomposition."

Another view is, I think, worthy of consideration, viz., that, in thus clutching the poisonous exhalations, the mucous lining of the passages through which all the air we breathe must pass before entering the delicately lined and actively absorbent cells of the lungs may effect a beneficent protection of these vital organs. The mucous membrane of the bronchial tubes is an excreting surface that is capable of performing an ejective function when such is demanded.

I have frequently noticed the dark colour—almost black sometimes—of the bronchial expectorations when breathing a smoky, soot-laden atmosphere, and have regarded this as evidence of the filtering away, by adhesion, of solid particles from the entering air. Dr. Richardson's observation indicates an additional guardianship, viz., a similar filtration of invisible gaseous poison-matter.

DEFORMED FOSSILS AND ALTERED ROCKS.

IN *Nature*, August 19, is the following, in a notice of the Proceedings of the Swiss Society of Natural Sciences: "Dr. Heim of Zurich read a paper on the Deformation of Fossils in Mountains. He described the modifications which rocks undergo in form *even after induration*. Under the enormous pressure of the rocks above they may become laminated without any visible solution of continuity in the mass, or any rupture. The effect on fossils which they contain is similar; these are sometimes enlarged into the most grotesque forms, and hence Agassiz was misled in distributing the fossil fish of the older rocks into eighty distinct species, a considerable number of which were of the same species, but deformed in various ways so as to appear different."

Here we have direct and positive proof of the soundness of my deductions based on Spring's experiments ("Science Notes," February and November 1883). The depth of the rocks referred to by Dr. Heim is of course extremely small compared with the inner depths of the earth, and the effect of pressure upon them is correspondingly moderate. Still, here is a degree of fluidity produced by pressure that is very interesting and instructive to the geologist.

It appears to me that these experiments, proving the conversion by pressure of solid matter into matter of various degrees of fluidity, according to the degree of pressure, opens the clearest and most positive solution of some fundamental geological problems, besides that of the inner fluidity of the earth. The much-vexed questions concerning the nature and origin of metamorphism are directly answered, the crumpling and folding of strata, and even the conversion of sedimentary into the so-called "Plutonic" rocks presents no further difficulty. Nothing is required beyond burial to a sufficient depth.

Fossils may not only have been deformed, but actually obliterated, transfused into the body of the rock in a manner analogous to the transfusion of the mixture of copper and zinc filings when they were converted into compact and uniform brass.

The conversion of sandstone into compact quartz rock, and of

sedimentary limestones into crystalline marbles, must follow as matters of course if the pressure be sufficient. M. Spring has worked hitherto upon metals to form alloys, sulphides, &c., but I hope he will be able to submit grains of sand, dry powdered clay, powdered chalk, &c., to sufficient pressure to effect their partial or total liquefaction. He may thereby supply magnificent contributions to the philosophy of geology. Better still if lumps of actual rock, such as sandstone, fossiliferous limestone, clay, gravel, &c., were thus compressed. As these demand higher temperatures for their fusion by heat than the metals upon which M. Spring has hitherto operated, their mechanical liquefaction may demand a greater pressure. There must be a limit to this, which will be reached when the material of the compressing apparatus is rendered plastic by its own pressure.

THE ARCTIC ORIGIN OF LIFE.

AN address was read at the 17th annual meeting of the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society by its President, Major Feilden, F.G.S. In this he argued that animal and vegetable life on this earth commenced at the poles, and spread northward and southward. His studies of the fossil and recent fauna of the polar regions, when engaged as naturalist to the Arctic Expedition of 1875-6, led him to the conclusion that in Palæozoic times the north pole possessed a climate as warm, at least, as that now enjoyed at the equator; that the temperatures of the north pole during the Miocene period, though gradually cooling, supported a flora which spread southwards; and that animal life also probably originated at the poles and spread southward to the equator. He connects this with the supposed gradual secular cooling of the whole globe.

If the evidences of higher temperature at the poles were limited to the very early periods of geological history, when the tropical and temperate zones were too hot for the maintenance of animal and vegetable life, this hypothesis would stand better than it does.

The facts I briefly stated in one of my notes of last month, on "The Ancient Climate of our Globe," show that this polar luxuriance continued far into the period when the climates of the world were dependent on heat received from without; millions and millions of years after the supposed cooling down of the earth could have exerted any sensible effect on the climate of its surface.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

A TRANSLATION OF MR. CHRISTIE'S ETIENNE DOLET.

SUCH masters of art in regard to style are the French writers of to-day, and so much ahead of us are they in most matters of literary research and bibliographical information, that English works upon French subjects are, as a rule, passed over by them with indifference. Not easy is it, indeed, in days in which every character of historical interest is the subject of constant investigations on the part of those who, as residents in France, have the greatest facilities for reference, for an Englishman to write on a French author a work which shall be accepted as authoritative. Such, however, has been the fate of the "Etienne Dolet, the Martyr of the Renaissance," of Mr. Richard Copley Christie. To the signal merits of a book which practically introduced to the French public one of the most interesting of the figures which surrounded Rabelais and Calvin, and which extracted with scrupulous fidelity and with unexampled acumen every fact in the life, and recorded every work from the presses, of the Lyons printer, who was one of the most distinguished victims of religious persecution, I have already drawn attention. It is pleasant, however, to see that French recognition of this work has been speedy, and that under the personal care of Mr. Christie (Chancellor Christie, as, from the office he holds, he is known in the North) a translation of this fine work, which is, in fact, a second, and revised, and enlarged edition, has been issued. It is vigorously translated, and is published in a really sumptuous edition by the Librairie Fischbacher.

PRODUCTIONS OF DOLET'S PRESS.

BOOK-LOVERS, of whom I am proud to be one, seekers after editions, biblio-maniacs, as some are pleased to call them, and the name is accepted without much grumbling or discontent, those in short whom in Mr. Lang's delightful volume "The Library,"

Mr. Austin Dobson, in even more delightful verse, describes as men who

hold
Patched folios dear, and prize "the small,
Rare volume, black with tarnished gold,"

are aware that among bibliographical rarities few are more difficult of access than the works, in old French morocco, issued by Dolet. A fine copy of his commentaries, obtained after long search—almost by surprise—pardon, reader, an outbreak of personality!—rests, I am happy to say, on my own shelves. To obtain a small work from his press is next to impossible. The more important are out of the question. "*Les Œuvres de Clement Marot de Cahors.*" "A Lyon au logis de Monsieur Dolet, MDXXXVIII.," was bought in the Solar sale for the Bibliothèque Nationale for 1,320 francs, and "*La Plaisante et joyeuse histoire du Grand Géant Gargantua. Lyon Chez Est. Dolet, 1542,*" was sold to M. de Rothschild for 5,000 francs. Less important works have, however, been monopolised through years by Mr. Christie, and the smallest scrap of Dolet is not known to have escaped him. The result is that the list he supplies is eighty-three against fifty-three given by M. Boulmier, Dolet's French biographer, and of these all but sixteen have undergone Mr. Christie's personal investigation and collation.

THE "APOLOGY FOR HERODOTUS."

HAVING once begun the chapter of my own bibliographical acquisitions, I may mention a discovery in London which has more than personal interest. Among the rarest works of the sixteenth century is an unutilated copy of the first edition of the "*Traité de la conformité des merveilles anciennes avec les modernes,*" of Henri Etienne, the most illustrious of the great family of Lyons authors and printers, issued with no name of place (Geneva), L'an MDLXVI, au mois de Novembre. This work, which is more generally known as the "Apology for Herodotus," is a vigorous and unsparing onslaught upon priests. It was published in Geneva, where, during the period of persecution, Etienne took shelter and established his press. Grateful as were the Genevese authorities, the exposures that were made, the freedoms of expression permitted himself by the author, scandalised the Calvinists. The author was, accordingly, severely fined, was compelled to call in the entire edition, and to issue it with "cartons" or reprinted pages substituted for those which gave offence. So vigorous was the execution of this order that not more than four or five copies

are known to have escaped. The finest existing copy is in the matchless library of Mr. Turner, in the Albany. One is in a well-known Parisian collection, and access to it is only permitted to French writers on the *Etiennes* under rigorous conditions. It is pleasant, then, to record that a copy absolutely intact was picked up by me for a few shillings in London. The book has recently been reprinted in France, and the text is accessible. A bibliophile alone can, however, know the difference between a genuine first edition and a reprint.

MR. IRVING'S MEPHISTO.

UPON seeing again this performance, which, without importing into it one disturbing touch of exaggeration, time has ripened and matured, I am disposed to rank it as Mr. Irving's greatest impersonation. More than that, I think there is little if anything upon the modern stage that may stand against it. Mr. Irving's qualities, even to his very defects, lend themselves to excellence in this rôle. Like all so-called tragedians since Kean, he is in fact a comedian. His forte is cynical humour, in the display of which he has had in my time no equal. Under certain conditions this is mixed with so much tenderness that the actor seems to incarnate the spirit of Thackeray. In his *Mephistopheles*, however, it is combined with a suppressed malignity and ferocity thoroughly Satanic. The duel he is fighting is for no considerable stake. What are men to him? Faust even, the learned doctor whose unblessed speculations and unholy aspirations would probably with no aid from without ensure his helpless fall into perdition, why is he worth the pursuit? Simply because this is a part of the great feud between evil, chief of whose powers *Mephistopheles* knows himself to be, and the great Representation of good from whom he has revolted. The fierce contempt for the stakes and the keen interest in the game are shown by Mr. Irving with absolute genius. Of the creation it is difficult to speak in terms of too high praise. The general performance of the play, meanwhile, its mounting, and all connected with it, render the Lyceum spectacle the greatest triumph of theatrical illusion ever contrived. It conclusively proves that high imagination may be shown in the production of a drama.

MEMORY AND MNEMONICS.

I HAVE been observing of late that the professors of mnemonics still exhibit extraordinary vitality, and I have before me the prospectuses of various systems by which the memory-powers are to

be rejuvenated, educated, and renewed at large. I confess, however, that until within the last few weeks I had but little faith in the professions of the professors. I remembered the tale of the lecturer on memory who, when asked to give a discourse before, let us say, the Little Pedlington Institute, founded by a certain Dr. Strongbeck, actually forgot the founder's name, and spoke of him all through the lecture as "the revered founder of this institution, Professor Pinchbeck"! A good memory is, of course, half life's battle. It gives one a tremendous advantage over one's fellows in the conduct of any profession, business, or occupation. "Happy the man who carries his commonplace-book in the 'grey matter of his brain,'" might be regarded as a sentiment expressive of one of the heights of earthly bliss.

I have been carefully studying the system of Professor Loiset, of memory-fame, having selected that gentleman's method as the most promising of those whose prospectuses I examined. It is a system, I am bound to say, which is very far removed from the quackery of most others; and one of its most promising characteristics is the study and care which must be given in order to master it. No one need attempt Mr. Loiset's system, I find, who is not prepared to spend time and thought over its acquirement, and this I regard as one of the best testimonials I can give it. The system has evidently been carefully thought out and elaborated, and its acquirement is, in itself, a memory-education. It is not claimed that Mr. Loiset's method can give to every one a superb and never-failing memory. Such a feat—claimed, by the way, for certain other methods—would be an impossibility. But I can say this much: that while, for those who will conscientiously study it, there remain the fullest hopes of their acquiring a very apt and serviceable memory, even the laziest of mortals will derive some benefit from the mental sharpening that its study involves. Altogether, I should say to those who are given to tie knots in their handkerchiefs by way of reminders (and who perchance have to tie second knots to remember what the first knots imply), *nil desperandum*, so long as Mr. Loiset and his truly scientific system of "never-forgetting" are to the fore.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1886.

*THE CASE OF MR. NOTARY
LEBRUN.*

BY ROBERT HARBOROUGH SHERARD.

"**S**TAND up, gentlemen and ladies," cried the black-robed usher in a ceremonious tone, "the Court is about to enter."

It was in the assize-room in the Palace of Justice in Rouen in the autumn of 187—. I was passing a short holiday in the Norman capital, where, the night before, at the Café d'Angleterre, I had made the acquaintance of the editor of the *La Gazette de Rouen*. He had invited me to attend the trial of what he stated was one of the most curious *causes célèbres* that had ever come before a French tribunal, and had accommodated me with a most excellent seat by his side at the table allotted to the press.

The large hall was crammed with spectators, the majority of which were ladies. These had encroached on the spaces reserved for the officials of the court, and some had even been placed on a bench behind the *fauteuils* of the judges themselves.

From what I had been told, the charge was one of attempted murder, a capital offence, by the way, in France. The attempt had been totally unsuccessful; it was the personality of the prisoner that had aroused such interest in his abortive crime. M. Lebrun, notary-at-law, had lived for forty years in the town, during which time he had gained universal respect and sympathy by the uprightness of his dealings, social and professional. Though not one of the lions of the profession, he was very comfortably off, and until the day of his extraordinary crime had always been looked upon as the most peace-loving and peaceable of men. It was said that the victim had

been a perfect stranger to him, and no explanation of the reason of his conduct could be imagined. It was supposed that M. Lebrun had yielded to a momentary attack of homicidal mania in his cruel and cowardly assault, and this excuse it was expected would be put forward in his defence.

I examined the countenance of the prisoner with the greatest interest when, on the order of the presiding judge, he was brought into the dock between two gendarmes ; an examination which clearly explained to me the reason of the popular excitement when it became known that Notary Lebrun had been arrested for attempted murder.

No one, not even our dear de Balzac, could have imagined a criminal in this most peaceful looking of men. He was the true type of the bourgeois provincial lawyer, short in stature, spare of frame, tidy and ceremonious in his dress, slightly bald and spectacled. His expression was decidedly amiable, and his manner, though slightly prim—an attribute of his profession—affable and pleasing. In one word the very last man I should have expected to see charged with violence. I could hardly picture to myself Notary Lebrun boxing his office-boy's ears.

After he had entered the dock, he glanced round the hall, and seemed both surprised and amused to find himself the object of so much curiosity. He smiled, shrugged his shoulders, muttered something, and then sat down between his two guardians, to rise, however, again the next minute, and to bow to the judges with much courtliness.

The trial then began with the reading by the *greffier* of the long and prosy indictment or *acte d'accusation*. Whilst this was being droned forth, another official uncovered a table which stood in the body of the hall, on which lay the *pièces de conviction*, or incriminating articles found in the prisoner's possession. These consisted of one or two bundles of papers, a small engraving in a black frame, and a most formidable-looking knife, long and pointed. The point of this knife was stained with blood.

After the reading of the indictment, various formalities were gone through, during the course of which it transpired that the prisoner had elected to defend himself, a decision which the President in vain attempted to persuade him to reconsider. The prisoner was then ordered to stand up to be examined.

"What is your name?"

"Lebrun, François-Marie."

"Your age?"

"Sixty-three."

"Your profession?"

"Notary."

"You have lived in this town and exercised your profession here for forty years. You have known how to win the highest respect from your fellow-citizens. Your probity and your honesty cannot for one minute be doubted. Nothing in your previous career indicated that one day in your old age you would occupy the bench of shame where you are now sitting. It is for you to explain the motive of your extraordinary conduct. This you have obstinately refused to do to the *juges d'instruction*. Do you acknowledge that on the eleventh of July last you struck M. Guillaume de la Licterie?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

"With full intent to kill him?"

"With full intent to kill him."

"Greffier, show the prisoner that knife. Do not put it into his hands. Prisoner, is that the weapon with which you attempted the murder?"

"It is."

"Do you acknowledge having treacherously and by means of fictitious and lying promises drawn your victim into your house?"

"Exactly so."

"You accordingly admit the *guet-apens*, the lying-in-wait?"

"I do."

"In what way had your victim aroused your anger, your resentment? What act of his had you to revenge?"

"None."

"Answer my first question."

"In no way."

"Have you ever seen him before?"

"Yes."

"You mean on the eighth of September, when you had a short interview with him? Yes. Before that date you had never seen him, had not known of his existence?"

"Before that date I had never seen him, and had not known of his existence."

"What motive, then, had you in murderously attempting his life?"

The President repeated this question three times without receiving any answer. The prisoner merely shook his head.

"Come," continued the judge, persuasively, "tell us your motive. If, as we are inclined to believe, it was merely a mad impulse, one of those unexplained psychological problems that vex the scientists of the day, we shall be able, as we earnestly desire, to be

merciful. Reflect that, by persisting in this perverse muteness, you will force us to put the worst construction on an act for which doubtless every excuse can be made. It is for you to decide whether we are to send you for a short time to be placed under the care of an alienist physician, or whether you will be led from this hall to the galleys, if not to the scaffold."

A deep silence followed on these words, and all eyes were turned upon the prisoner. He, however, instead of answering, merely shrugged his shoulders, took a pinch of snuff, and sat down. I fancy that the majority of the audience, even as myself, were glad of this. It prolonged the pleasure of our curiosity.

"The jury will appreciate your conduct," said the President severely, when it became evident that the prisoner would not speak. "It remains for the Court to hear the witnesses."

I pass over the depositions of the cutler who had sold the knife; of the prisoner's housekeeper, an idiotic old woman who had heard the scuffle and cries of the victim; and of one or two unimportant witnesses, and come at once to that of M. de la Licterie, the man whose life had been attempted.

His appearance, as he walked up to the bar, attracted the sympathy of all present. He was a man of about thirty years, handsome, well-dressed, and evidently belonging to the highest class of society. I looked at Lebrun when this witness entered. His peaceful face became transfigured, and his expression betokened that the bitterest passions were working within him. At a sign from the President the two warders laid their hands on his wrists. It was a wise precaution, for I believe that otherwise he would have made an attempt to get at the young man.

"It's some love affair, parbleu!" muttered to one of his colleagues the reporter of a Parisian journal, who was sitting behind me. "It is a revenge on Don Juan, that is clear."

"I don't think so," answered the other. "The men had never met. Besides, look at the difference between their eyes. But hush! the witness has taken the oath and is beginning to speak."

"My name is Guillaume de la Licterie," deposed the witness. "I am twenty-eight years of age. I have no profession, and live on the revenues of my estates in Poitou. I do not know the prisoner, and had neither seen him nor known of his existence, until on the eighth of last September. I reside in Paris. One day, towards the end of August, my attention was called by my valet to an advertisement that had appeared in the *Figaro* and, I believe, in all the other Parisian papers, in which the son of Blanche Maillart was requested

to put himself into communication with Notary Lebrun, of the Cours Boieldieu at Rouen. Complementary details satisfied me that I was the person referred to. There was some legacy due to me, it was stated. I took no notice of the advertisement. Why? Oh, mon Dieu! the reason is clear enough. I have already more money than I know how to spend. An increase would have been a burden. Then I was too lazy to write, and I dreaded all the bother of a legal business. However, the advertisement was so persistently repeated that, anxious to put a stop to the unpleasant notoriety that was thereby being given to the name of my adored mother, who is dead, I caused M. Lebrun to be written to. 'Wanted, the son of Blanche Maillart,' had become the gag of the day in Paris. You can judge how great was my anxiety to stop this matter. My letter was answered by return of post. It forms one of the *pièces de conviction*, I think. Lebrun wrote me that several hundred thousand francs and many valuable antique jewels awaited the lawful heir of the late Blanche de la Licterie, née Maillart. The money left me indifferent, the jewels—I am a collector in my lost moments—tempted me. After some further correspondence I came to Rouen, and called on the notary. He received me with much courtesy, and asked me to produce my papers. It appeared that the legacy came to me through a remote ancestor, by the extinction of a collateral branch of our family, and that the papers of my ancestors, as far back as my great-grandfather, who died in 1760, were necessary to establish my claim. These papers I had left in my apartment at Paris, and I doubt if I should have taken any further trouble over the matter if the prisoner had not shown me an exceedingly rare cameo-ring, which, he said, was the least valuable of the collection of precious stones to which I was entitled. In consequence I sent my valet to Paris for the missing documents and fixed a second rendezvous with M. Lebrun for the eleventh of the month. On that day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I called at his house. I was received and shown upstairs by an old woman. The house appeared to be entirely deserted. None of the clerks I had seen there on the previous occasion were in their places. I was ushered into the notary's private room, and was received by him with much affability. I handed him my papers and sat down opposite to him, on the other side of his writing-table; while he examined them. This he did with the greatest care, comparing them with some notes he had in a big, black book. After about half an hour had elapsed he laid the papers down and said in a tone which struck me as peculiar: 'Yes, M. Guillaume de la Licterie, Baron de Granbourg, Comte de la Haute *futaie*, you are

the man. *You are the man,*' he repeated, groping with one hand in a drawer of the table in front of him. At that moment a noise in the street attracted my attention. I turned round and looked out of the window. It was nothing, and so I immediately turned back. I found Lebrun standing in front of me. He held one hand behind his back ; in the other was that old print which I see on the table there. 'Will you kindly look at this engraving,' he said, repeating all my names, and putting the picture into my hands. It was a rough print from a wood block, evidently of last century, and not uninteresting. It represented a man lying stretched out on a mattress, to which he was bound down by a complicated system of straps attached to iron rings in the floor on which his bed was laid, and passing in various directions over his body. The man was dressed in the costume of a peasant of the middle of last century, and had a most repulsive appearance. I was still bending over this curious print, when I received a violent blow on my head. I sprang to my feet, and at the same moment Lebrun leapt on to me, brandishing a huge knife in his hand. I warded off the blow—he struck it in the direction of my heart—and received a severe wound in my arm. I then closed with him, and soon mastered him. The noise of the scuffle had attracted the attention of the housekeeper, who, probably thinking that I had assaulted her master, had called in the police. To these I handed over our friend, and returned shortly after to Paris to get rid of the legacies he had given me. Besides the blow on my head and the stab in my arm, the gentleman had bitten my hands severely as I held him down on the ground. I can offer no explanation as to the motive of his conduct. I presume that much study has made him mad. I bear him no ill-will, and I hope the Court will deal leniently with him. Beyond disappointing me about these antique jewels, he has, *en résumé*, done me no harm. I hope M. le President will now permit me to retire. Rouen is a charming city, mediæval and picturesque, but in October I decidedly prefer Paris."

A round of applause greeted these generous words, a manifestation which the President did not attempt to check. The prisoner, however, struggled in the hands of his guardians, and pursued the last speaker as he left the hall with words of the most powerful abuse.

The President then again appealed to him, and for the last time, to explain his motive, and on his repeated refusal to speak, invited the Procureur de la République to pronounce his speech for the prosecution. It was short but powerful. The Court, he said, was in presence of one of the most dangerous of criminals—a murderer

behind a hypocrite. He could not explain the prisoner's motive, but the motive mattered little. Jealousy, or the mere wilful lust of blood, who should say? A vile motive in any case. The prisoner was as despicable and unworthy of mercy as the victim was eminently sympathetic. The facts of the case were proved. It was with facts and not with suppositions they had to deal. Premeditation, ambuscade, and attempted execution having been established, the prisoner had incurred the severest penalty of the law. This penalty he now demanded in the name of outraged justice. The jury, he hoped, would not see in the prisoner's age an attenuating circumstance. The man was completely responsible. His sanity no one could doubt of. He asked the Court to remove from society one who had so entirely forfeited his right to belong to it.

I thought all this unnecessarily severe, and very unsatisfactory, and I listened with much anxiety to the prisoner when, on the invitation of the President, he rose to make his defence. We were destined to still greater disappointment.

"I am ready for the scaffold," he said very quietly. "I wished to kill the man. I regret that I failed to do so. I deserve death for my clumsiness. If, instead of striking him that blow on the head, I had stabbed him at once, the matter would have been done. I can only express my regret at having made so capital a mistake."

With these words he sat down, amidst the hooting of all present.

The Procureur then rose again. "I have nothing to add to my *réquisitoire*," he said. "The prisoner himself has fully established the justice of my request against him."

A list of questions were given to the jury to answer, and they retired to consider their answers. The verdict rendered an hour later amounted to one of Guilty with attenuating circumstances.

The prisoner was then sentenced to five years' solitary confinement.

"It is less than I deserved," he said, as he was removed. "You see, if I had stabbed first, instead of striking, the business would have gone by itself (*l'affaire aurait marché toute seule*). But one always mismanages something."

The unsatisfactory conclusion of this extraordinary affair caused, it will be remembered, the greatest excitement throughout France. The most varied explanations of the notary's conduct were suggested and discussed. Poor M. de la Licterie was obliged to leave his beloved Paris to escape from the persistent importunities of those who believed he held the key to this mystery. Alienist doctors

innumerable visited the prisoner, but were unable, in justice to science, to class him a homicidal monomaniac. It was also hoped that in time he might come to speak; when, to the intense disappointment of the public, it was learned one day, about five months after the trial, that his mouth had been closed for ever. Notary Lebrun had died suddenly in the night.

In common with thousands of other men, I had been greatly intrigued at the time by this case. In common with scores, I had offered the public my theory and my explanation, which, with many arguments, I had supported. If I remember aright, I preached from Lebrun's conduct the sermon of Perversity, which so eloquently inspired poor Edgar Allan Poe. I considered my analysis definitely established after the prisoner's death. It is right to say that each one of the other theorists thought the same of his analysis. Time passed without bringing any fresh food for our curiosity, and soon the case was forgotten. If ever Lebrun was referred to in conversation in subsequent years, it was as "the little notary with the iron mask," a witticism which, I think, was invented by a writer in *Le Figaro*.

A few days ago, however, a chance circumstance threw in my way what I firmly believe is the key of this mystery.

I was walking on the Quai des Grands-Augustins, which like all the other quays in Paris is full of second-hand bookstalls. Before one of these I stopped. In a box of old books at ten centimes each, I found a paper-covered brochure which attracted my attention. It was an odd number of a series of accounts of the celebrated trials of all ages and countries. On the fly-leaf of this pamphlet was reproduced a reduction of the old print which had figured at Lebrun's trial, representing a man strapped down to a mattress. Over this illustration was printed the subject of the book: "REGICIDES—*The Case of Brunel*."

In 1752 the life of Louis, the Well-beloved of France, was attempted by a half-crazed Norman peasant, called Brunel, who had been ruined by the persecutions of the seigneur of his village. He had addressed many petitions to the King for the redress of his grievance without receiving any answer. This, together with other circumstances, had prompted the unhappy man to do justice, as he thought, by sacrificing the master of his master. He struck the King with a knife one evening as Louis XV. was leaving the Palace of Versailles for the Trianon. The King, on having him arrested, gave

express orders that he was not to be harmed. In spite, however, of the royal clemency, the miserable man was subjected to the most revolting barbarities. After being tortured in the cruellest manner, he was imprisoned in the *Conciergerie*, where he was secured in the manner illustrated in the print above mentioned. In this position he was kept for three months. The horrible cruelty of his treatment will be understood, when it is added that the conduct of his case was in the hands of his original persecutor, the seigneur against whose tyranny he had appealed to the King. This person also presided at the trial, scandalous even in those days of partiality, at which Brunel had to answer for his crime. The sentence pronounced against the prisoner, who was not permitted to utter one word in his defence, was of incredible severity. It is reproduced in the book, and runs :

“The Court, the Princes and Peers therein in session, doing justice on the accusation of the said Jean Brunel, duly attainted and convicted of the crime of Lèse-Majesté, divine and human, in the first degree, for the very naughty, very abominable, and very detestable parricide committed on the person of the King ; and in atonement condemns the said Brunel to do *amende honorable* before the principal door of the Church of Paris, whither he will be led and conducted in a tumbril, clothed in his shirt only, holding a lighted candle of wax of the weight of two pounds ; and there, on his knees, to say and declare that, naughtily and proditoriously, he committed the said very naughty and very abominable parricide, and did wound the King with a blow of a knife in his right side, whereof he repents and asks pardon of God, of the King, of Justice ; this being done, he shall be led and conducted in the said tumbril to the Place de la Grève, and, on a scaffold there erected, torn with burning pincers on his breast, arms, thighs and legs, his right hand holding the knife with which he committed the said parricide, to be burnt in a fire of sulphur, and on the places where he has been torn with the pincers there shall be thrown melted lead, boiling oil, burning resin, tar, wax and sulphur melted together. His body shall then be pulled asunder and dismembered by four horses, and shall afterwards be burned to ashes, and the ashes shall be scattered to the winds.”

A second clause provided for the razing to the ground of the house in which the prisoner was born.

“Sir,” said Brunel, when he had listened to this terrible sentence, “it is well. I have deserved this. But to you, what justice shall be meted out ? For it cannot be that your crimes, of which this trial and this sentence are the least, can in justice be permitted to pass unpunished. No, wicked, wicked man ; there shall be justice, if not

to you, to your children or your children's children. I have a son and you have a son. Justice shall be one day."

To this menace the President answered by ordering the prisoner to be tortured, with torture, ordinary and extraordinary, as the pretext of discovering whether he had any accomplices. After which the sentence was executed in all its horrible details.

The book also relates that the son of Brunel to escape persecution changed his name to that of Lebrun.

The name of the man who had brought Brunel to his fearful end was Maillart. This signature stands, to his eternal disgrace, at the foot of the sentence quoted above.

From this Maillart the de la Licterie family—so says the *Almanac de Gotha*—descends.

Does this throw any light on the mystery of the case of M. Notary Lebrun?

A LONDON WALK.

WITH all the changes, demolitions, and reconstructions that are going on in London, so that in a few years it seems likely to be transformed, there still is in "the City" proper much that is surprisingly antique, and which the spoiler has left unprofaned. There is a district covering a very small area, whereof Clerkenwell is about the centre, which contains some half-dozen monuments of this description, a surprise and delight for the antiquarian sight-seer. Surprise he would feel to find these memorials almost untouched, with the genuine "grime" and true mould thick upon them. Among these attractive monuments are the elegant chapel of St. Etheldreda in Ely Place, Holborn; the gloomy and much decayed Norman church of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield; the old St. John's Gateway; the Charter House; and, some distance higher up, the interesting Canonbury Tower. All have an extraordinary interest, and will well repay the pilgrim who travels from west to east to see them. How they survive still is wonderful, for around old houses are being levelled, streets cut, warehouses and magazines double the height of the older buildings are being raised; these poor bits of decay, old-fashioned in cut and quality, linger on as mere survivals. As it is, it is likely enough that the ground on which they stand will presently be "wanted," and coarse utilitarians, who lop venerable trees with genuine gusto, and consider these antique relics so many old stones, to be sold in "lots," will presently require them to "clear out of that."

Beginning our exploration, and turning out at Holborn Circus, close to that abortive equestrian figure of the Prince Consort, we find ourselves in a quarter of much imposing state. There is something very original in the idea of the Viaduct and the old church that strikes its root below, and yet has its entrance above. The mixture of rail and road and bridge and market is really effective. But to the left we find the small quiet street Ely Place, which is a *cul de sac*, shut off at the bottom by a "dead wall," and protected at its entrance by gates and a watchman in his lodge. There must be

some mysterious reason for this guard which is not at all apparent, for it is a street devoted to brisk business, mainly "agents" who are content with a little office where large transactions are conducted. But the real interest lies in the establishment of a brilliant and sensational firm of solicitors, Messrs. Lewis & Lewis, whose clever principal, Mr. George Lewis, is sure to introduce some dramatic element into the case. The more poetical element is the beautiful St. Etheldreda's Chapel. A little history might be written of this structure, which from its associations, historical and otherwise, is full of charm and interest. Here were the famous gardens of the Bishop of Ely, who is introduced by Shakespeare as offering strawberries grown there. The next street, Hatton Garden, records the name of Sir Christopher Hatton of "toe-pointing" memory, who died here. On the left as we descend the little street, and a good bit drawn back from the front, stands the chapel, now restored with a reverent judicious care and restraint that have won universal praise. The disposition is original enough, as the façade is broken into two storeys—a crypt below, the chapel proper above, lit at each end by large and beautifully designed windows, much admired by architects. We descend by steps and enter the crypt below first—long, low, and sepulchral dark, the old rude beams of the floor above being retained and supported by a short stone pillar here and there. Most picturesque are the deeply embayed lancet windows, which open in broad recesses some seven or eight feet deep. On one side, however, these have been filled in and converted to the uses of confessionals—a serious departure from the excellent taste which distinguishes all the rest. Here are found a few kneeling figures; a lamp or two twinkling afar off make the gloom more visible, while to the left near the altar a short flight of steps leads up to a door at the side and introduces us to the chapel overhead. As we look at the rude stonework of the thick walls, unplastered and set roughly in their place, and on the coarsely-shaped "knees" of old chestnut wood which support the ceiling, it seems hard to imagine the change from the days when the Bishop complained of the wine-selling that went on, and of the later period, when casks and coals were stowed away here.

The most ignorant utilitarian among us cannot but admire the architectural grace of the chapel above—the charming proportions, the air of space and size and distinction, and the *restraint* in the matter of decoration. The roof is ribbed closely, suggesting the "timbers of a ship," and nothing more pleasing can be conceived than the long lancet windows running down the side nigh to the ground, deeply recessed. Between every two is a bracket for a statue

with a sort of Gothic pinnaced canopy, but delicately indicated and with surprising grace and feeling. It is pleasing to find that there has been no wholesale scraping or "*skinning*" by the restorers, but the whole bears a placid subdued tone, mellowed by years. The tracery and proportions of the two great windows *vis-à-vis* to each, always command our admiration from the large expanse. One has been fitted with painted glass "richly dight," and of that jewelled sort which is so effective. This was supplied by the generosity of the Duke of Norfolk; the other stands vacant to the cold white light of day, but a naïve and simple appeal opposite the door invites the passer-by to pray that it may be put into the heart of some opulent visitor to supply this want. It must be confessed that the modern treatment of the sanctuary—the altar, organ, and general furnishing of the whole—does not quite reflect the spirit of the place—indeed, is opposed to it.

It is difficult to conceive that not many years back there were living "oldest inhabitants" who could recall the times when Ely Place represented a fair *plaisance*, laid out in gardens—the Bishop's old palace still standing beside the chapel, though much ruined and dilapidated. There are many views of the building as it appeared at that day, which show what an interesting pile it was. As you entered from Holborn there faced you an old heavy arched gateway, leading into the great hall of the palace; on the right was a colonnade, on the left the garden. Outside the chapel was a regular cloister.

It is painful, in an antiquarian sense, to think of the fate of this characteristic pile, which in our time would have been reverently restored and preserved for its original uses. What a pleasing attraction for Holborn it would have been! The incumbents of the see, it seems, found it too burdensome a task to keep this place in repair, or did not relish living in the City. They completely abandoned it and allowed it to go to ruin. The Government then thought of it as a good site for some public offices. Dr. Keene, the bishop in 1772, obtained an Act of Parliament for selling the property to the Crown for £6,500, with which sum a new mansion was purchased in Dover Street. The cloisters and the great hall were all levelled to the ground. The site and materials were purchased by "Charles Cole, Esq., the eminent architect and builder," who erected on its ground our present Ely Place. One account of the time sets out that:

"In this place, and sunk from view, as if intentionally, is Ely chapel. There are five windows in the length. That of the west end differs from the east, but it is hidden by a gallery and a neat little organ. The window, of four mullions with cinquefoil arches, and above this a

circle filled with three roses and two quatrefoils, is the only part which admits light at present. New galleries, though neat, totally different from the Gothic, as the cornice and ceiling are; a rail in centre, and two box doors; the *floor* windows high in place."

The eminent Charles Cole, Esq., had, however, the grace to spare the elegant chapel. After passing through various vicissitudes it was bought and presented to the National Society to serve as a place of worship for the school children. After a while this function was given up, and it was disused. In 1805 the forlorn place seems to have been taken in hand and fitted to modern worship in the best churchwarden-Gothic style.

It fell eventually into the hands of the Welsh Church, and seems to have been rather barbarously treated. Without, doors were made, the windows "cut away"; while within, it was treated in the old dissenting fashion. A gallery was run round it, dividing the beautiful lancet windows across, while the "neat" pulpit was set up, and general "neat" arrangement was carried out, as if with the intention of disguising all the attractions of the building.

"In spite of patchings and modernisings," says the genial Charles Knight, "St. Etheldreda's Chapel retains much of its original aspect. On looking at the exterior, if we shut our eyes to the lower portion, where a part of the window has been cut away, and an entrance made where none was ever intended to exist, we perceive the true stamp of the days when the cathedrals existed. In the interior, the effect of the two windows, alike in general appearance, yet differing in every respect in detail, is magnificent, though the storied panes which we may be sure filled them once, are gone. The bold arch of the ceiling, plain and whitewashed though now be its surface, retains much of the old effect. The noble row of windows on each side are in a somewhat similar condition. All their exquisite tracery has disappeared, but their number, height, and size tell us what they must have been in the palmy days of Ely Place. We scarcely remember anything more exquisite in architecture *than the fairylike workmanship of the delicate pinnacle-like ornaments which rise between and overtop these windows.*

"Of the original entrances to the chapel one only remains, which is quite unused, and is situated at the south-west corner of the edifice. Stepping through the doorway into the small court that encloses it, we perceive that it has been a very beautiful deeply receding pointed arch, but now so greatly¹ decayed that even the character of its

¹ This walk is through a churchyard, in which the stones have been crowded thickly, and which the old timbered houses overhang—a not inspiring prospect.

ornaments is but partially discoverable. Here, too, is a piece of the wall of one of the original buildings of the palace—a stupendous piece of brickwork and masonry ; and on looking up, one of the octagonal buttresses, with its conical top, which ornamented either angles of the building, is seen. Descending a flight of steps, we find a low window looking into the crypt, the place which was at the time so desecrated.

“It is now filled with casks, and we can but just catch a glimpse of the enormous posts and girders with which the floor of the chapel is supported. Even half the vault, or burying-place under the chapel,” one of the bishops complained in the seventeenth century, “is made use of as a public cellar—or was so lately—to sell drink in, there having frequently been revellings heard during divine service.”

Almost within sight of this interesting little memorial is one still more remarkable. After walking beside the handsome and imposing markets for a few seconds, we reach Smithfield, and the open square where, close to “Bartholomew’s,” stands one of the most extraordinary old churches in London, second only in interest to the other antique memorial whereof the excellent Dr. Cox is incumbent, viz. St. Helen’s. All that is concerned with this venerable structure of St. Bartholomew’s is characteristic ; the approaches and surroundings are all singularly piquant, and will surprise the antiquarian visitor. From out of the square a mysterious “Tom’s-alone” sort of alley or passage leads to the doorway and the foot of the old tower. There is something so solemn, so grimed and neglected, about the air of this building as to be almost pathetic. The restorers have happily done little, though they are now about to be let loose. The old British tower, in its stern and stout decay, has a strange influence. It is of a cheerful mellow tone, akin to that of its brother of Chelsea, and is capped by one of those quaint old-fashioned belfries so common in the City. There is always a something melancholy and grim in these old solemn remnants, standing up stark and stiff, and still unshaken, though their “day” is gone by long since. Here too is the old rusted clock with its faded gold characters. Even the little disused window and balcony half-way up have an odd *bizarre* look. Within, the old Norman arches and pillars strike one with awe and admiration, so fine and solidly massive are they in structure. But as we walk round the solemn vault-like place, where nobody seems to come for worship, we note indications of transepts and chapels which seem to have been cut away or abolished. It is when we get *outside* that we are enabled to go in search of these adjuncts and actually find them !

All round the old church are to be found some Rouen-like streets, highly antique and picturesque, such as "Cloth Fair," with old overhanging houses, and space for but one carriage to pass; the backs of most which tenements are caked and crusted round about the old fane, which, overpowered as it is, can be seen struggling uneasily with these oppressive neighbours. By diving down strange lanes and passages and *culs-de-sac* we get a glimpse or two of its venerable figure. Here is an old dilapidated Gothic window, with a fragment of a chapel, on which literally a house has been built. Here, to the left, is an old blacksmith's forge, which impinges at right angles on the church. Its walls are of rude stone, and the clink of a hammer is heard, the blaze roaring merrily up a chimney against the church wall. This is actually the old transept, long since disused, the venerable walls all smoked and grimed. It is really entertaining to grope one's way through the narrow lanes and passages that skirt the old brick walls, until we get to the factory, now happily purchased, which bears its owner's name and purpose displayed along the walls, though the original sacred function is revealed in the solid brick buttresses that at regular intervals prop the whole. All this has the strangest and most striking effect. It would be hard, indeed, to give an idea of the fashion in which the old wooden houses have grown to the old building, and have preyed on it much as *Crustacea* on a monster of the deep.

Wandering away from this venerable pile, now taken in hand by the restorers, within a few hundred yards we come to the old "St. John's Gateway," a very pleasing fortress-like archway, in fine condition. The portion on the right bay is devoted to a snug-looking little publichouse. The little room over the archway, with its mullioned windows, is occupied by Sir E. Lechmere and his "Knights of St. John," a "langue" whose title is seriously contested—which does much useful work in the direction of ambulance business. Here meets, or used to meet, the Urban Club, devoted to the memory of the worthy Dr. Johnson, whose shade must haunt the old gateway.

This reverend memorial is of special interest to the readers of the *Gentleman's*—on whose cover an exact "portraiture" has been displayed for nigh a century and a half. If the curious explorer will compare this picture with the old monument itself he will find that Time has dealt reverently with it—or, perhaps, that its custodians have been specially careful.

A little way off we come to the venerable Charter House, where an interesting half-hour may be spent. But though the old

stair and dining-hall and chapel are worth attention, the most interesting and picturesque portion is the old rusted square, recalling one of the colleges at Cambridge.

Starting from the "Angel"—the angel of the omnibuses and merrie Islington—and taking the "old" New River as a guide, by Charles Lamb's Colebrook Row, we come to a curious district, half shabby-genteel, and wholly decayed. In this dispiriting place, although the air is keen and bracing, we find squares and terraces and "rows," all having a suburban villa air. And at the top of the Canonbury Road, and in strange contrast with its associates, rises a grim and gaunt old brick tower, solid and lofty, against whose veteran sides lean some old gabled houses, part of the structure. A friendly coat of ivy covers a goodly proportion of the old body. An antique rail surmounts the top, while a meagre weathercock gives a point and finish to the whole. There is a certain majesty and breadth about this venerable relic which rises here, wrapped in the dignity of its own desolation. There is always, indeed, a sense of sadness in the spectacle of one of these old brick towers, all scarred and weather-beaten with the storms and the batterings of fortune.

Standing before the low arched doorway, a genuine portal, the door itself a bit of oak, framed and duly knobbed, I remind myself that this picturesque tenement is associated, oddly enough, with some of the pleasantest literary memories. Like its mediæval neighbour, old "St. John's Gate," it was the refuge and shelter of the destitute "hack" more than a hundred and twenty years ago. A regular line of *littérateurs* have had the odd fancy of deserting their busy Grub Street, and of lying *perdus* here, either from choice or necessity, and it is easy to call up the rather ungainly figure of DOCTOR GOLDSMITH toiling up Canonbury Hill.

A worthy woman—albeit garrulous—guides us over the old tower. (After saying that she knew Oliver's life well she added, "Them poets seem to be always poor and in want.") It was astonishing to see the number and spaciousness of the chambers in the old tower, and their picturesque rambling disposition. One is struck with admiration at the two spacious rooms on the second and third floors, finely proportioned and baronial, for each is adorned with ebony-toned oak-panelling reaching to the ceiling, and each has an elaborately carved mantelpiece, such as would have rejoiced Charles Lamb at Blakesware. The delicacy and finish of the work cannot be surpassed. There are an old solid door, black as ink, hanging on hinges a yard long; fragments of old oak banisters; while in the upper storeys windows with the diamond panes are still seen. Here the poor

drudge found refuge. About 1766, the bookseller Newbery, as we learn from the pleasant account of him just published, contracted with a Mr. Fleming, the then tenant, to board and lodge the poet for £50 a year. According to this authority, Goldsmith's room was that on the second floor, and here he is described as reading to one of the younger Newberys passages from his MS. George Daniel, the bibliophile, who made a pilgrimage to the tower, if he did not reside there, and gathered up the traditions, found that the first-floor room was believed to have been the Doctor's, and "an old press bedstead in the corner" was shown in proof. Two families, the Tappses and the Evanses, had been in care of the place for over 140 years. Mrs. Tapps used to retail many stories about the poet to her niece, who was in possession at the time of Mr. Daniel's visit. Washington Irving was so much interested by the place that he took up his abode there for a time. Other tenants have been the eccentric Dr. Hill (of Garrick's happy epigram)—

For physic and farces
His equal there scarce is :
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is ;

Smart, the mad poet, who wrote an epic in Bedlam ; Humphreys, another poet ; "Junius" Woodfall ; Chambers, who wrote an encyclopædia ; and Speaker Onslow. Some time ago a "Young Men's Association" fixed itself here, but the young men are fled, and once more desolate is the dwelling of Morna. The view from the platform on the roof was almost confounding : the vast champaign spreading away below ; the wooded hills of Hampstead and Highgate ; while the keen inspiriting air blew from these heights. It was a surprise even for a fair *spirituelle* antiquarian, tempted up to the dizzy elevation, and who could scarcely credit that London could offer such a spectacle. St. Paul's seems to lie at your feet.

The old brick tower dates from the fourteenth century, and belonged to the canons of the neighbouring Church of St. Bartholomew, another fine but fast-decaying monument. The tower belongs to "the Marquis"—that is, to Lord Northampton—of whose provident care and attention this fine old relic is well worthy. If such relief be much longer delayed it will come too late. A few hundred pounds would do much in the way of restoration. It would make a museum, or even as a show-place would benefit the district, drawing visitors. There is an ominous rumour that it is intended to pull it down as cumbering the earth, and to sell the ground for building.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

THE BREWER OF GHENT

A FEW last words on the subject of James van Artevelde, the Jacques d'Artevelle of French, and the Jacob or Jacoppe van Artevelde of Flemish writers. So far back as the year 1848 the present writer contributed two successive papers to the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the hope of drawing the attention of English historians to the flagrant injustice from which the memory of the great Flemish patriot had suffered for upwards of five centuries. That end was very imperfectly attained, though the article in question was written in Bruges and Ghent, and was largely founded upon the authority of such distinguished men of letters as M. N. Cornelissen, M. Auguste Voisin, and M. Kervyn van Lettenhove. With the exception of a few clerical errors attributable to the author's absence from England, and consequent inability to correct the proofs, there is little to be added to or struck out of that sketch even in the light of the fuller information that has since been obtained through the intelligent and indefatigable researches of the last-named historian. In some respects it is more trustworthy than my more ambitious attempt to rouse literary sympathy through the broad pages of the *Edinburgh Review* (January 1881) for a great statesman so long cruelly misrepresented. Several mistakes found their way into this paper. For reasons that would be tedious to detail, and which I am not now prepared to justify, I had come to entertain a bias towards the vulgar belief that James van Artevelde on his return to Flanders from the French Court married the proprietress of a brewery—whether of beer or of mead is quite immaterial. A more serious misconception was manifested in fathering upon him the alleged project to “convert the county of Flanders into a dukedom with the Prince of Wales as its liege lord.” In the following year I returned to the rescue and published, by the aid of Mr. John Murray, a Memoir of James and Philip van Artevelde—“two episodes in the history of the fourteenth century.” Here again, I weakly hesitated to demolish the popular fable which represents the former of those two remarkable men as actually a brewer, by marriage, although I did venture to express considerable doubts as to the truthfulness of the report. On

other points there is little, if anything, to alter so far as facts are concerned, but to prevent any possible misunderstanding through inadequacy of style and expression, it may not be time thrown away to sketch a clear outline of the social position and political career of the so-called Brewer of Ghent. A very few words will suffice for that purpose.

The name presents itself for the first time in the Flemish annals in 1298, when Philip the Fair confiscated the lands of William van Artevelde to bestow them upon Philip de Mosschere, the traitor who guided the French army to the fatal plain of Courtrai. There is good reason, however, to believe that the family were descended from the ancient châtelains of Ghent, and derived their name from the spacious domain of Artevelde, now Ertvelde, which included the fiefs of Triest and Mendouck. They did not, however, belong, strictly speaking, to the landed aristocracy. They were members, rather, of the commercial aristocracy, *milites burgenses*, similar to the merchant princes of the great Italian republics. John van Artevelde, the father of James, was an opulent cloth merchant, held in high estimation by his fellow-citizens, by whom in the course of a single year he was despatched on an embassy to the Duke of Brabant, and then to Bruges to preside over the liberation of Louis de Nevers after eight months' captivity. From Bruges he proceeded to Arques to negotiate peace with the envoys of the King of France, and a little later he stood in the royal presence to swear to the due observance of the new treaty. By his wife, Livine van Groote, who was nearly related to the leading commercial families of Flanders, John van Artevelde had three sons and two daughters—James, John, Francis, Mary, and Catherine. James and John married two sisters, Catherine and Christine, daughters of Zheger or Sohier of Courtrai, the most distinguished knight in all Flanders, and almost an object of veneration among his fellow countrymen. Though described by Meyer as *eques Flandrus nobilissimus* and *baro precipuus Flandriæ*, he prided himself still more on his connection with the principal families of Ghent and on his privilege of citizenship. Previous, however, to his marriage, James van Artevelde is supposed to have resided at the Court of Louis le Hutin for the space of two years, discharging the honorary function of *varlet de la fruiterie*, which implied the possession of gentle if not actually of noble blood. He is also reported to have accompanied Charles of Valois on his passage through Tuscany, and his expedition into Sicily, and perhaps to Rhodes. After his return to Ghent there is a blank of more than twenty years, during which he appears to have cultivated his *polders*, or lands reclaimed from the sea, situated

at Basserode, while he assisted his father in the management of his extensive business. John van Artevelde died in 1328, the year in which the disastrous battle of Cassel was fought, at which time his son James was probably about 43 years of age. Positively no evidence whatever can be found of his marriage to a "brewster" or to the widow of a brewer, or of any sort of connection with a brewery. It is true that the precise date of his union with Catherine of Courtrai is equally unnoticed in the public records, though she is frequently mentioned as his wife, by her proper designation of Catherine of Tronchiennes, and it is also stated that after his death she took for her second husband Sohier de Baronaige, in 1348. In short, until the memorable year 1337, James van Artevelde led an uneventful life, tilling his lands, trading in woollen fabrics, and dwelling in the family mansion in the Padden-heck, or Toads' Corner, off the Calanderberg. According to M. de Lettenhove it was a spacious building, with a tower for the purpose of security in troublous times, while at the back extended a suite of magazines, store-houses, and offices, one of which was afterwards converted into a chancellerie for the deposit of public documents and the conduct of public correspondence. It is at least probable that James van Artevelde was married some time towards the close of this peaceful period, for his son Philip was born in 1340, and was held at the font by Queen Philippa, after whom he was named. Had his marriage taken place subsequent to the great meeting at the Biloke Monastery it would certainly have been noted in the *Jaer-Boek*, for he had become too remarkable a personage for his actions to escape publicity. From this date, however, it is plain sailing. He lived henceforth in a fierce light, though so grievously has he been misrepresented that he could not have been more unjustly handled had thick darkness descended upon the land and left free play to every historian's imagination.

In compliance with the wishes of Philip of Valois the Count Louis de Nevers, without provocation or warning, caused all Englishmen who happened to be in Flanders to be thrown into prison. This unjustifiable proceeding was borne by the English monarch with singular patience, in the hope that the Flemish Communes would take steps to obtain the release of his subjects, and it was only when redress appeared clearly unattainable by other means that, by way of reprisal, he arrested the Flemings who chanced to be within his kingdom, and prohibited the exportation of wool. The looms of Flanders were thus brought to a stand-still, for no precautions had been taken to provide against sudden emergencies. The misery that consequently overtook the artizans of Ghent is described as having

been excessively acute, nor was that turbulent population at any time patient of adversity. Edward III. recognised his opportunity, and made conciliatory overtures, which were eagerly accepted by the Communes though refused by the Count. An alliance, however, was concluded between the semi-independent States of Flanders, Brabant, and Hainault, to which Louis de Nevers was compelled to accede, and also to sanction the renewal of friendly relations with England. Ambassadors were accordingly despatched by the King, and were well received by the Count of Hainault, the Duke of Brabant, the Count of Guelders, the Marquis of Juliers, and other princes of the Empire, though it was evident that, beyond ambiguous phrases, nothing was to be expected from these fair-weather friends. A more practically favourable reception awaited the Bishop of Lincoln at Bruges, Ypres, and Ghent. In the last-named city the English prelate was treated as an honoured guest by Zhegher or Sohier of Courtrai, who warmly advocated closer relations with the wool-producing people of England. Shortly afterwards the Lord of Tronchiennes was invited by the Count to attend a meeting of the representatives of the Communes about to be held at Bruges, and on his arrival was arrested and hastily conveyed to the castle of Rupelmonde. Great exertions were made to accomplish his release, to which the Count responded by the immediate decapitation of his illustrious and venerable captive. It was altogether an ill-advised measure, and brought about consequences that affected alike the internal and external policy of Flanders for many a year. In the first place, the citizens of Ghent were rather exasperated than terrified by this cold-blooded murder, but above all it drew forth James van Artevelde from obscurity and the pursuit of wealth, and opened a field for the exercise of his administrative and statesmanlike genius. Unmoved by the sufferings of the working men of Ghent, and unsoftened by their supplications, Louis de Nevers imposed upon the city a heavy fine as a mark of his extreme displeasure. Driven to desperation, the starving artizans took counsel with James van Artevelde, known to them not only as a thriving burgher, but as a discreet and clear-headed man. His advice was simple and straightforward. He strongly urged the conclusion of a mutually offensive and defensive alliance between Flanders, Brabant, Hainault, Holland, and Zealand, and the maintenance of a strict but benevolent neutrality towards the Kings of France and England. By this means all entanglement in the quarrels of those ambitious monarchs would be avoided, while from the one country corn and wine would be obtained, without let or hindrance,

and from the other a regular supply of wool would be permanently secured.

A few days later, or on the 3rd of January, 1338, an important meeting was held of the magistrates of the Commune, who not only adopted the policy recommended by James van Artevelde, but also resolved to recur to the customs and usages of their predecessors. The civic machinery of former times was again brought into play. A captain, or *hoofstman*, was appointed to each parish, under the presidency of the captain of St. John's parish, who was regarded *ex officio* as the chief magistrate of the city and commander of the local militia. It is not surprising that the choice of his fellow citizens should have selected as the first occupant of this honourable post the man who had roused them to action and pointed out the road to prosperity. To him and his four colleagues were assigned, in conformity with ancient usage, a certain number of *cnaepen*, or lictors, to execute the orders of the magistrates. As senior captain, Artevelde had twenty-one of these armed attendants, Vaernewyck twenty, and the three others fifteen each. Various police regulations were introduced or revived, and due forethought was shown to guard against destitution and famine in the future. Edward III. met the overtures of the Commune half way, and by the middle of February English wool had again set in motion the looms of Ghent, too long idle. Neither Philip of France nor Louis de Nevers, however, was to be mollified, and the latter finding his position disagreeable, if not actually dangerous, escaped from the city and fled to his château at Maele in the immediate neighbourhood of Bruges. The French king was only anxious to gain time to complete his preparations for an invasion, and assured the two envoys who waited upon him that the welfare and happiness of the citizens of Ghent were objects of his constant solicitude. The Count also ratified the convention made with Edward III., through the agency of the Count of Guelders. The true worth of the most solemn promises made by King or Count was illustrated, as already mentioned, by the decapitation of Sohier of Courtrai, while confined to his bed by age and bodily ailments. On the following day, March 25th, 1338, a sentence of excommunication was pronounced by Philip's orders—in virtue of discretionary powers entrusted to him by the Pope—and early in April a French army was assembled at Tournai. This expedition was frustrated by the vigour and promptitude of the President of Ghent, while Louis de Nevers only succeeded in alienating and exasperating the tumultuous community of Bruges. A better understanding was shortly afterwards arranged. The Count agreed to transfer the

administration of Flanders to a Board, consisting of three representatives of each of the good towns of Bruges, Ypres, and Ghent. The King of England signed a commercial treaty, by which he pledged himself to respect the neutrality of Flanders ; to authorise Flemish merchants to frequent the different wool-staples, and to sanction the free importation of the fabrics of Ghent into England, if stamped with the seal of the Commune. On his part, the King of France raised the sentence of interdict, cancelled the fines he had imposed upon the chief cities, and protested his compassion for the sufferings brought upon Ghent in particular.

Such was the position of affairs at the close of 1338. The peace was merely a cessation of hostile operations, which would, in any case, have been suspended during the winter months. It gave breathing time for the elaboration of projects on a large scale, and deceived none of the contracting parties. In the hope of obtaining greater influence over the States of Flanders dependent upon the Emperor, Edward III. wrung from his brother-in-law, Louis of Bavaria, the somewhat illusory dignity of Vicar of the Empire, and in that capacity summoned the Emperor's vassals to co-operate with him in recovering from France the imperial city of Cambrai. Two large armies remained in the field for months, avoiding a collision, and drawing their supplies from the adjacent country, which was ruthlessly devastated. At the approach of winter the siege was raised, Philip returned to Paris, and the German princes to their respective States, while the English monarch withdrew to Brussels. He was there waited upon by a deputation from the Ghent Commune, by whom he was urged to quarter the arms of France with those of England, and proclaim himself King of France, for otherwise no substantial aid could be afforded by the people of Flanders, who were bound over in the sum of 2,000,000 florins, payable to the Apostolical Chamber, besides incurring a sentence of excommunication, to keep the peace towards the rightful King of France, their acknowledged over-lord. This startling proposition, commonly credited to the subtle brain of Van Artevelde, was accepted by Edward III. after some natural hesitation, and from that date the kings of England assumed the *fleurs de lys* and the vain title of King of France, the source of woes innumerable to both countries.

The year 1340 will be for ever memorable in the naval annals of England. A great sea-fight was fought in the harbour of Sluys, which, for the first time, established the supremacy of the English flag on the waters of the Channel, and heralded the long series of glorious achievements that culminated, without terminating, at

Trafalgar. During Edward's absence in England throughout the previous winter months, Queen Philippa had given birth to a son, known from the place of his nativity as John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster"; and during the same season a son was born to James and Catherine van Artevelde, named Philip, in memory of the Queen who held him at the baptismal font. Forty-two years later Philip van Artevelde perished at Roosebeke. No evil forebodings, however, were entertained by the victor at Sluys or by his "gossip," the President of the Commune of Ghent. Edward III. had been slightly wounded by an arrow, but was soon well enough to repair to Ardenberg, to offer up a thanksgiving for his brilliant victory. There he was met by Van Artevelde, in whose company he travelled to Bruges. In that ancient Flemish city he received a deputation from the Communes of the chief towns, who persuaded him to undertake the siege of Tournai, and the recovery of the county of Artois, promising on their part to furnish an auxiliary force of 150,000 men to co-operate for the double purpose. So faithfully did they fulfil their promise, that in the brief space of five days 140,000 volunteers were on their march towards the French frontier. Their nominal commander was Simon de Mirabel, lord of Beveren, Halle, and Perwez, who at that time held the office of *Ruwaert*, or Protector, of Flanders. It was Van Artevelde, however, who commanded the Ghent levies, and rendered essential service during the seventy-four days' leaguer. Peace, or at least a truce, was then arranged through the good offices of Joan of Valois, aided by two Cardinals despatched by the Pope in the hope of putting an end to purposeless bloodshed and the still more cruel spoliation of the rural population in those parts. Van Artevelde thereupon led home the Ghent contingent in triumph, while Edward secretly took ship at Sluys and arrived in London barely in time to baffle a formidable conspiracy.

The truce of Esplechin expired in June 1342, but Edward III. was at that time involved in the war of succession raging in Brittany, and was consequently unable to fulfil his engagement to co-operate with the Flemish militia in their futile attempt to recover the county of Artois. In order to remind him of his promises and to stimulate him to prompt action, Catherine van Artevelde proceeded to London, but the King had already landed in Brittany, whither he was followed by the Flemish ambassadress. The ship in which Van Artevelde's wife embarked was, however, shipwrecked off Brest, though apparently without personal injury to the courageous envoy, who, through the assistance of the Countess of Montfort, eventually found her way

to the English camp, and is reported to have taken part in the negotiations which resulted in the truce of Malestroit. In the meanwhile Van Artevelde himself had experienced one of the inconveniences incidental to his exceptional position. At the head of a body of militia he had marched to Ardenberg to enforce certain exclusive privileges conferred by the Count upon his three "good towns." The story is not clearly told by the old chroniclers, but it can hardly be denied that Van Artevelde acted with unjustifiable violence in slaying with his own hand one Peter Lammens, who, it is said, was quietly standing at the door of his own house. To silence the murmurs of his own men, Van Artevelde bade them search the dead man's house, where they would find proofs of his guilt. A banner was presently brought out, but it only proved, what was already known, that Lammens was a *leliaerd*, or partisan of the Count and the King of France. In any case it was no part of a Chief Magistrate's duties to cut down his political opponents without alleged provocation. Somewhat later, he was accused by John de Steenbeke, a citizen of good position, of aiming at a military dictatorship over the entire county. When the charge was denied, the accuser appealed to arms, and a collision was only averted by the prudence and vigour of the magistrates, who arrested both disputants and confined them in separate prisons. An impartial inquiry into the circumstances showed John de Steenbeke to have been the aggressor, and he and his chief associates were accordingly banished for fifty years, while Van Artevelde was set at liberty. This incident demolishes Froissart's statement—borrowed from Jehan le Bel, a copyist of Gilles li Muisis—that the brewer and demagogue went about with a body-guard of cut-throats who summarily disposed of his enemies. Now, it is as well to bear in mind that Gilles li Muisis was Abbot of St. Martin's at Tournai, and had a personal grievance to complain of. During the siege of Tournai, the Flemish soldiery pillaged and burnt upwards of seventy farms belonging to his abbey, and the plunderers were more or less under the command of the Captain-General of Ghent. At the same time it was probably ignorance rather than malevolence which caused the aggrieved Abbot to misrepresent the Communal system by which the Flemish towns were governed, and to depict the virtual commander of their militia as a man of blood and violence, the mere creature of passion and impulse. As it is ever easier to copy than to criticise, subsequent historians, each in his turn, adopted and embellished the untrustworthy record of Gilles li Muisis, enormously exaggerated by Froissart. Surprise has been sometimes expressed that Froissart,

generally so partial to the English, and above all to his royal patrons, Edward III. and Queen Philippa, should have gone out of his way to vilify the character of their stanch supporter and "gossip." The explanation is simple enough. In the first place, we may appeal to Froissart, author of the Valenciennes manuscript, where he designates himself as a priest and nothing more, to correct the different versions subsequently put forth by Froissart when parish-priest of Lessines, Canon of Chimay and Lille, historiographer to Robert of Namur, Lord of Beaufort, secretary and favourite poet of Wenceslaus, Duke of Brabant, and clerk of the chapel to Guy, Count of Blois. Van Artevelde was murdered in 1345, but it was not until 1356 that Froissart, then only twenty years of age, began the first edition of his picturesque narrative, which he brought down to 1342. In this—the manuscript of Valenciennes—the brewer, Jacquemon d'Artevelle, appears in a much more favourable light than in the various revised copies which have since been accepted as trustworthy versions.

Be that as it may, there is no lack of evidence to prove that the civil administration of James van Artevelde was constructed on the lines of the Communal institutions of earlier times, previous to the undue augmentation of the power of the Counts. In this spirit he divided Flanders into three military circles, the headquarters of which were respectively Bruges, Ypres, and Ghent. It was also in conformity with ancient usage that he sought to develop the fifty-two minor crafts, or guilds, perhaps to restrain the arrogance of the weavers, who were then about 40,000 in number, and possessed of excessive wealth and independence. One of the humblest of the guilds was that of the brewers, among whom he caused himself to be enrolled, and was immediately elected their *deken* or *doyen*. The other minor crafts followed the example of the brewers, and thus he became the *souverginen deken*, a distinction which entitled him to the services of a body-guard of *zweerd draegers*, who, as commonly happens, were absent at the hour of need. To ingratiate themselves with the people, not a few of the leading *poorters*, or wealthy merchants, had their names inscribed on the registers of such guilds as took their fancy, without incurring the misfortune which befell Van Artevelde, of having a purely honorary distinction confounded with their true social position. It is to be regretted that as an hereditary member of the weavers' guild, the Chief Magistrate should have suffered himself to be drawn into the terrible civic commotion which left 1,500 fullers dead on the Friday Market-place on the 2nd May, 1345—a day long afterwards mentioned with horror as *den quaden maendag*,

or Bad Monday. The only fault committed by the fullers was that of demanding higher wages and of protesting against the oppressive treatment they experienced at the hands of the weavers, their employers. In all probability, Van Artevelde owed, in a great measure, the disfavour into which he fell about that time to the conspicuous part he played on that fatal day under the leadership of Gerard Denys, the *deken* of the weavers' guild. The common version of the cause of his death is different, but it is also erroneous, as M. de Lettenhove has abundantly proved from a document preserved in the Record Office. It is not the case that Van Artevelde proposed to transfer the allegiance of the Flemings from their Count to the Prince of Wales—a proposition odious even to those who were in chronic rebellion against their liege lord. On the contrary, the rights of the Count were strictly respected both by Edward III. and the representative of the Communes. In all probability, the sole object of the English monarch in visiting Flanders at that time was to promote the betrothal of his daughter to Louis de Maele, son and heir to Louis de Nevers. Disappointed in that direction, Edward set sail on the 24th July for France, but was assailed by a fierce tempest, which drove him back to the English coast. It was on the day of his departure from Sluys that James Van Artevelde rode into Ghent and passed through an excited mob to his own house, or rather to the chancellerie attached to it. Here he was attacked by a band of ruffians, who put him to death in cold blood, together with nine or ten of his closest friends and fellow workers, completing their outrage by demolishing the public offices and destroying the papers pertaining to his administration. His wife Catherine was fortunately absent in England, whither she had been sent by the Communes to press for the repayment of the money they had more than once advanced to the King. As for Van Artevelde, he died a comparatively poor man, having expended his handsome fortune in furthering the interests of his native city.

His policy, however, survived him. The Communes lost no time in despatching a deputation to England to solicit the King's forgiveness for the murder of his faithful friend and supporter. Absorbed in his preparations for the conquest of France, Edward III. condoned what was irremediable; and thus, in the pitiful words of Froissart, "little by little was forgotten the death of Jacquemart d'Artevelle."

JAMES HUTTON.

STAR LORE.

IT must often have struck the most cursory observer of a celestial globe or atlas with wonder that the objects thereon depicted should have ever been imagined to possess the least correspondence with the heavenly bodies. Why are wolves, lions, scorpions, lyres, and the rest seen in arrangements of stars that have not the least resemblance to the things after which they are named? Did astronomers resort to those figures for the more convenient mapping out of the heavens, or did they accept traditional names handed down from a time when all the forms of life figured in the heavens were really thought to be embodied in the stars?

The latter alternative seems the more probable of the two, since the beliefs of existing savages prove beyond doubt the possibility of the state of mind supposed. The Tannese islanders, for instance, have the heavens portioned out into constellations, with definite traditions to account for the canoes and ducks and children that they see there. Egede tells us that the Esquimaux thought that some of the stars had been men, and others different sorts of animals or fish. In the South Pacific Islands dying men will announce their intention of becoming a star, and even mention the particular part of the heavens where they are to be looked for. The Bushman regards the more conspicuous stars as men, lions, tortoises, and so forth, whilst he sees in the Milky Way some wood ashes thrown up by a girl into the sky, that people might see their way home by night. To the Australians, two large stars in the fore legs of Centaurus were two brothers who speared Tchingal to death, the east stars of Crux being the points of the spears that pierced his body. And the Indians of America, who told of the fisherman who once trespassed in heaven in quest of perpetual sunshine, and was shot by an arrow from one of the celestials, could point to the actual Fisher Stars, where the arrow could be seen in the fisherman's tail. We who are accustomed to think of the Milky Way as a vast multitude of unknown worlds, and of the sun simply as the sun—a conception against the impiety of which even Seneca protested—can hardly enter into the feelings of the

Esquimaux, to whom the Milky Way represented in all reality the vast concourse of the dead, or of the Andamanese, to whom the sun was literally a woman and the mother of the stars.

But a goodly number of legends in actual European folklore prevent the necessity of relying solely on the evidence of savage ideas in proof of the reality of this method of regarding or explaining the heavenly bodies. Everything in existence was apparently once regarded as human, or thought of under human attributes, as illustrated in the story of Balder in the Edda. To protect Balder from danger his mother, the goddess Freja, exacted an oath that they would spare his life from water, fire, earth, plants, animals, birds, worms, and even from pestilence, only excepting from the oath one small bush, the mistletoe, not because it was not as human as the rest, but because it was too young to understand the solemnity of an oath. And when Balder met his death from the mistletoe, not only men lamented him, but beasts and plants, and even stones.

The genders of words is a further confirmation of this theory, especially in the case of the sun and moon. In Latin and the Romance languages the sun is masculine and the moon feminine, and in Egypt and Peru the sun and moon were related as brother and sister or as husband and wife. But in German, Arabic, Mexican, Slavonic, and Lithuanian the genders are reversed, and in our own language Shakespeare speaks of the moon as "she." But in all languages the fundamental thought is the actual human personality of the two great lights, still the dominant thought among all, or nearly all, the lower races. And the thought still lingers with us, as in Bavaria, where they still speak of *Herr Mond* and *Frau Sonne*, and whence the following specimen of natural philosophy is derived.

Moon and sun, they say, were man and wife, but the moon proved but a cold lover, and was so addicted to sleep that one day his wife laid him a wager, by virtue of which the right of shining by day was to belong in future to whichever of them should awake first in the morning. The moon laughed, and accepted the wager, but found when he rose next day that the sun had been already for two hours giving light unto the world; a condition and indeed a consequence of their wager being, that unless they awoke at the same time they should shine at different times. The result of the wager was a permanent separation, much to the affliction of the triumphant sun, who, still loving her husband, was, and always is, trying to repair the matrimonial breach. Eclipses are really due to meetings with a view to reconciliation; but as the pair always begin with mutual reproaches, the time comes for them to part before they have ceased

to quarrel, and so the sun goes away blood-red with anger, and the red clouds often seen at sunset are the tears of blood she sheds.

Given the idea of the sun and moon as a married couple, the belief of the old Prussians that the stars were their children (identical with the Andamanese belief), was an obvious inference. Novels and romances were clearly written in the heavens, and afforded a ready clue to certain natural phenomena. Thus, according to one story, the moon once deserted his wife and eloped with the betrothed of the morning star, for which the god of thunder cut him in two with a knife, as may be distinctly perceived in his shape at certain times ! According to another story the sun's jealousy was aroused when the moon took up from the earth a girl who span by moonlight. To be even with him, she took up the girl's lover whom she espied asleep in a wood. The girl and her lover, however, continued faithful to one another in spite of the immense distance between them. The coldness of the spinning girl towards himself caused the moon so lively a distress that he often weeps, and the tears he sheds are what we call the shooting stars !

Or you may regard the shooting stars as the dust which falls from the head of a giantess as she combs her hair with the moon's crescent. Nothing is left unexplained in this philosophy. The phases of the moon presuppose an old giant, too feeble to walk, who mounts the moon as he rises, but who rides him so heavily that the moon's sides are so much pressed in that it takes him some time to recover his normal size. As to the stars, there once were none, till the giants of old, throwing balls at the sun, pierced holes in the sky, and so let the light of that orb shine through those holes which we call stars. The Danes take the moon for a cheese, formed of the milk that has run together out of the Milky Way. In Cyprus they call that luminary *Venus barbata*, because she once prayed to the Virgin for help against an importunate lover, and received, to protect her, a beard like a man's. In the Pyrenees they frighten black clouds by showing them their own face in a mirror, and thus avert the devastation of hail-storms.

Nothing more absurd than these ideas can be found among sayages, albeit much that is of a precisely similar cast. In what a mental state must the old Jews have lived, who believed that the sun, moon, and stars danced before Adam in Paradise, and that at the end of the world they would do so again in the presence of the just ! Or what shall be thought of Slavonic mythology, which regards the stars as living in habitual intercourse with men and their affairs, and which tells of a beautiful maiden who, because she boasted of her beauty as exceeding the sun's, was burned coal-black by

that revengeful luminary? Everything shows that no ideas of primitive philosophy are too extravagant to survive into the days of exact science and observation. We may still study the mind of the savage in civilised Europe, where the rude guesses at truth, which constitute the greater part of mythology, are created or preserved very much as they ever were before the primitive Aryans left their common home. And if we wonder how people could ever have seen the remotest resemblance between, say, the sun and a man, we must remember that with our own children the smallest point of similarity between things amply suffices for an inference of complete identity. If the sun and moon suggested the idea of an eye or a face, the imagination would readily supply the other invisible parts. And who can measure the depths of absurdity into which we may get—if the sun, for instance, besides being a man or a woman, may at the same time as easily be thought of as a cow or a wolf, or in fact anything else?

There is, therefore, no essential improbability in assuming that, as the Red Indians, Australians, Bushmen, and Esquimaux interpreted the starlit heavens in the terms of earth, and saw men and animals where we see suns and worlds, so did our Aryan ancestors also, and that in that way originated those names and figures of the constellations which are so great a perplexity to ourselves. Why, for instance, did the Greeks give the name of bear to that set of seven stars which we still call the Great Bear; or why should the Hindus have seen in them seven *rishi*, or wise men? The solar mythologists say that it was in consequence of the development of a verbal root which meant to *shine*. Says Sir George Cox: "From a root which meant to shine, the Seven Shiners received their name; possibly or probably to the same root belongs the name of the Golden Bear (*ἄρκτος* and *ursa*). . . . and thus, when the epithet had by some tribes been confined to the bear, the Seven Shiners were transformed first into seven bears, then into one with Arktouros (Arcturus) for their bearward. In India, too, the name of *riksha* was forgotten, but instead of referring the word to bears they confounded it with *rishi*, and the seven stars became the abode of seven poets or sages, who enter the ark with Menu (Minos), and re-appear as the Seven Wise Men of Hellas, and the Seven Champions of Christendom." The explanation is highly ingenious; but it is at least as likely an explanation, and a far simpler one, that, just as the horse-god Thor was once thought of as a bear, and actually so called, or as the Irokee god Agankitchee became sometimes a wolf, sometimes a bear, so the early Greeks revered a man as a bear or a bear as a

god, and, when he died, gave him his place among the stars; or, again, that the Hindus did the same by seven wise men, or, seeing seven bright stars, simply interpreted them as seven sages. The Arcadian tale of Callisto, the mother of Arcas, being changed into a bear by the jealousy of Here, and imprisoned in the constellation of the bear, would, from its perfect accordance with the way in which such names are applied to the stars by most of the ruder races of mankind, be a far more likely origin for the Greek or modern English name than the root meaning *to shine*, which would have no more application to the stars of the Great Bear than to any others of the host of heaven.

Although the reaction of language on thought may undoubtedly add to the resources of mythological absurdity, we shall do better to regard the influence of thought on language as its original and fundamental principle. The original thought underlying all mythology is the real humanity of all things, and the instantaneous convertibility of one thing into another. That is the essential groundwork of all its absurdities, though there may be other subsidiary causes enough. One, for instance, is the love of making riddles, and making enigmatical allusions to natural phenomena. "The father with his fur full of ears of corn" is a Lithuanian riddle for the sky and the stars. A popular German riddle for a cloud is a black cow going over a pillarless bridge, whom no one in the whole country can stop. Who would detect in the following Tirolese enigma an allusion to the sun and moon, heaven and earth, and the sea—

Due viandanti: Two travellers.

Due bene stanti: Two who firmly stand.

E un cardinal: And a cardinal?

Or who would guess, on hearing the following—

Piatto sopra piatto,

Uomo ben armato,

Donna ben vestita,

Cavalleria ben fornita—

that the dish above a dish meant the sky above the earth, the well-armed man the sun, the well-dressed woman the moon, and the well-equipped cavalry the stars? Even if such riddles only implied a fanciful comparison, and not the form into which originally ruder belief about nature came to be translated, it is evident that they would be not without assistance in the production of irrational myths.

From being thought of as persons the sun and moon came gradually to be thought of as places, just as Hades and Orcus are said to have been persons before they were places, or, as in Norse

mythology, Hel, the goddess of death, passed into Hell, the abode of the dead. If this change can be traced in European mythology it will help to throw light on the origin of one of the most curious and one of the most widely-spread superstitions of mankind.

The belief in the human personality of the sun and moon appears clearly in stories wherein they take mortals up to them from the earth by way of punishment. The modern Greeks tell a tale of a childless woman, who, praying to the sun for a girl, obtained her request, subject to the restoration of the girl at the age of twelve. When little Tetiko, having reached that age, was one day picking vegetables in the garden, whom should she meet but the sun himself, who bade her go and remind her mother of her promise. The terrified mother instantly shut the doors and windows to protect the child, but she unfortunately forgot the keyhole, through which the sun penetrated and succeeded in carrying off his prey.

A German story shows the sun regarded partly as a person who can be offended, partly as the place where the offender is punished. A prisoner on his way to execution met with the pity of all he passed, save of one woman, who was hanging up her linen to dry on the rays of the sun, and maintained that the man richly deserved his fate. No sooner had she expressed that opinion than her linen fell down, nor was she ever again able to hang it on her former drying-place. And when she died she came to the sun, there condemned to remain as long as the world endures.

The moon, however, is generally thought of as a greater kidnapper than the sun. The Samoans have the following legend. A woman who with a mallet was once beating out on a board some of the bark of the paper mulberry in time of famine, seeing the moon rise like a great bread-fruit, exclaimed, "Why cannot you come down and let my child have a bit of you?" The moon, indignant at such an idea, did come down, and took up the woman with her board and mallet and her child, as any Samoan may see for himself by looking at the moon when it is full.

In the Edda the moon takes up two children for merely carrying waterpots on their shoulders. That the moon was himself a man seems to have preceded the idea that there was a man in the moon. There are many German and Tirolese stories of the moon carrying off a rascal who held brambles before the moon to conceal his theft of a horse, of cabbages, cherries, fish, or cheese, or who went about at night sticking sheep with a fork. The Bohemian tradition is, that the moon warned a thief against stealing peas, and took him up when he persisted in doing so. In all these stories the moon appears as a

human agent, capable of being offended and of inflicting punishment. In Swabia they still see the flax and hair of the woman who was taken up to the moon for spinning at her window in the moonlight, and they still think it so sinful to spin or sew by moonlight that it is a common thing to hear it said, "Leave off working, or you will go to the moon."

But the most ridiculous story of the man in the moon is that which identifies him with a certain peasant translated thither for profaning a holy day. As Marc Antony, to the great offence of the Romans, called two twins of his Sun and Moon, so this peasant when on earth rejoiced in the name of Moon. Before his departure he promised his wife that he would return and fetch her, so that when he appeared one night at her window she at once recognised him and merely said, "Is it you, Moon?" "Yes," replied that orb, "I was Moon on earth, and am still, and must be for eternity. If you will come, dress warmly, for it is cold in my company." So his wife took her wooden shoes and fur and went to the moon, where she may still be seen after midnight dressed in her fur. In this story there is clearly some confusion of thought between the moon himself and the man supposed to be resident in the moon; a confusion which would naturally occur, as the conception of the moon as a person tended to pass into that of the moon as a place. To how late a time the former conception prevailed is indicated by the facts that as late as the seventh century St. Eligius deemed it necessary to preach against the practice of speaking of the moon as "our Lord"; and that a Christian legend actually identifies the luminary with Mary Magdalene, and sees in the spots on its face the tears of her repentance!

There is a common superstition against pointing the finger at the new moon; and in Swabia children are not allowed to make the shadow-figure of a hare on the walls with their fingers, in imitation of the hare sometimes supposed to be visible in the moon. This latter custom is curious, because in China, India, and Ceylon there is also thought to be a hare in the moon, and in connection with definite traditions. In Indian mythology, the god of the moon carries a hare; in Ceylon, the story is that the hare, meeting Buddha in a wood, bade him light a fire, and then proceeded to jump into it, to be cooked for his benefit; whereupon Buddha snatched the good animal from the flames and translated him to the moon. And the Chinese hold that the hare's figure was placed in the moon to commemorate the action of the ruler of heaven, who once changed himself into a hare to assuage the pangs of a hungry traveller. Some

such story must underlie the Swabian custom, which, like other customs in connection with the moon, is sometimes thought to be a survival of an old system of moon-worship. But how came it that the sun and moon were ever worshipped at all? Is it not, with greater probability, because human attributes were once ascribed to them with fear and dread than because they were regarded as the symbols of light or fire or heat? From the belief in their humanity to belief in their divinity the transition would be natural and obvious; and in fact on no other theory can we understand all the propitiatory sacrifices connected with their worship. Would the Mexicans have offered their horrible human sacrifices merely to the symbols of light and heat?

From being, then, persons able to inflict punishment on mortals, the sun and moon passed into the actual places of punishment. The moon certainly becomes a place to which even mortals by the power of a curse may consign their fellows. The person seen in the moon is a seventh son cursed thither by his father, who had children enough; or a daughter cursed thither by her mother for idleness at spinning or for having gone to dance in her mother's absence. In Wurtemberg it is still a common formula for the asseveration of innocence to say, "If I did it, may I go the moon!" Dante's identification of the figure in the moon with Cain, or the more popular one, with the man stoned by the Israelites for gathering sticks on the Sabbath, points still more clearly to the moon as the place of punishment.

There is a Swiss story of a man who, having committed the offence of cutting down a fir-tree, was allowed to choose as his punishment removal to the heat of the sun or the cold of the moon. In Russian and German folklore the moon is, on account of its cold, identified with the place of future punishment for Sabbath-breakers. The Northern nations, taught by grim experience to dread extreme cold more than extreme heat, imagine a hell of cold and ice; and if such a hell were suggested by, and then identified with the moon, what more natural than that in hotter climates the sun should have given birth to the idea of a world where excess of fire and heat formed the basis of penal suffering for the wicked? And thus, as either luminary suggested an intensification of heat or cold, endured in this world, as the probable punishment of the next, so would the other luminary come naturally to be thought of as reversing those conditions, and therefore reserved as a place of sensational delight, like the Elysium of the Greeks or the happy hunting-grounds of the Red Indian, for those who by their bravery or other virtues might be so fortunate as to deserve it.

It is no objection to, but rather a confirmation of, this theory,

that the place of future purgatory is as universally thought of as subterranean (as was Elysium also), an idea so firmly fixed in the old pagan world that even the Christian Tertullian located heaven under the earth. For without observation of the movements of the sun and moon, apparently rising from below or out of the earth or sea and again sinking beneath them, nothing would have suggested a subterranean world at all, which is not of itself of obvious occurrence. The periodical reappearance of sun and moon is clearly suggestive of a journey under and through the earth during their absence from sight; and probably the Samoan idea was a general one in primitive life, that "the blazing sun went down into the ocean, passed through, and came up next morning on the other side." One result would be that the ideas of punishment originally associated with the sun and moon would gradually pass to that more mysterious, because unseen, world through which they were thought to travel, and with which existing traditions still connect them in popular tales. Thus the Botocudos of Brazil, who identify the bad spirit Ayguan with the moon, believe that it is in his proper residence under the earth that he punishes and torments the souls of cowards.¹ And to that subterranean world, so suggested, would no less naturally become attached the eternal duration of the fire or frost of future suffering there to be endured, the unceasing regularity of the lunar and solar movements indicating that conclusion—a conclusion which is a conspicuous feature in all those popular myths which insist on the everlastingness of the punishment of the hapless offender whose presence and fate is writ large in the moon as an eternal warning to mankind.

For sheer irrationality it will perhaps be conceded that European mythology actually in existence may compete very fairly with Hottentot or any other mythology. The question is how that irrationality arose, and the answer here submitted is that such irrationality is the primary and fundamental fact in all mythology, the result for the most part of guesses at knowledge in a state of ignorance; and that we shall be more likely to be right if we regard current popular mythology less as a corruption of conceptions originally sane and plausible than as a survival of conceptions that have been from the first as irrational as at one time they seemed to be plausible. The absurdity of beliefs to us is no proof of their absurdity to their original framers, and if such beliefs were ever held simultaneously (as there is good evidence that they were) as that the moon might be a man, or a cow, or a wolf, or have on its surface a man, or a hare, or a dog, it is very evident that some very pretty myths would result, for which it

¹ Réville : *Hist. des Religions*, i. 367.

would be a waste of time to search for any very recondite meaning or origin.

This theory accounts in one and the same way both for the origin and for the absurdities of mythology, by supposing that mythology is in its essence, and has been from first to last, irrational, nothing being so wild or extravagant as not to commend itself as true and likely to the human mind in its primitive and infantine state. Thus, if Cronus devours his own children, it accounts for it without further ado as a thing that originally seemed a very natural thing for Cronus to do. As it is told of the Maories of New Zealand that "such absurdities as would only amuse infants in Europe serve to delight and illuminate the most venerable auditory," so might it have been told of our remote Aryan ancestors. In other words, irrational mythology appears as the natural product of irrational minds speculating on or trying to account for the numerous striking facts that fell under their observation.

The more venerable theory regards mythology as in the main the corruption, induced by the influence or reaction of language or thought on beliefs or ideas originally sane enough, if not positively philosophical. "What makes mythology mythological in the true sense of the word," says Prof. Max Müller, "is what is utterly unintelligible, absurd, strange, or miraculous," and this, instead of accepting it as its normal and original condition, he seeks to explain by most ingenious and philological speculations. Take, for instance, *Tsui-goab*, the Hottentot name for the Deity. It now means wounded knee, but it meant originally the red dawn, the two words which at first connoted the latter idea having come in time to connote the former; so that what was once clear in reference to the highest supernatural power came to have no meaning at all, and consequently called into existence for the purpose of explanation all sorts of stories of a once-powerful sorcerer who wounded his knee in conflict with an enemy. The word *tsui*, we are told, means generally *sore*, but may also mean *red* or *bloody*, whilst the word *goab* is from a root *goa*, to walk or approach, whence *goab*, he comes, or, the goer; the latter word leading, further, to the meaning of a knee; and the word *goab* also meaning the day, and more particularly the approaching day.

So many names have been forced into meaning the dawn, that it may be permitted to doubt whether *Tsui-goab* ever really did mean the red dawn at all. According to the Professor, there is only one rival to the theory of the influence of language over thought in the formation of mythology, namely, the theory of Euhemerus, which interprets the irrational as a matter of actual fact, and ascribes its

origin to some real incident in human life. Euhemerus would have said that Tsui-goab was really a sorcerer who limped or had a wounded knee, and who, for the marvels he wrought as a sorcerer, came to be worshipped after his death as a divinity. This is quite possible ; but perhaps the most probable theory of all is that Tsui-goab never had any real existence at all, but was the gradual product of the Hottentot mind exercised on speculative matters, just as Manabozho was the product of Red Indian imagination, or Zeus of the Greek. That as the story grew some incident was added which so strongly associated the legendary hero with a wounded knee as to fix that as his permanent name would be likely enough, but that the incident itself is discoverable or worth discovering there is not the smallest reason for supposing.

This hypothesis of the essential irrationality of all mythology, without any resort to the depraving influence of language over thought, except as a subsidiary cause, meets all cases, the Greek myths no less than the African, inasmuch as the most irrational explanations or stories have an inherent power of surviving into more civilised times. That it was only the higher minds of Greece to whom the stories of Hesiod and Homer did not afford the most complete satisfaction is amply proved by the indirect attack upon them made by Plato in his imaginary Republic. That a philosopher at that time should have found it necessary to protest, and that only on behalf of a fictitious, and not a real, community, against such tales as the flinging of Hephæstus out of heaven for trying to take his mother's part when his father was beating her, or as the chaining of Hera by her son, is a proof of the extreme vitality of myths of the sort. Our own European traditions are quite as objectionable and absurd, and the immense amount of learning and ingenuity that has been devoted to their study, with a view to connect them with originally rational and sound philosophy contained in metaphorical allusions to natural phenomena, will probably before long be recognised as little better than wasted. They are merely old wives' tales handed down through the ages ; the offspring of idleness and ignorance, and only of interest at all as illustrations of the state of the human mind in the days before science had dawned.

THE SECOND PART OF GOETHE'S "FAUST."

THERE is probably no great modern work on which opinions are more divided than on the Second Part of Goethe's "Faust." Even Goethe's most ardent admirers are not at one regarding it. Two hostile camps, indeed, may be said to have been formed, round which has raged almost as much noisy contest as marked the war of Troy. It, too, has had its Achilles and Hector, its Agamemnon and Ulysses; and some would perhaps add that it had its [Zoilos-]Thersites in Börne. There were Tieck, and Schlegel, and Heine; there were Gutzkow and Laube; there were Hegel and Menzel, and Hettner, Schäfer, Leyser, and Stieglitz; Loeper, Düntzer, Hermann Grimm, and Fischer in Germany. At the present moment the words of Karl Grün, Braun, and Rosenkranz are perhaps most listened to; while in our own country Mr. Carlyle, Mr. G. H. Lewes, Professor Blackie, Mr. Hayward, Mr. Schütz Wilson, and Mr. Coupland represent the conflicting points of view. Nor should M. Scherer's name in this connection be forgotten, for he has spoken on the subject with no uncertain sound. Here are some very decisive words of his:

"The two parts of 'Faust' do not proceed from one and the same source. Goethe was like Defoe, like Milton, like so many others, who, after producing a masterpiece, have been bent on giving it a successor. Unhappily, while the First 'Faust' is of Goethe's fairest time, of his most vigorous manhood, the Second is the last fruit of his old age. Science in the one has not chilled poetic genius; in the other, reflection rules and produces all kinds of symbols and abstractions. The beauty of the First comes in some sort from its very imperfection; I mean from the incessant tendency of the sentiment of reality, of the creative power, the poetry of passion and nature to prevail over the philosophic intention, and make us forget it. . . . In the Second Part it is just the contrary. The idea is everything: allegory reigns there. The poetry is devoid of that simple and natural realism without which art cannot exist."

Mr. G. H. Lewes, whose memoir of Goethe is marked by the

most reverential attitude, and who received so fully the suffrages of Germany for his work, cannot regard with patience either the Second Part of "Faust," or the "Wanderjahre" of Wilhelm Meister. He detests the abstract symbolisms with which they are crowded. He mourns their lack of flesh and blood. He desiderates healthy human emotion. He deprecates the mysticism which is, as he holds, their pervading characteristic. He will not try by any exercise of subtlety to bridge over the great gap, as he conceives it, between the earlier works and these. In the most decided and uncompromising manner he delivers himself.

"The Second Part of 'Faust' is a failure because it fails in the primary requisite of a poem. Whatever else it may be, no one will say it is interesting. The scenes, incidents, and characters do not *in themselves* carry that overpowering charm which masters us in the First Part. They borrow their interest from the meanings they are supposed to symbolise. Only in proportion to our ingenuity in guessing the riddle is interest excited by this means. Mephisto, formerly so marvellous a creation, has become a mere mouthpiece. Faust has lost all traces of individuality, every pulse of emotion."

Even Mr. Bayard Taylor, than whom no English-speaking writer has done more to throw light on the puzzles and riddles of Goethe's life and writings, deplors the lack of poetic unity in the Second Part of "Faust," and this while he is leaving no stone unturned to recommend it to general favour in the most exhaustive and careful notes he has appended to his translation, and confesses :

"It would have been better, undoubtedly, if the completion of the work had not been so long delayed, and Goethe had thereby been enabled to give us with more limited stores of knowledge a greater poetic unity. It is hardly the feebleness of the octogenarian which we perceive. The acquisitions of the foregoing thirty years seem to have gradually formed a crust over the lambent poetical element in his nature ; but the native force of the latter is nowhere so wonderfully revealed as here, since it is still able to crack and shiver the erudite surface of his mind and to flame out clearly and joyously. Wherever it thus displays itself it is still the same pure, illuminating, solving, and blending power as in his earlier years."

Professor Blackie, in a more discriminating if also a less decided manner, comes practically to the same conclusion, and, moreover, traces the defects up to moral defects in the character of Goethe. He writes in the *Nineteenth Century* for April last, when reviewing Sir Theodore Martin's translation :

"That the hero of the piece is meant to be a real human being,

and the emperor a real German emperor, and Mephistopheles a real scoffing devil, is plain enough to start with ; but, as we proceed, we suddenly lose all firm footing, and find ourselves in an enchanted region, borne along on a drift of mythological and historical figures, plainly the creation of a fantastic juggle ; but so usurping the stage and so interwoven with the solid reality of the action that, like persons in a middle state between sleeping and waking, we find ourselves at every shifting of the scene rubbing our eyes and asking where we are ? This is bad art. Bad art also it is, even supposing the lines of demarcation between the real and the fantastic were sufficiently well marked to give such a breadth and amplitude to what on the face of the structure is only the accessory of a human story, that the story is virtually overwhelmed, as the bodies of ladies' gowns have sometimes been seen buried under range after range of supererogatory flounces."

On the other hand, critics like Rosenkranz find a positive attraction in the mysticism and symbolism, the incessant disguise from each other, which the actors seem to seek. Rosenkranz thus sums up his side of the question, more especially with reference to the piquant charm of the court scenes :

"Very lively is the manner in which the company is represented. No one really *is* what he seems to be ; each one has drawn over himself a mask or concealing garment ; what each does know of the other is not what his appearance or his language indicates. This effort to conceal his own being, to set apart, or *even to dream himself into something different from himself*—(that he may the better behold himself from different angles in the eyes of others)—to make himself, in a word, a riddle to others, in all frankness, is the deepest and most piquant charm of social interests here."

Professor Seeley, though he does not commit himself to definite opinions on the separate elements in the Second "Faust," thus celebrates the remarkable versatility which the whole work displays :

"Perhaps no work in literature exhibits a mastery of so many literary styles as 'Faust.' From the sublime lyric of the prologue, which astonished Shelley, we pass through scenes in which the problems of human character are dealt with—scenes in which the supernatural is brought surprisingly near to real life, scenes of human life startlingly vivid, grotesque scenes of devilry, scenes of overwhelming pathos ; then, in the Second Part, we find an incomparable revival of the Greek drama, and, at the close, a Dantesque vision of the Christian heaven. Such versatility in a single work is unrivalled."

Sir Theodore Martin, in the introduction to his valuable version of the Second Part, admits the necessity for culture and knowledge in the reader for ends of enjoyment, and goes on to say :

"To enjoy it thoroughly, the reader must bring both cultivated intelligence and sympathy with the poetic faculty in its highest development. Those who want strong human interest must go elsewhere. They will not find it here. The whole action lies within the limits of the 'sphere of dream.' Even Faust and Mephistopheles are but as phantoms moving among phantoms. The pulses of the fatal passion which resulted in the tragic ending of poor Margaret are but poorly compensated by the fine frenzy of Faust for the Helen of antiquity. It is his imagination, not his heart, that is on fire. Ours also kindles before the exquisite painting of the poet, which sets every figure in the drama before us as vividly as could have been done by the chisel of Phidias or the pencil of Titian. . . . Again, for those who seek in the 'Faust' a solution of the great problems of life, the result at which Goethe seems to arrive is, we venture to think, neither very startling nor very novel. It is no more than the truth, which wise men of all ages have preached, that by those who aspire beyond the enjoyment of selfish tastes, intellectual or sensual, happiness is only to be reached through active beneficence, through the application of the knowledge and power to the welfare of mankind. While Faust pored in his study over musty volumes of medicine, jurisprudence, and theology, the accumulation of such knowledge as they taught brought only bitterness of heart and a feeling that it satisfied none of the higher aspirations of his nature. When Faust, in his old age, takes to reclaiming land from the sea, to building harbours, and making hundreds of his fellow-creatures happy, then the cravings of his heart are for the first time satisfied. . . . It is not Mephistopheles, but Faust's own internal development, that has worked this result, and thus the condition is never fulfilled which entitles Mephistopheles to claim his soul."

The assumption that the First and Second Parts of "Faust" are absolutely separated from each other, that they spring from a different conception and inspiration, that the First can consistently be regarded as a drama in itself, and the Second as a mere afterthought, will not for a moment stand consideration. Goethe had the salient lines of the old Legend in his mind from the first, and that required the presentation of Faust to Helen of Troy. Goethe, indeed, from the first saw here the centre point of his performance, however he might end it. It has been well said that Helen is the Beatrice of this strange new Divina Commedia, and that, in a merely dramatic sense, she

stands to the Second Part as Margaret does to the First. And it should be remembered that some of the most powerful parts of the Second "Faust," including the Helena, were written long before the First was finished or published. If the student will take up the Second Part, and note the portions which were written before the First Part was finished, and then turn to the portions written after, he will soon be persuaded that no theory of afterthought will suffice. The one part belongs to the other, and is its necessary complement alike in a dramatic and in a moral sense; and so far, also, as a faithful working out on the lines of the old legend from which it started. Mr. Bayard Taylor is careful to give an exact list of those portions of the Second Part which were written before the appearance of the First. He says :

"In the autumn of 1800 Goethe laid the 'Helena' aside, and devoted himself seriously to the completion of the First Part. He wrote the Walpurgis Night and the scene of Valentine's death, and then endeavoured to fill in the gap remaining between the 'Intermezzo' and the dungeon scene. In this he was unsuccessful, and all his remaining labour from that time until the publication of the First Part complete in 1808, was probably merely that of adjustment and revision. The depression which weighed upon him after Schiller's death, in 1805, affected his interest in 'Faust' more than in any other of his literary plans. When the First Part finally appeared, the following portions of the Second Part were already in existence : Scene I., and possibly a part of Scene II. of Act I. ; Scene I. of Act II., nearly the first half of it ; the 'Helena,' and some fragments of Act IV." In 1829, Goethe said to Eckermann, "The *invention* of the entire Second Part of 'Faust' is already as old as I say," *i.e.*, fifty years.

Yet Goethe himself, in his desire to throw a kind of veil over his intentions, and to excite curiosity even while professing to gratify it, was guilty of giving what are misleading deliverances on this very subject. For example, we find him saying to Eckermann in 1827 :

"People come and ask what idea I have embodied in my 'Faust.' As if I knew myself, and could express it ! 'From Heaven across the world to Hell'—that might answer if need were ; but it is not an idea, only the course of the action." The reference in this line, curiously enough, is to the course of action in the old "Faust Legend," not to the close of the Second Part, the scene of which is laid in Heaven instead of Hell. Yet at the time when the line was written, the project of the Second Part—in outline at least—was completed. Did Goethe, asks Mr. Bayard Taylor, intend to mislead the reader ?

We find ourselves unable to agree with critics like Mr. Lewes and M. Scherer in saying that Goethe's later works (more especially the Second Part of "Faust" and the "Wanderjahre") are disconnected from his earlier ones alike by form and conception and the spirit in which they are worked out. The facts of the case, as we have seen, are against this theory as well as the results. Instead of the Second Part of "Faust" and the "Wanderjahre" being decisively separated from his earlier works, "icy products of the weakness of age," as Laube says, lacking in the pathological interest and the true passion which are essential to romance, we regard them as inseparably linked together as the final expression of a process which proceeded and deepened as time went on, and in the light of which alone Goethe's life and works are rightly to be interpreted and appreciated. Mr. Bayard Taylor is certainly suggestive when he says, "Perhaps the most satisfactory commentary on 'Faust' would be a biography of Goethe, written with special reference to this work." Such a biography would reveal the dominancy of certain ideas in Goethe's mind, which came more and more to affect both his actions and his art. One of them was the idea of the *dæmonic* in love and genius, which compelled him to certain fatalistic views of life and character. He judged Byron by the force of the *dæmonic* element in him, and because of it mainly accorded him the lofty position that he did. So he judged Napoleon; he was constantly speaking of the presence of this element in his own activity and product.

This *dæmonic* influence with Goethe was vital and determinative. Great men possessed subtle powers of attraction and fascination because of it. They became, in fact, children of destiny, favourites of fortune, spoiled children of nature, whose lot it was to be advanced into lofty positions without adequate effort of will, and were in certain aspects lifted above the obligations that lie on the common crowd. The *dæmonic* is a part of such men, yet in a sense distinct from them—a *tertium quid* of potent power that held in it the capability of becoming a magical medium of influence on all sides. It was the medium through which great personalities worked, and could only successfully work, upon the world.

This particularly applied to the sphere of love. We find Goethe soberly saying to Eckermann in 1830:

"Not merely *we* are the love, but also the beloved subject that charms us. And then—what we must not forget—we have as a powerful third element, the *dæmonic* (*dämonisch*) which accompanies every passion, and which finds its proper element in love."¹

¹ It is not without interest to note that in its fundamental conception this idea of love as *dæmonic* is almost identical with the idea of love put by Plato into the

Even with regard to the composition of some of his songs, Goethe admits that the dæmonic was peculiarly active—active in such a special and direct sense that he himself could distinguish and classify. In some cases he said the subjects of his *Gedichte* had been long carried about with him and had “occupied his mind as pleasant images, as beautiful dreams which came and went, and by playing with which his fancy made him happy”; but there were others where the case had been totally different. “They have been preceded by no impressions or forebodings, but have come suddenly upon me, and have insisted on being composed immediately, so that I have felt an instinctive and dreamy impulse to write them down on the spot. In such a somnambulistic condition it has often happened that I have had a sheet of paper lying before me all on one side, and I have not discovered it till all has been written down, or I have found no room to write more. I have possessed many such sheets written crossways, but they have been lost one after another, and I regret that I can no longer show any proofs of such poetic abstraction or possession. No productiveness of the highest kind,” said Goethe to Eckermann in 1828, “no remarkable discovery, no great thought, which bears fruit and has results, is in the power of anyone; such things are above all earthly control.”

Others must critically reconcile this position and these assertions with the claims elsewhere made by Goethe that he had realised nothing for which he had not consciously toiled and struggled. He was much in the habit of urging that whatever is to be enjoyed must be earned, nay, that it must be periodically earned anew really to possess it; and he writes at one place: “Every *bon mot* which I have uttered has cost me a purse of money; half a million of my private property has run through my hands to enable me to learn what I know—not only the entire estate of my father, but also my salary and my considerable literary income of more than fifty years.” At the close of the Second Part he makes the aged Faust say:

He only earns his freedom and existence
Who daily conquers them anew.

No doubt this was quite true, and indicates one line of persistent mouth of Diotima, addressing Socrates, who has spoken of love as a glorious god: “He is no god, Socrates, but rather a spirit (*δαίμων*), a great spirit, one of those beings who occupy a middle place between gods and men; for, as God Himself can hold no intercourse with man, and all the fellowship which exists between heaven and earth is realised through this intermediate order, which bridges over the chasm between them. These spirits are many, and love is one of them (*Symposium*, 203, *et seq.*).

self-denial, at all events as the mere man of the world would view it, for which Goethe deserves the utmost reverence. Without pretension as without regrets, waverings, or lookings-back, Goethe was ready to sacrifice all for self-improvement, for his art, if for no nobler end than self-perfection according to his own standard, to which he was remarkably true. But not a little that he says on these heads is not easily to be reconciled with much that he says of the dæmonic; and there can be no doubt whatever that the doctrine was persistent and pervasive.

In truth, the place which the dæmonic assumed in Goethe's mind, more and more encroaching on the field of freedom, rendered it impossible for him to create great actors. Mr. Lewes has spoken of Wilhelm Meister, plainly rather than delicately, as a "*mere nose of wax*." The interest is gradually transferred from the character to something occult or supernatural outside it, which must be represented by no end of abstraction, symbolism, &c. Goethe has to derive interest, not from the faithful development of his character, but from the creation of some false medium of Chance, or Fate, or Destiny, or the Dæmonic, which lifts the "*mere nose of wax*" into circumstances efficient even for the artist's ends only because they are puzzling and mysterious. His Italian experiences only confirmed this, and initiated a new phase of the struggle between what may be called his passion for representation pure and simple, and his tendency towards symbolism; for when he is most decisively Greek in form, as in the "*Helena*," his purpose is most decisively Gothic or romantic, as in the union of Faust and Helena, and the product of Euphorion—whatever that may be taken to symbolize. A Goetz, at all events, becomes impossible for him—indeed it would appear as though he then looked back with something like compassion on the old self that had produced the works which were the result of his first healthy contact with old German life and feeling—when the influence of Lessing and Herder was most powerful. The consciousness of this on Herder's part was what led to the miserable misunderstandings and cross-purposes which marked their later association at Weimar. And we do not need to go to Herder—to the "*Nachlässe*," or the "*Erinnerungen*," or to Herder's wife's explanations there—for the cause of the estrangement and the influences that maintained it and fed Herder's irritation and maintained his repulsion from Goethe. We know from Goethe's own confessions that for a long time after his return from Italy, Germany and almost everything German were distasteful to him. The result was that he often had recourse to disguise and mystery, which still further

emphasised the contrast between the foundation of his greatest later works, and their dress or ultimate unfolding. He often sacrificed simplicity and directness for the sake of quiz or satirical *exposé* of people opposed to them. This, too, aggravated his tendency to symbolism, already far too pronounced, even had it been kept in a more general sphere.

Schiller noted this as an artistic defect when dealing with the Wilhelm Meister, but the same thing applies with full force to the Second Part of "Faust" also :

"It is hardly satisfactory to come on this want of solidity where one expects to find oneself on firm ground, and *to meet with puzzles* where all is otherwise so well unravelled to the understanding. In short, it seems to me that you have here made use of such means as the spirit of the work did not fully authorise you to employ."

It is inevitable that such dominating ideas should colour the conduct of a great dramatic character. It colours the whole behaviour of "Faust," especially in the Second Part. It is as if "Faust" were at every crisis, like the heroes of Homer, snatched under the protecting cloud of a goddess. He advances from point to point as if by some happy impulsion from without ; he gains the result of moral victories without the moral probation ; he attains to happiness, and not only to the happiness of inward unity, but to the successful outward realisation of his desires. He sins, but by no adequate inward revolution do we see him suffering the penalties of sin. His course is prepared for him by influences of which he is hardly even cognisant. The result is that, say what the admirers of Goethe will, the interest is more and more transferred from "Faust" the man to the external circumstances in which he is placed. The tragedy becomes a phantasmagoria ; the dæmonic becomes supreme over the individual character. His will is absorbed ; he is a mere creature of the dæmonic or destiny, if we cannot apply to him the words Mr. Lewes so delicately applied to Meister, "a nose of wax." Goethe has indeed endeavoured to regain some sense of reality for the character of "Faust" by engaging him in great practical undertakings—in the draining of marshes and reclamation of wilds for benevolent ends, and so on ; but we do not see clearly how he was prepared for this, nor how such labour became essential to him. The result is that we have a series of episodes, a succession of brilliant scenes, in large degree dependent for their interest on the reader's power of realising special associations.

Mainly owing to these causes, we have here the very opposite

effect to that which the master attributes to the display of the Florentine flower-girls. In their case,

By its colour each bit took
What was its symmetric place :
*Pleasing is the whole in look,
If the parts have not your grace.*

But here the whole is disappointing ; it wants a dominating unity. Professor Blackie expresses it when he says that "the separate parts of the poem, taken to pieces and presented independently to the reader or spectator, are redundant with moral interest and with imaginative luxuriance." The artistic spirit, when once thoroughly interested, finds much to excite and to employ it ; it turns from point to point, discovering ever new suggestions and intentions on the part of the author. Its ingenuity is exercised and its sense of power and penetration is flattered ; but the strong common-sense popular mind is not patient of such experiments, and desiderates a direct appeal to the instinct of reality and moral truth. For this instinct Lewes and Scherer speak ; for the artistic and philosophical genius which is fond of beautiful symbolisms and intellectual puzzles, Rosenkranz and Loeper and their allies hold the brief.

With regard to the moral element here hinted at, as brought especially to view in the position of women, we may quote the following passage from the article by Professor Blackie already referred to :

"There is a moral fault also in the work not to be lightly passed over. In the First Part the hero is represented as guilty of a conduct which in the language of the law courts might be called the seduction, or, at all events, the abusing the affection of a simple-minded innocent girl ; and, though his attitude in this affair is represented as by no means so heartless as that of the villain, called a gentleman, to whom local tradition points as the occasion of Burns's pathetic song 'Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon'—at the same time, on the face of the business, it is plain that, in the language of the song, he plucked the rose and left the thorn with his victim. Now, there was no necessity, of course, that the man who had plunged an innocent girl into such misery as the prison scene in the First Part depicts, should be left in the hands of the fiend as a legitimate prey, past all ransom ; on the contrary, his salvation on Christian principles would be as much a triumph of redeeming grace as it certainly is a true expression of the poet's large toleration for human weakness¹ and his

¹ Greatest saints were ever most kindly hearted to sinners ;
Here I'm a saint with the best ; sinners I never could hate.

Wisdom of Goethe, p. 38.

confessed inability to hate sinners ; but the moral instinct in man imperiously calls for some penitential acknowledgment of wrong ; and if great German doctors are capable of great sins they should be not less forward than the great poet-king of Jerusalem, or the great poet-ploughman of Scotland, to bewail and to confess their sins, in some worthy utterance, however short, of self-reproach. But Faust never repents. He submits himself to be led through a world of vain shows and juggleries by the evil spirit to whom he had sold himself in his early exit from his dreamy workshop ; and not only does he employ his whole energy through the principal part of the piece in hunting after and finally winning to his embrace a phantasmal love, but at the close of his career, as we have shown, he is represented as possessed by the lust of exclusive possession which leads a Highland deer-stalker or a big sheep-farmer to oust the peaceful crofter from his ancestral home. To whip up such a character into the region of the Blessed without further ceremony is a great moral mistake, and, if a moral mistake, a dramatic blunder, for the drama, like history, is merely morality, teaching by example, and can never outrage the best feelings of our moral nature without at once disfranchising itself of its own better soul, and defrauding the public of the great lessons it is intended to teach."

Now, in relation to this, it is very curious to find Professor Seeley, in his articles in the *Contemporary Review* on Goethe¹ emphasising the great poet's peculiar notions of women and man's relation to them as old-fashioned, or, still better, pagan. He ingeniously endeavours to account for this, after having said something about Wilhelm Meister, so frank that we are fain to quote a few sentences.

"It might be called thoroughly immoral," he writes, "if the use of that word which is common among us were justifiable. More correctly speaking, it is immoral throughout on one point—immoral in Goethe's peculiar, inimitable, good-natured manner. The levity is the more startling in a book otherwise so remarkably grave. . . . Every subject but one is discussed with seriousness. In parts the solemnity of the writer's wisdom becomes quite oppressive ; but on the relations of men and women he speaks in a thoroughly worldly tone. Just where most novelists grow serious he becomes wholly libertine, indifferent, and secular. A French tone pervades it, and this tone is more or less perceptible in the other writings of Goethe, especially those of the second period, with the exception of 'Hermann and Dorothea.' On this subject the great and wise thinker descends to a lower level ; he seems to be incapable of regarding it with seriousness ; or

¹ *Contemporary Review*, September, October, and November 1884.

if he does treat it seriously, as in the 'Elective Affinities,' he startles us still more by a certain crude audacity."

And then the Professor proceeds to give his explanation of this and the related phenomena, so far as analyses can help him; and our justification for quoting him so largely will be found in the fact that he regards Goethe's peculiar leanings in this relation as being very fully reflected in Faust, showing that to the end Goethe, on this ground, remained the same:

"Starting from the idea of the satisfaction of desire, and with a strong prejudice against all systems of self-denial, he perceived further that chastity is the favourite virtue of mediævalism—that it is peculiarly Catholic and monastic. Then, as his mind turned more and more to the antique, he found himself in a world of primitive morals, where the woman is half a slave. He found that in the ancient world friendship is more and love less than in the modern. To this point, too, Winckelmann had called his attention; and, since he had adopted it as a principle that the ancients were healthy-minded and the moderns are morbid, he jumped to the conclusion that the sentimental view of love is a modern illusion. He accustomed his imagination to the lower kind of love which we meet with in classical poetry—the love of Achilles for Briseis, of Ajax for Techmessa. In his early pamphlet against Wieland ('Götter, Helden und Wieland, 1773'), we find him already upon this train of reasoning, and his conclusions are announced with the most unceremonious plainness. How seriously they were adopted may be seen from the 'Roman Elegies,' written fifteen years later. Among the many reactions which the eighteenth century has witnessed against the spirit of Christianity, scarcely any is so startling and remarkable as that which comes to light in these poems. There the woman has sunk again to her ancient level, and we find ourselves once more among the *Hetæræ* of old Greek cities. After reading these wonderful poems, if we go through the list of Goethe's female characters we shall note how many among them belong to the class of *Hetæræ*—Clärchen, Marianne, Philine, Gretchen, the Bayadere. And if we turn to his life, we find the man who shrank more than once from a worthy marriage taking a Techmessa to his tent. The woman who became at last his wife was spoken of by him, in a letter to Frau von Stein, as 'that poor creature.' She is the very beauty celebrated in the 'Roman Elegies.'

"This strange moral theory could not but have strange consequences. Love as Goethe knows it is very tender, and has a lyric note as fresh as that of a songbird; but it passes away like the songs

of spring. In his autobiography one love-passage succeeds another—each is charmingly described, but each comes speedily to an end. How far in each case he was to blame is matter of controversy. But he seems to betray a way of thinking about women such as might be natural to an oriental Sultan. . . . He is always ready in a moment to shake off the deepest impressions and to receive new ones ; and he never looks back. A curious insensibility, which seems imitated from the apparent insensibility of Nature herself, shows itself in his works by the side of the deepest pathos. *Faust never once mentions Gretchen again after that terrible prison scene ; her remembrance does not seem to trouble him. She seems entirely forgotten, until, just at the end, among the penitents who surround the Mater Gloriosa there appears one who has borne the name of Gretchen.* In like manner this shocked Schiller : when Mignon dies she seems instantly forgotten, and the business of the novel scarcely pauses for a moment."

Here again we meet with some contradictions in the varied flow of Goethe's utterances. Not to speak of the oft-quoted words in the close of *Faust*,

Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan ;

(however they may be interpreted—whether as meaning eternal woman-soul, the eternal womanly, or love, which draweth the true soul ever upwards ; for in this last case something is to be said for the fitness of the symbol ;) there are the remarkable utterances of Goethe on the true sphere of woman,¹ and on marriage,² and the fine verse in the " Flower Girls " :

Pretty are we, fair of feature,
Garden girls, with lightsome heart :
What is true to woman's nature
Always is so like to art ;

as well as many others in which to the woman-nature is attributed no end of elevating and refining power. These lines, too, so often quoted, come at once to the mind :

If thou would'st hear what seemly is and fit,
Inquire of noble women ; they can tell,
Who in life's common usage hold their place
By graceful deed and aptly chosen word.

The dæmonic element, as it removed from the springs of the will the initiation of the greatest enterprises, also removed from the conscience the sense of obligation towards others, and led to the conviction that another code of conduct existed for those possessing it

¹ See Blackie's *Wisdom of Goethe*, pp. 225, 226:

² *Ib.* p. 229.

than applied to the ordinary herd. This was Napoleon's idea ; it was also Goethe's. And it is very interesting to see how completely, if unconsciously, he makes Faust reflect all this.

With the facts of Goethe's life before our mind, then—his indifference to the claims of others in some phases and in some relations ; his inability to rise to the height of one great overmastering and enduring passion ; his constant and fitful experiments with himself ; his pagan incapacity for regret or remorse, or indeed for looking back on the past save for artistic purposes ; his devotion to the dæmonic, the constant struggle visible in him between Gothic grandeur and mixed motives, and a craving for Greek simplicity of outline—we can in some degree realise what Mr. Bayard Taylor meant when he said that the best commentary on Faust would be a biography of Goethe written strictly with reference to this one work. Faust, as we see him in the Second Part, is Goethe raised into a realm of magic and phantasy ; but the pagan lineaments remain and are ineffaceable ; and something of the dissatisfaction felt with the Second Part arises from the fact that the contradiction becomes more and more patent as the facts of the old Legend are less obtaining.

We have found it out of our power, because beyond our space, to attempt any interpretation or explanation of the symbolism of the work. For those who desire aid in this direction there are the valuable and exhaustive notes to Mr. Bayard Taylor's translation, and the recent thoughtful and penetrating volume of Mr. Coupland, entitled "The Spirit of Goethe's Faust" (George Bell & Sons).

Curious readers may also turn to a most ingenious and suggestive article by Miss M. Betham-Edwards in the *British Quarterly Review* for October 1883, in which she gives the result of much study and thought, together with some remarkably musical and faithful renderings of passages from the poem, which indicate what service Miss Betham-Edwards could do in metrical translation, and this though here she only "attempts to give the meaning, no more, of Goethe's rich poetry for the benefit of non-German students."

"The very purpose of this wonderful drama," says Miss Betham-Edwards, "is moral, and the palmary proof of this is to be found in the sequel of Faust's narrative, which is nothing else but a story of expiation, chiefly for intellectual rather than moral lapse. Goethe leads us to suppose that the repentance of Gretchen's seducer, *suggested*"—[the italics are ours here]—"in the first part, was sincere and active. But it was intellectually, as in the case of Calderon's 'Magic Doctor,' that atonement was chiefly to be made. For what was Faust's

intellectual curiosity but a compact with evil?—man's surrender of the best portion of his immortal soul for the possession of more knowledge than falls to the share of mortals. This was the sin to be atoned for. . . . As we watch Faust through the concluding stages of his existence, we find the seductive arts of Mephistopheles gradually losing their power, and foresee his future deliverance, through a purified progressive activity, from Satanic toils. The moral of the story cannot be better conveyed than in these musical verses of that true poet, if mystic, Dr. Newman :

'There is not on the earth a soul so base
But may obtain a place
In covenanted grace.
So that his feeble prayer of faith obtains
Some loosening of his chains,
And earnest of the great reliefs which rise
From gift to gift, and reach at length the eternal prize.
All may save self ; but minds that heavenward tower
Aim at a wider power,
Gifts on the world to shower ;
And this is not at once—by fastings gained,
And trials well sustained ;
By pureness, righteous deeds, and toils of love,
Abidance in the truth, and zeal for God above.' "

With regard to translations, we can say with a clear conscience that of the metrical translations which have appeared, Sir Theodore Martin's is distinctly the best. He has not only been careful to enter into the spirit of his original, and has thereby been in the best and only true sense literal ; but he has caught the rhythm, the charm, and has generally been happy in conveying it into English. True translation is transfusion. It is more than twenty years since Sir Theodore first printed translations from "Faust" ; and all that time he has been wont to turn in happy moments for relief to Goethe. He has thus become familiar with "Faust" and has entered into the spirit and life of it. The lyrical pieces are especially well done, though we confess we could have wished a less forced rhyme for the final stanza of the song of "The Flower Girls," than "bias" and "eye, as," and in another song for that of "made, ye" and "lady ;" but it is above all difficult to follow the sweet and tricky turns of Goethe's music and to find adequate English equivalents for it. The rendering of the "Helena"—the testing-point of a translator's skill—is almost without fault. Dignity, ease, and power prevail in it, and a comparison of Sir Theodore's work with the version of Carlyle—surely a very trying test—only heightens our impression of his truthfulness, strength, and felicity.

Here is one specimen—a chorus—exquisite in movement as in general effect :

Fling, O ye sisters, that
Mourn your captivity,
Grief to the winds !
Share in the bliss
Of your mistress,
Share in Helena's bliss,
Who joyfully neareth,
The hearth of her fathers,
With step that, though late
To return, is more firm
For the years that have flown.
Praise ye the holy,
Happy restoring,
And home-bringing gods !
Over fate's rudest shocks,
As upon pinions,
Floats the enfranchised one, the while
The captive, vainly his arms outspreading
Over his dungeon's ramparts,
Pines dejected away.
But a god caught her up
In her exile afar ;
And from Ilion's ruins,
Transported her back
To the old, newly decorate
Home of her sires,
After unspeakable
Pleasures and pains,
On the days of her childhood
To ponder afresh.

For another specimen take the song of Lynceus, the Tower-watcher, at sight of Helen :

Let me kneel, and let me view thee,
Live or die, I reck not how !
For, oh godlike woman, to thee
All my soul is bond-slave now.
Watching for the morning's blushing,
Looking eastward, where it glows,
All at once, with magic flushing,
In the south the sun arose.
To itself my gaze it rooted :
Rocky pass and valley green,
Earth and heaven, were all unnoted,
All save her, that peerless queen.
I with eyesight keen am dowered,
Keen as any lynx on tree,
But in vain I strove, o'erpowered
By that vision fair to see.

What to me portcullised gateway,
 What if roof or tower be cleft?
 Mists arise, far off, and straightway
 Forth a radiant goddess stept!
 Eye and soul I straight surrender,
 Drinking in the blissful light;
 Dazzling all, her beauty's splendour
 Dazzles me, poor minion, quite!
 I forgot the warder's duty,
 Quite forgot the trumpet call;
 Menace, yet, oh, spare me! Beauty
 Holds all angry thought in thrall.

This is almost all that poetic translation should be. In the more sarcastic and playful passages, too, Sir Theodore is generally happy.

In the metrical dedication of the Translation to his "friend of many years," Mr. J. A. Froude, Sir Theodore thus felicitously indicates his general impressions of the "Faust":

You know—who better?—all that gives
 This book its charm, the grace that lives
 And breathes throughout its perfect verse,
 The saws sarcastic, vivid, terse,
 The wild wit flashing to and fro,
 The varied lore, the sunny glow
 Of fancy and of passion, fit
 To glorify the exquisite
 Conception of an Helen meet
 To make Faust's dream of bliss complete,
 The tender beauty of the thought,
 That his deliverance should be wrought
 By her that could in death forget
 The wrong he did her—Margaret,
 And twined his soul with hers by love
 Eternal, pure in realms above.

This, by the way, suggests the more individual interpretation of the "Ewig-Weibliche." Margaret is figured as drawing the soul of Faust to heaven; so, as Mr. Bayard Taylor says, "the spirit which Women interprets to us here, still draws us upward." But the abstraction and the symbolism are more than the dramatic action in Goethe's hands. Something more of conscious relation to Margaret and her influence should have been realised and *pictured to the reader*. The drawing heavenward is, after all, magical or dæmonish.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

ALIENS.

I.

THE history of aliens in this country may be fitly regarded as one of the romances of our constitution. In these later days we are wont to reflect with reasonable pride that the characteristic growl of the true-born Englishman has here been exchanged for a practical charity and unselfishness which have contributed more than any other good work to designate England as the pioneer of constitutional liberty amongst the nations. But it was not ever thus. It would seem that from very early times the alien question became a prominent feature in the political history of this country. The Danish Vikings—those self-invited visitors to the summer shores of the North Sea—must have been regarded by our Saxon ancestors as aliens of a peculiarly aggressive type. Even the peace concluded between Alfred and Guthrum, whereby the permanent settlement of the Danes was recognised, did not establish any degree of harmony between the two peoples. In fact, as a measure of precaution, all intercourse was strictly prohibited, except under certain conditions calculated to prevent a breach of the peace. Therefore we are not surprised that the inevitable explosion took place, after a further period of Danish invasion, in the form of an organised massacre of unsuspecting aliens on that memorable feast of St. Brice.

However, the Danes should more properly be counted as colonists, rather than as foreign residents within a strange allegiance. The true alien is to be sought in the trader who, since the twelfth century, visited this land from the Baltic or Mediterranean states, submitting to the rigour of an enforced exile, and to all the perils of national jealousy and antipathy for the sake of the enormous profits that were to be extracted from a primitive mercantile community.

With the accession of the Norman house, England had assumed a new position in Europe. No longer distantly known in the Roman Court as the country of the Angles, she had become, thanks to Norman prestige in both France and Italy, one of the chief centres of the commerce of the world. Hither, during the next four centuries,

merchants were wont to repair from many a strange land. Hanse burghers laden with costly furs and gems then deemed indispensable accessories to the equipment of a civic magnate or courtier *à la mode*—these procured from the great Russian fair at Novgorod, those from the warehouses of every Baltic or North German city. Hither came also the citizen of the free Italian states with great store of silks and velvets ; the Fleming, with dainty fabrics of wool or flax rendered precious by the weaver's matchless art ; the sun-burnt Gascon with his cargo of full wine vats ; and last, but not least typical, the Jewish or Lombard exchanger, usurer, or pedlar, alike in every character, and amiable in none.

During all this period the *status* of the alien, though laid down on favourable lines by the legislature, was practically almost unendurable. The Great Charter had given freedom of access and security both of purse and person to foreigners in amity with this kingdom ; but few of the excellent provisions of this statute of liberties have in any age been found easy of execution in the face of royal interest and class jealousy. Aliens, in truth, were taken under the special protection of the Crown, to the intent that the fines which they reluctantly paid in return for "licenses" and "safe conducts" might go to swell the bulk of a precarious revenue. This, however, was not the only source of profit to the Crown in its character of director of alien traffic. It would happen at times that the exigencies of foreign warfare demanded the replenishment of the royal commissariat, or the new decking of the royal pavilion in the "North parts," or in the "parts of Flanders," at a moment's notice. To supply these wants some alien vessel, newly arrived at Southampton, would be seized "for the king's use," and straightway navigated to the port nearest to the seat of war.¹

In their everyday life aliens laboured under a hundred drawbacks purposely contrived in the interests of the native traders. They might neither buy nor sell except under the closest supervision. They were compelled to contribute 25 per cent. at least beyond the ordinary tolls for merchandise. No sooner did they appear to be prospering over-much in any particular branch of commerce to the disadvantage of English competitors, than they were straightway enforced to withdraw, though, on the other hand, when, as it rarely happened, the speculation was favourable only to the English

¹ There exists in the Public Record Office a file of worm-eaten tallies bearing the contemporary endorsement "De vino capto de diversis et per diversa loca ad expensa domini Edwardi, principis Walliæ, &c." One of these tallies, taken at random, bears this superscription, "Contra Walterum Gome de Ebor. de iij doliis xij sextariis vini captis ab eodem anno xxxiiij^{to}."

party, the continued importation of the article in question was made compulsory by the legislature. The alien was also advised as to his choice of residence, where his host was required to overlook his proceedings. It was even found that the apparently beneficent provisions of Magna Charta on his behalf were capable of a sinister construction. "Aliens," it was said, "were indeed to enjoy free access and security, &c., but only with a view to expedite their business and relieve the country as speedily as possible of their hated presence." For some time, therefore, a fixed period was assigned within which they must conclude their traffic and quit the realm under the heaviest penalties. This uncompromising insular policy lasted till the dawn of mental freedom and political progress at the close of the Wars of the Roses. Then began a new era of fair-seeming protection of native industries threatened in their turn by foreign capital utilized through cheap labour. The "mysteries" or craft-guilds, whose supervision of native workmanship had established the repute of English wares throughout the known world, had lost somewhat of the sincerity of their early purpose through the enticement of civic politics. The good work of which they still claimed a monopoly was now unconscionably dear, and there were even some connoisseurs to be found (but mostly in foreign parts and therefore happily unregarded), who positively denied its pretensions to excellence or even to an honest mediocrity. Certainly the prevalence of rotten threads, and the superfluous ballast of heavy stones found within the English bales unpacked at Antwerp, gave some colour to these stories, and Parliament was compelled at length to take active steps for maintaining the standard of native exports. Therefore we may surmise that although the alien incursion was coincident with a period of severe depression, it was not the virtual cause thereof.

Since the middle of the seventeenth century the alien has struggled manfully on under a slowly diminishing load of commercial penalties. From this time forward too we notice that he is found capable at times of almost indecorous light-heartedness—not because his pockets are empty, but because his old enemy the feudal robber (whether of the court or castle type) has disappeared with purveyance and the thumbscrew.¹

The jealousy which the successful competition of aliens had excited in the minds of a protective Parliament was forgotten in the general opposition to the arbitrary fiscal policy of later Tudor and

¹ It is difficult to fix the date of this happy change earlier than the abolition of the Court of Star Chamber. The last warrant for the employment of torture is dated in the reign of Charles I.

early Stuart sovereigns. The doctrine of taxation by prerogative in respect of imports upon merchandise was most easily justified by its exercise at the expense of alien or denizen'd importers of French wines and mercery. It became part of the common lawyers' creed to claim for the oppressed foreigner the indulgence guaranteed by Magna Charta, just as a century later a common interest united both Nonconformist preachers and Anglican divines in a common opposition to the Catholic policy of James II. Whatever outcry is henceforward raised against aliens is the result of political and not of social agitation.

The Dutch had become our rivals in the factories of the East and in the carrying trade of the western colonies. The Dutch again had gained the credit of such conquest as was possible at the Revolution, and for twelve years after that great disestablishment of personal monarchy they stood between the constitutional sovereign and the loyalty of his Protestant subjects. Therefore certain antiquated measures of precaution were engrafted on the new stock of the constitution. Aliens who had the bad taste to engage the affections of the elected of the people must be taught their place. They might neither enjoy his bounty nor seek to distract his counsels, and a sharp line must be drawn between their adventitious status and the innate capacity of natural-born subjects. The former, in fact were copyholders subject to the favour of the lord and the customs of the land ; the latter were freeholders whom none might wantonly put out of their inheritance.

So for a century and a half aliens continued to be marked out as the proper objects of civil disabilities. Then one by one the penalties were allowed to drop, failing the zeal of an informer. Political generosity is conspicuous in nothing more than in its swiftness to redress old-standing wrongs. The principle of naturalisation, which had advanced by but a few hesitating steps since Henry VII., made gigantic leaps within one generation of liberal statesmanship. There is now nothing that an alien cannot be or may not do in this country that is worthy of the pains or the ambition of an ordinary citizen.

II.

THE revival in the present day of a controversy which in the early years of the first Stuart king was the occasion of a prodigious display of learning, marred by no little bitterness and prejudice, is of itself a noteworthy incident. Added to this also is the fact that more

than one nearly-contested election may in the future be decided by the ruling of the court in a recent election petition on the point whether the Hanoverian subjects of their Serene Highnesses the Electors William Henry, George Augustus Frederick, and George William Frederick are the natural-born subjects of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.¹

The question as to the civil rights of subjects of different countries united under one king first arises in the case of the English and Danes under Cnut. Here we find the Danes indeed enjoying all the privileges of English subjects, but there is no reason for believing that the converse would have held good in the case of English residents in Denmark. The same principle governs the relative positions of French and English subjects under the Conqueror and his successors. Still later, we have to deal with the cases of Ireland and Wales, two countries undoubtedly annexed to the English crown and governed as a matter of policy by English law, yet in which the natives were, by a like motive of political expediency, debarred from the free enjoyment of all the rights of English subjects. Next in order comes the question of the Scotch born after the accession of James VI. to the English crown; and last of all, the large class of British colonists and the Hanoverian *post nati* in 1714 and *ante nati* in 1837, whose electoral status was so recently decided in the Stepney Election Petition. At first sight, indeed, the two last cases may seem to the student of constitutional law to be already governed by the decision in the more famous case of the Scotch *post nati* in 1608; but a closer investigation will show that in many important respects the analogy is not applicable, and that the latter possess certain features that are both novel and perplexing.

If we admit that Plantagenet kings held certain great French seignories by descent together with Ireland, the Channel Islands, &c., and that the inhabitants of all these countries were counted as subjects of the English crown, it will follow that when James VI. ascended the English throne being at the same time king of Ireland and the other dependencies of the English crown, natives of Scotland born after that event would become *à priori* subjects of England. Now this argument is more plausible than sound. In the first place, it has never been proved conclusively that the status of French subjects of England was the same as was here alleged. Secondly, it has never been clearly shown that the case of Scotland was parallel with that

¹ Stepney Election Petition, *Isaacson v. Durant*, Judgment, April 5, 1886, See *Weekly Notes*, April 10, 1886.

of Ireland and France, or that of the colonies and Hanover parallel with Scotland. As a matter of fact, the lieges of the English crown inhabiting the various French provinces at one time forming part of its dominions, and for whom a participation in the privileges of English citizens was confidently claimed by later writers, were in all probability no true natives, but self-exiled members of a governing race, English in all their connections and traditions. No likeness could possibly be found between these colonists and the Scotch subjects of James VI. and the Elector George.

It was the same with the colonial subjects of our later empire, whether settlers or natives ; whether, that is to say, they owed their peculiar position to occupancy or to cession of a distant country. In either case they most naturally and equitably fell into the place of subjects of the English crown wherever those colonies formed part of the dominions of that crown. The whole question is reduced to this. Were Scotland and Hanover between 1603 and 1707, and 1714 and 1837, respectively parts of those dominions? No satisfactory decision has ever been given upon either side of this weighty question, unless Calvin's case is to be taken as such a decision. There is much evidence, however, that it is not.

In Calvin's case, as it is commonly called, the facts were briefly these. An infant born at Edinburgh three years after the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the throne of England, became, three years later, the plaintiff through his guardians, in an action to recover a freehold messuage in Shoreditch. The defendants to the action pleaded that the plaintiff, having been "born within the allegiance of the said king of his kingdom of Scotland and out of the allegiance of the said king of his kingdom of England," was thereby non-suited. To this the plaintiff demurred in law, by which was meant that the facts being admitted, he was nevertheless not barred by any rule of law from prosecuting his action. Hereupon the case was adjourned from the King's Bench into the Exchequer Court which, a contemporary MS. tells us, was "the usual and accustomed place of councell for all the judges of England to assemble in when there is any great difficultie in law or any matter of very great importance in law depending afore them." Here before an august assembly comprising the chief members of the Privy Council and thirteen judges, the case was argued by counsel for the parties and by the whole Bench. The arguments on either side were varied and lengthy, but the substance of all of them could be contained in a nutshell. For the plaintiff it was argued that allegiance is merely personal, depending on the title of the Sovereign irrespective of any distinction of his kingdoms or

their laws. The case for the defendants was that allegiance follows the laws and limits of the Sovereign's kingdom, and that therefore a Scotch subject might not exchange his political allegiance to the king of Scotland for personal allegiance to the king of England—this being the doctrine of the chief professors of the common and civil laws.

Here, then, it will be seen were all the materials for a very pretty legal quarrel. The judges, with one exception, were in favour of the plaintiff, and the names among them of Coke and Fleming must carry due weight in the ulterior considerations inevitable at this period, regarding the merits of their decision. It was not disguised, however, that the king was personally interested in the plaintiff's success, and the advocates of the prerogative took the opportunity for advancing their favourite platitudes. Their chief triumph on this occasion was to have involved their adversaries in the *reductio ad absurdum* in respect of an arbitrary classification of the dominions of the Crown. Sir Christopher Yelverton, to whom we are indebted for a full report of his own speech (obviously designed for His Majesty's ears through the favourable report of the ministers to whom it was mainly addressed) divulges a few of the secret influences that were at work. In an entertaining appendix to this report the worthy judge describes how he was overtaken on the way home from the court by a gentleman of my Lord Chancellor, breathless with haste to obtain a copy of the speech. It transpired that Sir Christopher's eloquence had exercised such a fascination over "my lords," that their hands ceased to write "lesse they should have lost him;" so that "like the hearers of Amphion" they remained bound as with a chain which stretched from their own ears to the speaker's tongue! The message concluded with an invitation to dinner. Somewhat later the Primate joined in the praise of the excellence of the speech "for matter and for method," and was duly presented with the copy which he had somehow omitted to ask for. Finally the king was regaled with the beauties of the master-piece, and pronounced the author to have "done extreamlie well," which the latter, in his new-born affection for the sister kingdom, surmises to be "a Scottish phrase."

From such trivialities as these are the unwritten passages of history often supplied. The authenticity of this case has always worn a complexion of doubt, and this deepens into discredit after the perusal of such revelations as these.

Calvin's case, it is true, has hitherto stood on a better footing than the more notorious judicial decisions in Bates' and Hampden's

cases (amongst others), which at this day are utterly worthless as constitutional precedents. This is so probably because in the former case the interests of the subjects were less deeply implicated ; certainly not because of the superior learning and impartiality displayed therein by the Bench. However, to tolerate Calvin's case as an interesting classic is very different from citing it as an authority for deciding an important liberty of the subject after a lapse of time which might reasonably be held to have weakened the force of the most irreproachable of judicial sentences. Apart from this, the propriety of applying the precedent of the Scotch *post nati* in 1603 to the Hanoverian *ante nati* in 1885 may well be doubted. Scotland like Wales was claimed as an English fief from the days of the great Wessex, and therefore old writers, with somewhat needless pedantry, were accustomed to speak of the natives of both those countries as rebels instead of enemies. However this may be, it is pretty obvious that from the day of what we may call the declaration of Scotch independence under Bruce down to the accession of James I., the natives of that country were in an active sense "alien enemies" of England. None the less there were many, if unsought, causes which tended to a reapproachment between the two nations. Edward I.'s project of consolidation was still more hopefully entertained by Henry VIII., only to be baffled by the unwelcome victories of Flodden, Solway Moss, and Pinkie. Sympathy with the Scotch reformers during the next thirty years went far to heal old sores in the national pride of the weaker kingdom, and to some extent justified the assertion in the first Act of the first English Parliament of James I., that two countries ever akin by natural ties were now at length happily reunited under one rule. It is upon this generous declaration that the decision in Calvin's case is really based, rather than on the authority of the supposed rule of law that allegiance is in its nature personal and not political. The latter is a doctrine wholly repugnant to the common law of this country, where every similar assertion of the prerogative has found its sole justification in the maintenance of the safety or merely the dignity of the State in the person of its selected ruler. The personal theory of the prerogative barely survived the reforms of the Long Parliament and was wholly abrogated at the Revolution. Therefore admitting that the decision in Calvin's case was good on the only possible ground that two kingdoms, laws, sovereigns and ligeances were made one (unified not united) by the accession of James VI. to the English throne, the further question arises as to whether a similar process ensued on the accession of the Elector George and discontinued on the

accession of her present Majesty.¹ Just as the naturalisation of the Scotch *post nati* in 1608 seems to be invited by a special Act of Parliament insisting on the natural unity of the two kingdoms, so that of the Hanoverian *post nati* in 1714 is not only unprovided for, but is even indirectly excluded by the legislature. The welcome accorded to James VI. as an Anglian king is accentuated by the precautions of the usually servile parliament of Mary, upon the occasion of her husband's coronation as joint sovereign. These precautions were repeated, with less personality, it is true, but with not less significance, in the second Act of Settlement. By this final regulation of the constitutional monarchy, the territories of foreign Protestant princes who might in future ascend the English throne are suggestively distinguished from the realm of England and its existing dominions; and it is still further provided that no person born out of the English dominions, though naturalised or denizenized, shall hold offices or grants of land in England.

If the allusions of this Act which regulated the Hanoverian succession are not to Hanover and the Hanoverians, it is difficult to guess their real application. Here was a foreign country without one common tie with this nation and the countrymen of which were already regarded by anticipation with a frantic jealousy, which threw into the shade the half-humorous misliking of the Scotch immigrants to the English capital of King Jamie, and the sturdy hatred of King William's Dutch favourites and soldiers. It is certainly not likely that the legislators who passed this Act or the generation that witnessed its execution considered themselves bound by respect for the decision of judges long since denounced as servile and venal instruments of tyranny, or by deference to a view of the prerogative

¹ In a recent speech in the House of Commons during the debate on the Irish Home Rule Bill, Sir Henry James distinctly advocated the constitutional principle that community of legislation is the only true test of imperial unity; wherefore the true Union of Scotland and Ireland with England was effected by the Article establishing one law in addition to one allegiance for the United Kingdom. In proof of this fact, he gave the instance of Hanover, which though under the English crown was not under English law, and was presumably regarded as an alien nationality in consequence. This, it will be remembered, was precisely the doctrine advanced by the common lawyers (and strange to say by the civilian experts also) in Calvin's case, and which was overruled by the mere dictum of the Bench. The contention of the present article has been that this judgment was manifestly corrupt. Lord Coleridge, however, in the Stepney Election case cited Calvin's case as an unimpeachable authority, disallowing the Hanoverian voters on other and technical grounds. On this question, therefore, Lord Coleridge appears to be at issue with such a high authority as the late Attorney-General.

that they openly repudiated. There is, moreover, still further evidence besides the common repute of the disqualification of Hanoverians in this country which points in the same direction. The Alien Acts of George III. and William IV. which required masters of vessels to make a return of aliens landed in England not being particularly directed against the inhabitants of any one country, may be received with some confidence for the purpose of establishing the contemporary status of Hanoverians; and if in obedience to these Acts, Hanoverians were scheduled as mere aliens, small doubt can remain as to their condition for at least some time before 1837. Certainly the Hanoverian residents in this country have been guilty of no offences against even public opinion, but neither, on the other hand, is their position so intolerable under a Denization Act of unexampled generosity that they need the relief afforded by a more than questionable decision in an obviously remote case.

HUBERT HALL.

NIGHT-MOTHS AND DAY-MOTHS.

MOTHS are somehow supposed to be the poor relations of butterflies. When people who care little about such matters see a prettily coloured insect flying by, they say, "Look at that butterfly," but if it be dingy or insignificant in size they call it "a moth." Here, then, as everywhere else, the old fallacy "from authority" maintains its force. Holy Writ has damned the moth. So superstition and folklore approach it prejudiced by the prescription of high authority. And Poetry, which used always to go to Holy Writ and Folklore for its natural history, falls into the ditch with its leaders.

But there is, of course, no ground for this invidious distinction between the butterfly and the moth. It is true that night-flying things, dusky things, do not commend themselves to general admiration with the same immediate attractiveness as those that delight in sunshine and are gaily coloured. The bat, being crepuscular—*entre chien et loup*—is a creature of shocking possibilities. Victor Hugo apostrophises it as a bird. Most poets call it "obscene." So, too, the owl, and the night-jar, and the "night raven"—that most delicious of all poetical bogies, invented by poets for their own titillation, just as children like to get themselves into the "creeps" by pretending an imaginary bear or giant under the bed. They are all odious because they are of the twilight and the darkness, silent-flighted, mysterious in the gloaming. Even so, too, is it with the moths. Scripture saith that it "corrupts." So it does—at any rate some moths, the "clothes moths." They *do* corrupt. As Bacon would say, they are "shrewd things" in a wardrobe.

One iniquitous insect, however, has brought down upon the whole republic the everlasting condemnation of poetry. There is one tiny drab carpet-creeping creature which eats cloth and clothes. There are others just as inconsiderable, just as feeble in colouring, which plunder other possessions of our lordly race.

But what is there in all the range of insect beauty to excel our

moths? What epithet appropriate to butterflies is excessive when applied to moths? For every "beautiful," "painted," "gorgeous," "spangled" butterfly I will match you with a moth. More than this, I will bring you moths that shall defy all your butterflies to match for chastity of colouring, for exquisite design, and perfect beauty. Do you want violent colouring or most delicately-dainty tracery? Will you challenge me upon form or upon hue? I will meet you with such rare tints of all the colours as shall beggar you to surpass, and for form such elfin prettiness as shall be your despair.

It is a mistake, then, to think, as most do, that evening-flying moths are dull-coloured and dowdy, just as it is a mistake to suppose that those birds of wondrously-beautiful plumage, the owls and night-jars, are unworthy of admiration. We have very few birds to equal them in the loveliness of their feathers and colouring.

Nor are they small in size. Some of our English moths are larger than any of our butterflies. Nor, again, are they to be depreciated as night-flies, for many fly by day—and among them some of the prettiest. Moreover, in character, robust differences of temperament, and physical habit there is no comparison between the two. They are absolutely equal. Tell me of your purple emperor that tantalises you from the tops of oaks (and is caught eventually on a dead cat), and I will give you the sphinges—the humming-birds of our isles, the wondrous ones that make our petunia-beds tropical, our heliotropes and honeysuckles redolent of California and the Brazils. What splendour of wing! What a delicate adjustment of velocity! See them round the clematis: it is a spectacle to remember all your life. What mechanism of man's genius can equal the lightning-flash apparition? that instantaneous immobility, still as a star; that lightning-flash departure? If we could only imitate it, we should have sky-ships and sky-trains, and every man would call to his servant in the morning for his "wings," as he does now for his boots. Or take your stately-flighted "white admiral," your luxurious fritillaries—*Aglaia* and the rest—or swift *Edusa*. Can I not match them?

The poets, therefore, knew nothing whatever of moths. They supposed that they "corrupt," because they knew that rust does, and that thieves break through and steal. But this is after all poor reasoning, or else sparrows ought to be selling at twelve a penny. Besides, translators of the Bible took extraordinary liberties with natural history. Our marginal readings warn us to read "badger" instead of "swan," and so on verse after verse. Albeit I consider

the wondrous language of our translations as one of the most *positive* evidences of "inspiration" that has been vouchsafed to us.

Now, for myself, I have a singular sympathy with creatures that are not of our own day ; that make their own. Any pedestrian wretch can be abroad and awake in the sun-light. Only original genius—like Byron's, Shelley's, Goethe's, Lessing's, and everybody else's worth talking about—can resent the formalities of the clock and insist upon the right to choose its own hours. Nearly all the best work of the world has been done while the stupid were asleep.

That the moth is crepuscular ; that in combination with rust it "doth corrupt" ; that light has a fatal fascination for it, are among the ordinary facts of moth-lore that are common property, and constitute the sum of poets' science. On the first account, they start with a general prejudice against it ; on the second, they enjoy a specific reason for dislike to it ; on the third, instead of pitying the dreadful fascination—surely one of the most horrible "instincts" in nature—they reproach the moth, sneer at it, and expatiate in commonplace morals on youth and pleasure, beauty and desire, and so on. Here and there is a compassionate touch, a word of tender regret ; but as a rule the analogies are neither compassionate nor tender, nor even excellent as imagery. Shelley is an exception ; he is one of our poets of the night, and the "silver moths" are therefore under his protection. There is originality in the line "Sweet Lamp ! my moth-like muse has burnt its wings," and beauty in these :

Such clouds as flit
Like splendour-winged moths about a taper
Round the red west when the sun sets in it.

For the poets, for poetical reasons, are adverse to darkness and the things belonging thereto. Though constantly confessing to the practical advantages of night, they perpetually abuse it as a time of all dreadfulness. Yet we know it to be the tutelary genius of the small-creature world, their protection and Providence. Concealed by it, they repose in security, and under cover of the shadows of night come out to seek the food which they dare not look for when man and other large animals are abroad. Moths are among the illustrations of this protective caution. Science, for the sake of classification, has butterflies, moths, and neither-one-thing-nor-the-others, the differences in the three being solely in the shape of the end of the antennæ. But practically there is no difference at any stage of life, either as caterpillar, chrysalis, or perfect insect. Nor in any habit or detail of life. Each division hopelessly overlaps the other. Moths are, therefore, simply night-butterflies. Butterflies are

day-moths. Some fly by night, for better protection doubtless, but many by day. Thus among the heather in July, the "heath-moth" and "heath butterfly" flutter about together. Poets, therefore, have no grounds for drawing a line between the two classes. But, as I have so often noticed before, the fact of any class of creature being *nocturnal* prejudices the poets against it. To be "dusky" is to be unamiable.

For instance, Thomson says :

Soft-buzzing Slander, silky moth, that eats
An honest name—

as if moths "buzz"! as if there was any, the remotest, analogy between slander and a moth! Ben Jonson has :

Security—
It is the common moth
That eats our wits and arts, and so
Destroys them both.

Change, as tending to waste, and Desuetude (the old association with rust being in the poet's mind) are "moths."

But their treatment of these insects illustrates another large poetical obliquity. Because men and women who are gaily dressed are often frivolous and vain, it is assumed that gaiety of attire in the animal world leads to the same moral weakness.

As, for instance, among birds the goldfinch, and among beasts the panther, are reproached for being "gaudy," "gay," and "painted," and, *therefore*, "vain" and "fickle," so it is with the Butterfly. The poets concede its beauty, but, with that unfortunate tendency of theirs to translate all animal life into human phrases, go on to assume that because it is fair to look upon therefore it is conceited, light in affection, heartless, proud.

Conscious of beauty they speed from flower to flower,
Flaunting in the aspect of the day
Their robes of spangled tissue.

Only Clare, a sympathetic poet, gives them the advantage of a doubt.

For amid the sunny hour,
When I've found thee on a flower
(Searching with minutest gleg)
Oft I've seen thy little leg
Soft as glass o'er velvet glides
Smoother down thy silken sides ;
Then thy wings would ope and shut,
Then thou seemingly wouldst strut ;
Was it nature, was it pride ?
Let the learned world decide.

It follows, then, naturally enough from the poet's moral, that "so gay a popelet" should be a fop, "light-fluttering," a "beau," and "dandy." But how ugly such metaphors are! This, for instance:

And that thing was made of sound and show
Which mortals have misnamed a beau,
But in the language of the sky
Is called a two-legged butterfly.

Or this:

But for those butterflies the beaux
Who buzz around in tinsel rows,
Shake, shake them off with quick disdain.
Where insects settle they will stain.

I cannot understand how "poets" can even fancy so disagreeably, so sordidly, of these pretty, harmless things with their happy ways---so happy, indeed, that they need no voice to tell us how glad they are of life, and how good they find the sunshine, and how fair the flowers. I think a better moral might easily be drawn from the flirtation of a butterfly and a daisy than this:

The dandy butterfly
All exquisitely dressed
Before the daisy's eye,
Displays his painted vest,
In vain is he arrayed
In all the gaudy show;
What business hath a maid
With such a foppish beau?

I confess that, for myself, I am a trifle bored with the "innocence" of the daisy, and half wish some poet would get up and call it names. And I am quite sure butterflies do not go and show off before them, or even look as if they did.

A worthless woman has this, again, for her epitaph:

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam;
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

It is a "holiday-rover," "giddy," bent only on enjoyment, "to pleasure ever on the wing."

From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

So it is "the aimless butterfly" that flits "through ether without aim," "withouten any choice," or that, "fickle as a butterfly-love"—

doth rejoice
 Every minute to change choice,
 Counting he were then in bliss,
 If that each fair of all were his.

Moreover, singularly enough, the poets seem to resent the butterfly's elevation from the grub-commonalty to the Upper House. The moralists among them see in the metamorphosis an aspiring mind rewarded by success, or a pious one rising from earthy clod to heavenly heights. But, as a rule, it is remembered unkindly against the charming insect that it should have had such lowly origin, the intermediate refining stage of chrysalis-tranquillity notwithstanding. So, as the butterfly is born of the caterpillar, "to Goody Maggot near allied," and as those "reptiles," as poets call them, are (poetically) supposed to be engendered from corruption, the butterfly is a courtier-insect which is the outcome of a rotten society. In this character it perpetually recurs in verse. Again, inasmuch as the grubbing, toiling caterpillar may be imagined as having laid the foundation for the pleasures which the winged thing possesses, and which it so prodigally enjoys, it affords a simile for a spendthrift heir.

All glossy, gay-enamelled all with gold,
 The silly tenant of the summer air
 In folly lost, of nothing taking care.

Thus basely-born, and being, as it were, fortuitous and ephemeral—not really butterflies, but only grubs on the wing—they are sometimes regarded as positively contemptible and beneath the appreciation of sensible men. Thus Shenstone, addressing *virtuosi*, says :

Hail, curious wights ! to whom so fair
 The form of mortal fly is,
 Who deem those grubs beyond compare
 Which common sense despises.

So, too, Pope contemptuously relegates butterfly-collecting to "curious Germans." The insect is of no value—"swiche-talking is ne worth a boterflie."

But from all the above I do not mean it to be understood that the poets did not admire butterflies. On the contrary, their verse is full of compliments to their actual beauty. This admiration, however, is so very common, indeed so universal, that it would have been impossible for poets not to share in it ; and quotation of their approving epithets is equally unnecessary. Indeed, it will be seen that even when depreciating the insects their physical charms are punctually admitted. None the less, it is curious to note how this

wrong way of regarding the animal world—that is, from human stand-points—and transferring our own failings to all other creatures, is consistently adhered to by poets, who should remember that some writers, judging in the same erroneous way, have actually called the poets themselves “butterflies.”

Some special phrases of admiration are, however, well worth noting ; as for instance when the poet, *more suo*, exceeds the already-sufficing measure of the creatures’ natural beauty. Thus Keats in fancy has a “golden” butterfly, but it was born of a flower, a fairy insect, and led Endymion to strange and sweet adventure. But what real butterfly Shenstone had before him which he describes as “celestial crimson dropped with gold” it would puzzle the naturalist to say, or what the very common insect of poetry can be that has “wings of gold.” “Gaudy, spangled wing,” “painted and spangled,” might apply to the fritillaries, but poets are too inaccurate as observers to have noticed the under side of these species’ wings. Yet Darwin, who was a student of nature, has “silver” butterflies ; while Wordsworth, who takes such credit to himself for communing in intimacy with Nature, actually says he saw English boys chasing a “crimson” butterfly, and describes another “all green and gold” —two insects which it is perfectly certain he could never have beheld in Great Britain. Yet he tells us that he watched a single butterfly “a full half-hour,” and that as a child

My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly ;

so that he ought to have known them by sight at any rate, and to have remembered that “sister Emmeline and I” never saw either a crimson or a green-and-gold butterfly.

They are “flying flowers,” as the Chinese (or is it the Japanese?) call them.

One might fancy the rich flowers
That round them in the sun lay sighing
Had been by magic all set flying.

Summer comes on butterfly wings ; Pleasure is a butterfly: Youth “on its insect-wing” flies, “eager to taste the honey’s spring.” Keats beautifully calls them “lords of flowers.” In Byron the butterfly affords an analogy for beauty wooed, won, and thrown aside.

So beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright and wing as wild,
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betray’d

Woe waits the insect and the maid,
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,
 From infant's play, and man's caprice ;
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought,
 Hath lost its charm by being caught,
 For every touch that woo'd its stay
 Hath brush'd its brightest hues away.

Several butterflies and moths are individually specified without any loss of beauty to the verse. Thus Hurdis' insect, "with saffron wing superb," that "zigzag dances o'er the flowery dell ;" Clare's "plain-drest butterfly of russet dye," which,

As if awakened by the scythe's shrill sound
 Soon as the bent with ripeness 'gan to die,
 Was constant with the mower in the meadow-ground
 Flitting the with'ring swathe and unmown blossom round.

Or the other :

Lo ! the arching heavenly bow
 Doth all his dyes on thee bestow,
 Crimson, blue, and watery green,
 Mixed with azure shade between,
 These are thine—thou first in place,
 Queen of all the insect race.

Which Jean Ingelow more pointedly particularises :

Open velvet butterflies
 That swing and spread their peacock eyes
 As if they cared no more to rise
 From off their bed of camomile.

Crabbe is delightful :

From the sweet bower, by nature form'd, arise
 Bright troops of virgin moths and fresh-born butterflies ;
 Who broke that morning from their half-year's sleep
 To fly o'er flowers where they were wont to creep,
 Above the sovereign oak, a sovereign, skims
 The purple emp'ror, strong in wing and limbs,
 There fair Camilla takes her flight serene,
 Adonis blue, and Paphia silver queen ;
 With every filmy fly from mead or bower,
 And hungry Sphinx who threads the honey'd flower
 She o'er the larkspur's bed, where sweets abound,
 Views ev'ry bell, and hums th' approving sound ;
 Poised on her busy plumes, with feelings nice
 She draws from every flower, nor tries a flow'ret twice.

Eliza Cook, whose butterflies are beyond all sober conception, has "blue" moths flit past in poem after poem, and to leave no room for doubt, she sometimes refers to the insect as "moth with azure wings." Moreover, her moths are the companions of the bee.

Thus, "the moth is full dressed and the bee is about," "the golden moth and the shining bee Will seldom rest on the willow-tree," "aspen stalks move with the moth and the bee," and so on. But, I suppose, Eliza Cook ought never to be taken seriously. Other poets, however, see "happy moths sporting in the sunny summer's sheen."

And what Darwin may mean by the lines

Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumage furl,
Bow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl,

I am at a loss to imagine. Clare was a nice observer, and the "ermine" and the "ghost" moths met with frequent notice in his verse, flitting along the meadows, clinging to the stems :

Dancing with lily-white wings o'er the dew,
Perched on the down-headed grass like a fairy.

"Tender-speckled" is Bloomfield's epithet for, no doubt, the "ermine." And Keats admirably speaks of a painted window as

Diamonded with panes of quaint device,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings.

Many have "silver" moths—an epithet which is good enough, seeing that the white or very light-coloured sorts are the only ones likely to have attracted the notice of such unobservant persons as poets.

The silver moth enjoys the gloom
Glancing on tremulous wing thro' twilight bow'rs,
Now flits where warm nasturtiums glow,
Now quivers on the jasmine bough,
And sucks with spiral tongue the balm of sleeping flowers.

As a boy at school I was an inveterate "collector" of objects of natural history, and my "museum" was at once the envy and the despair of my contemporaries. That I neglected my duties for my pleasures goes without saying, as all boys do this. But I did so systematically, doggedly, and triumphantly. Fifteen years later I went back to my old school. They wanted to hear "an old boy's" adventures as a traveller and a war-correspondent, and I met many of my masters, and to them I confessed the unsuspected obliquities of my school career. I had never in seven years learned one single proposition of Euclid. No, not even the first. I had never achieved an algebraic equation. No, not one. I loathed mathematics with a profundity that even the loathing for rhubarb and magnesia could not surpass. So I shirked and cribbed during these lessons with such resolution and judgment that I was actually able to leave school congratulating myself on never having done a proposition or a sum in a

legitimate way. At mathematical examinations I used to send up blank papers, or coolly return myself as absent.

In after life, when I first began to write for publication, I found myself handicapped by my total ignorance of precise terms, such as mathematics teaches, so, at my leisure, I read Logic and Metaphysics for three years, and thus qualified for the Professor's Chair of these sciences at the Allahabad College in India. The balance was thus equalised, you say, but was it? I found myself with all my sympathy for nature to the good. For no man, when his ideas are fixed, his character made, can deliberately, and in cold blood, set about putting himself in a business-like way in sympathy with Nature. Such attempts end in mere sentimentalism, gush, and vulgarity. His love of nature must have been acquired when a boy. It can only come from association with wild things: the handling of flowers, and birds' eggs, and butterflies; the watching creatures going to and fro about their daily duties and pleasures—"idling," in fact, as some people call it, in the open air. Now, no grown-up man can methodically commence doing that. He has other things to attend to. But any adult can make up in three years, if he chooses, for the mathematical deficiencies of his teens.

Arithmetic has, by that time, sufficiently taught itself. Euclid turns out to be only common sense. As for algebra, I have never been able to trace its influence anywhere—either in conversation, business, or literature. It *may* be very useful, just as writing-lessons may be in "caligraphy," in which—O thrice-excellent Sellick, you will bear me out—I achieved as a boy considerable honours, my round-hand being (even to this day) a thing of beauty. And yet, gentle reader, I feel inclined sometimes to sit down and out of the fulness of my heart weep when I think of the kind of manuscript which I send in to printers. Those of my own household even cannot sometimes decipher my writing—if I may call it such. It is simply execrable. So that my writing-lessons have not permanently advantaged me any more than my evasive treatment of "Euclid" has injured me.

But there was something which I learned when at school which has never left me, and to which I am largely indebted for such measure of success as may have attended me, and that is "sympathy" with all sorts and conditions of creatures, founded upon a just appreciation of them—itself based on familiar though assuredly very "unscientific" knowledge. I have learnt all my natural history from Nature, who is the most unscientific teacher possible.

Of men and women I know little : their faces, gestures, demeanour are almost without significance to me. I am therefore always wrong in my estimates of men and women, and to my constant misfortune. For this reason I cannot read Dickens for more than a few pages at a time with pleasure. He bores me, when he is not funny. For this reason I never—never—go to a theatre, except under compulsion, or else to laugh. On the other hand, I will not say how much I have read Darwin, or how often I go to the Zoo. My natural sympathies, therefore, are outside of humanity.

As for example : my namesake F. W. Robinson the novelist would walk over Waterloo Bridge, and while walking over would receive a magazine-article-full of impressions—character sketches and so forth. I walk across with him, but on arriving at the other end I have simply traversed so many yards. That I passed a lot of people, I know, because most of them would not get out of my way—but little more. Well, perhaps a very pretty girl or an extraordinarily fat man may have awakened an instant's interest ; but virtually, after crossing the bridge, I find I have acquired no ideas whatever. My mind has received no impressions. Now, on the other hand, if I were to take F. W. across a meadow, he might go from stile to stile and at the end of the walk have nothing more than a general idea of grass, and, perhaps, a more definite one of sheep ; while I have reached the stile with enough in my head for an article in the *Gentleman's*. Put a magpie down on Waterloo Bridge, and the whole scene changes at once—for *me*. Put a shepherd and his boy into the meadow, and the whole scene changes at once—for *F. W.*

Now F. W., I admit (in deference to human prejudices), recognises and sympathises with a nobler range of subjects than I do. But admitting this, I still would not concede, even to him, the right of taking liberties with animals. If he should sketch a gluttonous, fat, lazy, sensual man, and end up by saying "in fact, a regular pig," the novelist would be just as far beyond his authority as if I, having described some animal as cunning, heartless, and voracious, should sum up with "in fact, a regular solicitor." The latter would sound the more unjust to the majority. Because everyone knows that solicitors, taken as a class, are not naturally cunning, heartless, or voracious ; and very many know, no doubt, individual solicitors who are positively straightforward, kind-hearted, and moderate in fees ; while nobody, except a very few pig-breeders, knows anything of swine as a class, and it is only a small minority that can even

speaking to the character of any one individual porker. Yet the one generalisation would, in fact, be quite as unjust as the other.

How does this read? "The hyæna is as ugly as most old pawn-brokers, with the voice of a female politician, the shifty eye of a professional company-director, and a slink in the hind-quarters suggestive of a Methodist parson. Though feeding as indiscriminately as a city alderman, it always, like a newspaper-editor, shirks conflict with those who can retaliate," and so on. How does it read? Does it not seem prejudiced and unsympathetic? That is just my complaint against the poets who, studying only mankind, insist on fitting in all the rest of creation into their ideas about humanity.

PHIL. ROBINSON.

GUSTAV VON MOSER, GERMAN PLAYWRIGHT.

SEVERAL comedies of the Baron von Moser have been performed lately in London with marked success, in one instance with a success almost unprecedented in theatrical annals. This becomes doubly interesting when we bear in mind that the "Private Secretary" (which scored, I believe, 800 performances in London alone) was the first German comedy which, under the frank avowal of its origin, has ever made a decided hit on a London stage. That Robertson's successful plays were tardily admitted to be adaptations from the German only throws this fact into more striking relief.

Almost contemporary with the success of the "Private Secretary" at the Globe, may be mentioned the run of 200 nights which "On Change"—an adaptation of Baron Moser's "Ultimo"—enjoyed at other London theatres. And even now "The Pickpocket," an adaptation of the same author's "Mit Vergnügen," has been played nightly at the Globe for months past to crowded audiences.

It is therefore but natural that we should ask ourselves, who is Baron Moser, and what else has he written? As the translator of several of his plays, and as the humble instrument in bringing the "Private Secretary" to London, it has become my pleasant task to dwell on him and his work in these pages.

Until the other day there was hardly a break in the unvaried and almost exclusive run of French adaptations on our stage; and if we ask for an explanation of this exceptional success of a German author in our midst, we must seek it in the peculiarity of his special gifts. For, though we are great dramatic plagiarists and adaptors of foreign dramatic ideas of modern times, it would be a great mistake to assume that anything foreign would go down with us. Let us admit that our taste in dramatic matters is, to put it finely, not too classic in its rigorous purity, still the fact remains that the English public has an inborn instinct for dramatic action. An English audience will not swallow the most neatly turned phrases without it,

and this explains why so many playwrights, who have great reputations abroad, have hitherto been unable to get a footing with us. There are other reasons besides, which in my humble opinion account for this, independently of the difference of place and customs, but I need not enlarge on them here. Let it suffice that the secret of Moser's success is to be found in his exceptional dramatic talent, which shows itself in the ever-changing combination of striking dramatic situations, and which holds the audience from beginning to end ; also in the harmless and yet sprightly humour which pervades his pieces. Truly, if we wished to find fault, we might certainly say that Herr von Moser is apt to attach too much importance to scenic combinations and comic effects, and thus to allow too little scope for the development of character. Still, let the thread of the story be ever so thin, he manages to attract by a pointed and skilful dialogue. And the fact remains that his pieces have long enjoyed an unprecedented popularity on the German stage.

It is not my aim to enter into a descriptive narrative of von Moser's development in detail. I will only mention that he has written over eighty comedies since 1858. All of these have been performed in Germany, with more or less of success. Though critics may shrug their shoulders at such an unparalleled productivity, the positive results—his great popularity—are visible to all. Some of his pieces, such as "*Der Hypochonder*," "*Der Bibliothekar*," "*Ultimo*," "*Der Veilchenfresser*," and others, have held the boards uninterruptedly up to the present day, and have even been performed over 100 successive times at one and the same German theatre. It must be borne in mind that German theatres very rarely allow a piece to run on night after night as in England. The performance changes every night, with very few exceptions, in Berlin. These exceptions alone account for the long runs of the above-mentioned pieces. To many it will ever remain an open question whether one long run, or a continued revival of a piece from time to time for many years be the healthier sort of popularity. In every case both methods have been employed with equal success as regards von Moser's plays, and it may even be mentioned that besides many other of his plays that have succeeded in America, the "*Ultimo*," under the title of the "*Big Bonanza*," scored the greatest success in contemporary theatrical annals, and ran 200 consecutive nights.

I regret that it is next to impossible to adapt to English wants and tastes those pieces of von Moser that deal with military subjects, the more so as his most popular plays are amongst them. But they are too specifically Prussian in their whole characteristics to be amenable

to adaptation. Still it may be mentioned here, that the dramatic type of the Prussian officer, which formerly used to be a secondary, if not even a ludicrous one on the German stage, owes its present representative character entirely to von Moser. Several of his best military characters are drawn from life, and their human weaknesses and foibles are blended dexterously with the chivalrous and solid attributes to be met with in this class in everyday life.

But even in this it was not easy to please all. His military pieces, even though they met with an undivided approval from theatrical audiences, did not give general satisfaction to the press. Some ultra-liberal papers did not relish the glorification of the Prussian officer, and the organ of the old Prussian Tories, *Die Kreuz-Zeitung*, did not like the idea of officers appearing at all on the stage, for there are said to be still people existing in Germany who hold that the nobility are all but disgraced by being in any way mixed up with theatrical literature. A view not unknown even amongst us in pre-Byronic days.

Some illustrations of the peculiarities of the public taste which Baron Moser communicated to me may interest English readers. How widely different the taste is in different places, a couple of instances may suffice to show. On sending his comedy entitled "Harun al Raschid" for perusal to Hamburg and Vienna, he received answers back from the respective theatre-managers on the same day. Director Laube, of the Stadt-theater, in Vienna, though a severe classical purist himself, knew his public, and criticised "Harun al Raschid" as not light and spicy enough for Vienna. The Hamburg censor, on the contrary, feared that his public would hardly take to such frivolous stuff! Thus the author was neatly landed between two stools, and supplied an instance of the difficulty of cooking for different tastes and different places.

Another instance: "Der Hypochonder," which found universal favour in Berlin and farther east in Königsberg and Memel, fell perfectly flat in the west, in Frankfort-on-the-Main and Cologne, &c. In these towns people fancied they saw in the play a "persiflage" or cut at the democratic character of their town-councils, and the press added its condemnation to that of the public.

These facts brought von Moser to the conclusion that the wave of æsthetic taste gravitates from south to north, and that of political feeling from east to west. But I think these few instances will bring home to many what a hopeless task it is to endeavour to please everybody. Besides, in his case a special direction of taste was almost prescribed. During many years he was bound by contract to

supply the Wallner theatre in Berlin with a certain number of novel-ties—a theatre the patrons of which expect a light and yet drastic form of comedy. Plays that satisfied every requirement there could easily be found fault with when played to other audiences. Baron von Moser has often mentioned this circumstance when we were discussing the criticisms of those who found his work too slight and trivial.

But there are many ways of appealing to the better instincts of an audience besides tiring it with endless platitudes. One of them, though negative, is difficult to attain : it is the avoidance of everything that is frivolous and prurient, as well as ill-natured. To have done this is undoubtedly a merit in our subject. Also the refined tone of his dialogue is ever apparent, which makes us conscious that a refined man of the world is describing only what he has himself seen. Yet he is often reproached with only striving to amuse, instead of endeavouring to improve and to elevate, for that is the high standard many German critics endeavour to prescribe even for the lightest dramatic wares ; the stage having long played the part of a great public educator in Germany. But I will refrain from further criticism ; he is by far his own severest critic. Thus he has often told me, that he has never yet written a piece that really satisfied him. He often envies the French their exceptional dramatic gifts, and has studied conscientiously their styles and methods. But, above all, Shakespeare and Schiller are his prevailing ideals ; though he is in no sense, or in any phase, a copyist.

We feel from first to last that we are dealing with a dramatic author who has been all along honestly and robustly original. With the exception of three plays borrowed from Russian sources, and openly avowed, all his works are, in the fullest meaning of the word, his own, original in plot and execution.

My reference to Baron Moser's plays would not be complete without a reference to the work he has done in partnership with other dramatic authors ; above all to "*Krieg in Frieden*," which he wrote in conjunction with Franz von Schönthan. This has been one of his most successful plays.

The subject of partnership in dramatic literature is one that has given rise to a variety of opinions and speculations. Herr von Moser is of opinion that literary partnership not only means an addition of mental power, but often an indefinite multiplication of it through the play of sympathy and mutual stimulus.

He has always held this opinion of the increase of productive power through co-operation, and has ever honestly acknowledged his indebtedness. Also it is no secret that he has often found a

ready helper and co-operator in his clever wife, Mathilde von Moser.

But I will now conclude with a few personal remarks about the man himself.

Baron Gustav von Moser was born in Berlin sixty-one years ago, where his father was a major of engineers. He was educated at the military college there, and still remembers with pride that he was selected by the present Emperor of Germany to do duty as his page.

After fourteen years' active military service as an officer in different rifle battalions, he married, and devoted himself to agricultural pursuits, farming his estate, Holzkirch, in Silesia. And as he goes heart and soul into everything he undertakes, farming certainly did not form any exception. He soon discovered, however, that, do what you will, the results are inadequate ; and, pointing to his large collection of silver cups and other trophies, gained at agricultural exhibitions, he adds : "The more prizes I gained the worse off I became."

Discouraged in this direction he took to his previous hobby—dramatic literature, which for six years he had given up for the sake of farming.

Those who fancy that good-will and industry alone are sufficient to achieve success, should hear from his own lips how much hard work, how many failures he had to face, before fortune smiled upon him as the dramatic aspirant. Neither would the bulk of people believe how many good folk there are in the Fatherland, who occupy their time in writing plays, and live in the belief that only a hard fate prevents the public recognition of their merits. But I happen to know that hardly a week passes without Herr von Moser receiving manuscripts from all parts of Germany ; mostly with the remark, that the work only requires a superficial revision from him in order to secure a striking success. That now and then the most impossible stuff is to be found among those missives can easily be imagined. But Herr von Moser, whose first quality is a generous recognition of the efforts of others, makes it a duty to peruse all the manuscripts sent him and, to the best of his ability, to offer opinion and advice to each applicant. That there has hardly ever been anything he could use among the cartloads of MSS. received and read, will only appear credible to those who know how rare a gift it is to be able to write for the stage.

Endowed by nature with the instinct of enjoying the good things of this world, Herr von Moser believes that hard work, as long as it is work that is congenial to us, is the best tonic to insure a long life,

and he is never tired of citing the old German Emperor as a splendid instance in point. A stranger meeting Herr von Moser would never guess that in the tall military figure, with the elastic gait of thirty or so, we have the full sexagenarian ; and I can only recommend everybody to follow his recipe for attaining to a green old age.

Yet he also unconsciously believes in the good old English saw : "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and after he has been working from morning until evening at his writing table, you would meet him out shooting or in good company, the brightest of all there—over a champagne cup. The brisk change of situation in his pieces is only in accordance with the tenor of his own life : he cannot remain a single hour unoccupied.

When the brain has had its fair share of work, another form of activity must bring it relaxation. Then he takes to feats of skill. He is an adept at the tumbler's tricks of cup and balls, balancing bottles, &c. Then a turn at the piano gives another change, and latterly he has used a new instrument made of wooden sticks called the Xylophon, which he plays with marvellous dexterity. When done with these, he now and then turns back to an earnest discussion on a philosophical subject, and over a good glass of claret this will often keep him in company beyond the midnight hour.

It will be readily understood that in the enjoyment of life, in sympathy with all that is beautiful, a certain platonic admiration for the fair sex is not excluded. But, as it is unfortunately only too true that mankind is only too prone to seek the evil afar, instead of rejoicing in the good that lies near at hand, it is not to be wondered at that Herr von Moser has often enjoyed the doubtful reputation of a Don Juan ; whereas in reality he ought only to be credited with the amiable chivalry of that popular hero.

As we all have *les défauts de nos qualités*, so likewise our playwright. When his imagination is not fully engaged on a new play, it employs itself in all manner of ways. Now it is occupied with the task of reckoning out the date of his death with the aid of Hellenbach's "Mystic of Figures," and, when he has succeeded in this, he tackles all sorts of mystic and metaphysical problems. He also prides himself on being an adept at thought-reading, at influencing others through the power of the will, &c. But that does not imply that he believes in Spiritualism. On the contrary, he describes spiritualistic mediums as the fakirs of mysticism.

The theory of the inheritance of mental qualities has interested him deeply, and he finds confirmation of it in his own case. He firmly believes that the dramatic constructive talent he possesses is

traceable to his father having been a major of engineers, and his grandfather having been a noted government architect in his day.

The mysteries of sympathy and antipathy and related subjects have a peculiar charm for him, and often lead to most interesting *aperçus* and discussions. These thoughts bring me straight down from the lofty mystic regions of speculation to the naked earth : namely, to Herr von Moser's boots !

As everybody has his weak side, his skeleton in the cupboard, his worry that he cannot get rid of, so in the case of our playwright, and this in the form of his boots !

Who does not remember Thackeray's charming little tale, "The Fatal Boots" ? which turn up on every imaginable occasion to mar and destroy the hero's chances. It is not quite so bad a case with Herr von Moser, but he too can tell where the shoe pinches.

In his bedroom stand whole columns of silent boots, as if on parade, and among them hardly a pair he cares to wear. And as he hardly ever returns from a trip from home without adding a few pairs to his stock, there is no knowing to what strength his standing army (of boots) may yet attain.

In one wish, however, I believe that I shall be joined by all those who have ever passed an enjoyable hour in seeing his plays performed—in this, namely, that the amiable and accomplished dramatist may live in health and strength to wear out his stock of boots, down even to the last pair.

SIDNEY WITTMANN.

FAR AWAY.

TO a person of forty, or something over forty, that period of life which is sometimes poetically described as the "Vale of Childhood" seems very far away indeed; hence the title I have appended to these recollections of my earliest years. As a rule no person not writing under the guise of fiction has any right to tell the public even the smallest fraction of his life-story, unless, it will be readily understood, he happens to be a person of consequence. And there are very good reasons why it should be so. Dreamers are advised by some wise old writer never to relate their nocturnal visions, since they will not seem half so interesting to the hearers of them as to the dreamers themselves. The same may be said of our childish memories: the listener often feels like that most irritable and unhappy Fabio in the Spanish poem, who beats his breast, tears his beard, and asks what evil thing he has done each time he sees his rhyming neighbour coming over to his house with a fresh roll of manuscript in his hand. Like that old box or drawer in every house where dolls and toys and other more or less mutilated mementoes of infancy are kept as precious things, so in every brain there is a secret corner with its hoard of old fragmentary recollections, greatly prized by their possessor, but which he does not think of exhibiting to a casual acquaintance, much less to the world at large. Of course there are exceptional cases. A visitor from the moon, for instance, would be invited, and even importuned, to relate the whole circumstances of his life in that luminary, and even the most trivial details of his childhood would be listened to with considerable interest. Without being a visitor from the moon, the region where I first saw the light is one literally so *far away* from England, and unfamiliar in its aspect, that I venture to hope a picture of it, as it appeared to my young eyes, may serve to interest the reader for a quarter of an hour, taking him in fancy to scenes and people unlike anything in his own experience. Writing with this exceedingly modest object, I am certainly not more egotistical than a naturalist, say, who reads a paper before a learned society on some new or

“ hitherto undescribed ” bird or bat or butterfly from the island of Tristan d’Acunha, or other distant place. For when one speaks of his childhood he does not seem to be speaking of himself actually, but rather of a wild little semi-human creature of pigmy proportions, keen senses and appetites, and moved more by lost instincts and impulses than by intelligence—a being, in fact, of which he is only a very remote descendant. Viewed in this way, the child, psychologically the equal of the savage, becomes merely a far-off link connecting the full-grown man with a yet remoter progenitor, arboreal in habits, hairy, heavy-jowled, shy and solitary in disposition, yet easily provoked to display a terrible set of teeth—man’s first weapon. The reader will have noticed that a child when goaded to fury generally tries to bite with its teeth : to pick up a stick or stone is a later development.

My early days were exceedingly happy ones. No study, at the period I am writing about ; a play-ground bounded on every side only by the horizon ; and such liberty to follow the bent of my inclinations as few little ones are blessed with in this somewhat child-repressing kingdom. And as I advance in life the happiness of that period shines out more and more in memory, all my subsequent years having been clouded with physical sufferings, and troubles enough to furnish any two ordinary lives : being so poor now in the matter of happiness I find it pleasant to shut myself up within myself and recall the boundless riches once enjoyed ; pleasant also to find a sympathetic listener to the tale of golden extravagance when I was, speaking metaphorically, clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day.

The house where I was born, on the South American pampas, was quaintly named “ The Twenty-five Ombú Trees,” there being just twenty-five of these indigenous trees—gigantic in size, and standing in a row about four hundred yards long. The ombú is a very singular tree indeed, and being the only representative of tree-vegetation, natural to the soil, on those great level plains, and having also many curious superstitions connected with it, it is a romance in itself. It belongs to the very rare *Phytolacca* family, and has an immense girth—forty or fifty feet in some cases ; at the same time the wood is so soft and spongy that it can be cut into with a knife, like cheese, and is utterly unfit for firewood, for when cut up it refuses to dry, but simply rots away like a ripe water-melon. It also grows slowly, and its leaves, which are large, glossy, and deep green, like laurel leaves, are poisonous ; and because of its uselessness it will probably become extinct, like the graceful pampas grass

in the same region. In this exceedingly practical age men quickly lay the axe at the root of things which, in their view, only cumber the ground ; but before other trees had been planted the antiquated and grand-looking ombú had its uses ; it served as a gigantic landmark to the traveller on the great monotonous plains, and also afforded refreshing shade to man and horse in summer ; while the native doctor or herbalist would sometimes pluck a leaf for a patient requiring a very violent remedy for his disorder. Our trees were about a century old and very large, and, as they stood on an elevation, they could be easily seen at a distance of ten miles. At noon in summer the cattle and sheep, of which we had a large number, used to rest in their shade ; one large tree also afforded us children a splendid play-house, and we used to carry up a number of planks to construct safe bridges from branch to branch, and at noon, when our elders were sleeping their siesta, we would have our arboreal games unmolested.

Besides the famous twenty-five, there was one other tree of a different species, growing close to the house, and this was known all over the neighbourhood as *The Tree*, this proud name having been bestowed on it because it was the only one of the kind known in that part of the country ; but our native neighbours always affirmed that it was the only one in the world. It was a fine large old tree, with a white bark, long smooth white thorns, and dark-green undeciduous foliage. Its blossoming time was in November—a month about as hot as an English July—and it would then become covered with tassels of minute wax-like flowers, pale straw-colour, and of a wonderful fragrance, which the soft summer wind would carry for miles on its wings. And in this way our neighbours would discover that the flowering season had come to the tree they so much admired, and they would come to beg for a branch to take home with them to perfume their lowly houses.

The pampas are, in most places, level as a billiard-table ; just where we lived, however, the country happened to be undulating, and our house stood on the summit of one of the highest elevations. Before the house stretched a great grassy plain, level to the horizon, while at the back it sloped abruptly down to a broad, deep stream, which emptied itself in the river Plata, about six miles to the east. This stream, with its three ancient red willow-trees growing on the banks, was a source of endless pleasure to us. Whenever we went down to play on the banks, the fresh penetrating scent of the moist earth had a strangely exhilarating effect on us, making us wild with joy. I am able now to recall these sensations, and believe that the

sense of smell, which seems to diminish as we grow older, until it becomes something scarcely worthy of being called a sense, is nearly as keen in little children as in the inferior animals, and, when they live with nature, contributes as much to their pleasure as sight or hearing. I have often observed that small children, when brought on to low, moist ground from a higher level, give loose to a sudden, spontaneous gladness, running, shouting, and rolling over the grass just like dogs, and I have no doubt that the fresh smell of the earth is the cause of their joyous excitement. There are, among the lower animals, numerous cases of faculties thus persistently reappearing in the young, but which, like the spots on a young thrush, or the stripes on the lion's whelp, disappear in the adults.

Our house was a long, low structure, built of brick, and, being very old, naturally had the reputation of being haunted. A former proprietor, half a century before I was born, once had among his slaves a very handsome young negro, who, on account of his beauty and amiability, was a special favourite with his mistress. Her preference filled his poor silly brains with dreams and aspirations, and, deceived by her gracious manner, he one day ventured to approach her in the absence of his master and told her his feelings. She could not forgive so terrible an insult to her pride, and when her husband returned went to him, white with indignation, and told him how this miserable slave had abused their kindness. The husband had an implacable heart, and at his command the offender was suspended by the wrists to a low, horizontal branch of "The Tree," and there, in sight of his master and mistress, he was scourged to death by his fellow-slaves. His battered body was then taken down and buried in a deep hollow at some little distance from the last of the long row of ombú trees. It was the ghost of this poor black, whose punishment had been so much heavier than his offence deserved, that was supposed to haunt the place. It was not, however, a conventional ghost, stalking about in a white sheet; those who had seen it averred that it invariably rose up from the spot where the body had been buried, like a pale, luminous exhalation from the earth, and, assuming a human shape, floated slowly towards the house, and roamed about the great trees, or, seating itself on an old projecting root, would remain motionless for hours in a dejected attitude. Candour compels me to say that I never saw it.

Our constant companion and playmate in those days was a dog, whose portrait has never faded from remembrance, for he was a dog with features and a personality which impressed themselves deeply on the mind. He came to us in a rather mysterious manner. One

summer evening the shepherd was galloping round the flock, and trying by means of much loud shouting to induce the lazy sheep to move homewards. A strange-looking lame dog suddenly appeared on the scene, as if it had dropped from the clouds, and limping briskly after the astonished and frightened sheep drove them straight home and into the fold ; and, after thus earning his supper and showing what stuff was in him, he established himself at the house, where he was well received. He was a good-sized animal, with a very long body, a smooth black coat, tan feet, muzzle, and "spectacles," and a face of extraordinary length, which gave him a profoundly wise baboon-like expression. One of his hind legs had been broken or otherwise injured, so that he limped and shuffled along in a peculiar lop-sided fashion ; he had no tail, and his ears had been cropped close to his head : altogether he was like an old soldier returned from the wars, where he had received many hard knocks, besides having had sundry portions of his anatomy shot away.

No name to fit this singular canine visitor could be found, although he responded readily enough to the word *Pechicho*, which is used to call any unnamed pup by, like pussy for a cat. So it came to pass that this word *Pechicho*—equivalent to "Doggy" in English—stuck to him for only name until the end of the chapter ; and the end was that, after spending some years with us, he mysteriously disappeared. He very soon proved to us that he understood children as well as sheep ; at all events, he would allow them to tease and pull him about most unmercifully, apparently taking great pleasure in that kind of thing. Our first riding-lessons were taken on his back ; but old *Pechicho* eventually made one mistake, after which he was relieved from the labour of carrying us. When I was about four years old, my two elder brothers, in the characters of riding-masters, set me on his back, and, in order to test my capacity for sticking on under difficulties, they rushed away, calling him. The old dog, infected with the pretended excitement, bounded after them, and I was thrown and had my leg broken, for, as the poet says—

Children, they are very little,
And their bones are very brittle.

Luckily their little bones quickly solder, and it did not take me long to recover from the effects of this mishap.

No doubt my canine steed was as much troubled as anyone at the accident. I seem to see the wise old fellow now, sitting in that curious one-sided fashion he had acquired so as to rest his lame leg, his mouth opened to a kind of immense smile, and his brown benevolent eyes regarding us with just such an expression as one sees in

a faithful old negress nursing a flock of troublesome white children—so proud and happy to be in charge of the little ones of a superior race.

All that I remember of my early life at this place comes between the ages of four and five ; a period which, to the eye of memory, appears like a wide plain blurred over with a low-lying mist, with here and there a group of trees, a house, a hill, or other large object, standing out in the clear air with marvellous distinctness. The picture that most often presents itself is of the cattle coming home in the evening ; the green quiet plain extending away from the gate to the horizon ; the western sky flushed with sunset hues, and the herd of four or five hundred cattle trotting homewards with loud lowings and bellowings, raising a great cloud of dust with their hoofs, while behind gallop the herdsmen urging them on with long shouts. Another picture is of my mother at the close of day, when we children, after our supper of bread and milk, join in a last grand frolic on the green before the house. I see her sitting out of doors watching our sport with a smile, her book lying on her lap, and the last rays of the setting sun shining on her face.

When I think of her I remember with gratitude that our parents seldom or never punished us, and never, unless we went too far in our domestic dissensions or tricks, even chided us. This, I am convinced, is the right attitude for parents to observe, modestly to admit that nature is wiser than they are, and to let their little ones follow, as far as possible, the bent of their own minds, or whatever it is they have in place of minds. It is the attitude of the sensible hen towards her ducklings, when she has had frequent experience of their incongruous ways, and is satisfied that they know best what is good for them ; though, of course, their ways seem peculiar to her, and she can never entirely sympathize with their fancy for going into water. I do not require to be told that the hen is after all only *step-mother* to her ducklings, since I am contending that the civilized woman—the artificial product of our self-imposed conditions—cannot have the same relation to her offspring as the uncivilized woman really has to hers. The comparison, therefore, holds good, the mother with us being practically *step-mother* to children of another race ; and if she is sensible, and amenable to nature's teaching, she will attribute their seemingly unsuitable ways and appetites to the right cause, and not to a hypothetical perversity or inherent depravity of heart, about which many authors will have spoken to her in many books :

But though they wrote it all by rote,
They did not write it right.

Of all the people outside of the domestic circle known to me in

those days, two individuals only are distinctly remembered. These were certainly painted by memory in very strong unfading colours, so that now they seem to stand like living men in a company of pale phantom forms. This is probably due to the circumstance that they were considerably more grotesque in appearance than the others, like old Pechicho among our dogs—all now forgotten save him.

One was an Englishman named Captain Scott, who used to visit us occasionally for a week's shooting and fishing, for he was a great sportsman. We were all extremely fond of him, for he was one of those simple men that love and sympathize with children; besides that, he used to come to us from some distant wonderful place where sugar-plums were made, and to our healthy appetites, unaccustomed to sweets of any description, these things tasted like an angelic kind of food. He was an immense man, with a great round face of a purplish-red colour, like the sun setting in glory, and surrounded with a fringe or halo of silvery white hair and whiskers, standing out like the petals round the disc of a sunflower. It was always a great time when Captain Scott arrived, and while he alighted from his horse we would surround him with loud demonstrations of welcome, eager for the treasures which made his pockets bulge out on all sides. When he went out gunning he always remembered to shoot a hawk or some strangely-painted bird specially for us; it was even better when he went fishing, for then he took us with him, and while he stood motionless on the bank, rod in hand, looking, in the light-blue suit he always wore, like a vast blue pillar crowned with that broad red face, we romped on the sward, and revelled in the dank fragrance of the earth and rushes.

I have not the faintest notion of who Captain Scott was, or of what he was ever captain, or whether residence in a warm climate or hard drinking had dyed his broad countenance with that deep magenta red, nor of how and when he finished his earthly career; for when we moved away the huge purple-faced strange-looking man dropped for ever out of our lives; yet in my mind how beautiful his gigantic image looks! and to this day I bless his memory for all the bon-bons he gave me, in a land where bon-bons were scarce, and for his friendliness to me when I was a very small boy.

The second well-remembered individual was also only an occasional visitor at our house, and was known all over the surrounding country as The Hermit, for his name was never discovered. He was perpetually on the move, visiting in turn every house within a radius of forty or fifty miles; and once about every seven or eight weeks he called on us to receive a few articles of food—enough for

the day's consumption. Money he always refused with gestures of intense disgust, and he would also decline cooked meat and broken bread. When hard biscuits were given him, he would carefully examine them, and if one was found chipped or cracked he would return it, pointing out the defect, and ask for a sound one in return. He had a small, sun-parched face, and silvery long hair ; but his features were fine, his teeth white and even, his eyes clear grey and keen as a falcon's. There was always a set expression of deep mental anguish on his face, intensified with perhaps a touch of insanity, which made it painful to look at him. As he never accepted money or anything but food, he of course made his own garments—and what garments they were ! I have frequently observed, strolling about St. James's Park, a huge hairy gentleman, with a bludgeon in his hand, and clothed with a bear's skin to which the head and paws are attached. I dare say this eccentric individual is familiar to some of my readers, but I assure them that he is quite a St. James's Park dandy compared with my hermit. He wore a pair of gigantic shoes, about a foot broad at the toes, made out of thick cow-hide with the hair on ; and on his head was a tall rimless cow-hide hat, shaped like an inverted flower-pot. His bodily covering was, however, the most extraordinary : the outer garment, if garment it can be called, resembled a very large mattress in size and shape, with the ticking made of innumerable pieces of raw hide sewn together. It was about a foot in thickness and stuffed with sticks, stones, hard lumps of clay, rams' horns, bleached bones, and other hard heavy objects ; it was fastened round him with straps of hide, and reached nearly to the ground. The figure he made in this covering was most horribly uncouth and grotesque, and his periodical visits used to throw us into a great state of excitement. And as if this awful burden with which he had saddled himself, enough to have crushed down any two ordinary men, was not sufficient, he had weighted the heavy stick used to support his steps with a great ball at the end, also with a large circular bell-shaped object surrounding the middle. On arriving at the house, where the dogs would become frantic with terror and rage at sight of him, he would stand resting himself for eight or ten minutes ; then in some strange language, which might have been Hebrew or Sanscrit, for there was no person learned enough in the country to understand it, he would make a long speech or prayer in a clear ringing voice, intoning his words in a monotonous sing-song. His speech done, he would beg, in broken Spanish, for the usual charity ; and, after receiving it, he would commence another address,

possibly invoking blessings of all kinds on the donor, and lasting an unconscionable time. Then, bidding a ceremonious farewell, he would take his departure.

From the sound of certain oft-recurring expressions in his recitations we children called him "Con-stair Lo-vair"; perhaps some clever pundit will be able to tell me what these words mean—the only fragment saved of the hermit's mysterious language. It was commonly reported that he had at one period of his life committed some terrible crime, and that, pursued by the phantoms of remorse, he had fled to this distant region, where he would never be met and denounced by any former companion, and had adopted his singular mode of life by way of penance. This was, of course, mere conjecture, for nothing could be extracted from him. When closely questioned or otherwise interfered with, then old Con-stair Lo-vair would show that his long cruel penance had not yet banished the devil from his heart. A terrible wrath would disfigure his countenance and kindle his eyes with demoniac fire; and in sharp ringing tones, that wounded like strokes, he would pour forth a torrent of words in his unknown language, doubtless invoking every imaginable curse on his tormentor.

For upwards of twenty years after I made his acquaintance he continued faithfully pursuing his dreary rounds, exposed to cold and rain in winter and to the more trying heats of summer; until at last he was discovered lying dead on the plain, wasted by old age and famine to a mere skeleton, and even in death still crushed down with that awful burden he had carried for so many years. Thus, consistent to the end, and with his great secret untold to any sympathetic human soul, perished poor old Con-stair Lo-vair, the strangest of all strange beings I have met with in my journey through life.

W. H. HUDSON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

METEOROLOGICAL PARADOXES.

IN one of my notes of June last I referred to the apparent anomaly presented by the records of the Observatory of Ben Nevis, which show that during last winter, when Scotland and other parts of Britain were covered with unusual depths of snow, the quantity on the summit of the mountain was less than half of that at the corresponding season of the two previous years.

A similar fact is stated by Mr. Blandford, Meteorological Reporter to the Government of India, viz., that the snowfall on the north-western Himalayas and the hills of Eastern Afghanistan was less than usual during last winter. The snow range as seen from Simla is less covered than in 1855, and the snow limit is at a higher level.

While Mr. Blandford was making his observations on the deficiency of snow on the Himalayas, others were recording an excessive accumulation of icebergs in the Atlantic. These facts are covered by the explanations I offered in the above-quoted note.

Since the above was written my son has returned from a tour round the world, *via* Cape of Good Hope, New Zealand, and Cape Horn, in the Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company's mail steamer "Ionic," and tells me that a little before midnight on the 26th August, when in $57^{\circ}30'$ S. latitude and about 150° W. longitude, the ship entered a vast field of drift-ice 80 to 100 miles across, through which it laboured during about thirteen hours. The lumps varied from one to twenty yards square, the top of each nearly level with the water, and so close together that they rubbed each other as they rolled with the swell of the sea. Here and there were open spaces, and after the field was passed long strips were seen extending to the horizon. Each lump was fringed with white snow-like particles, probably due to frozen spray, very little of which reached the middle of the lump.

Only five true icebergs were seen. Such an extension of close-packed ice is unusual in this latitude (corresponding to that of Loch Ness) of the South Pacific Ocean, distant about 1,400 miles due north of the antarctic permanent ice barrier. Icebergs are common

enough in the summer, but this drift of frozen sea at this season, corresponding to that of our February, indicates some abnormal climatic operations proceeding just at that part of the globe where, as I have explained in previous notes, any variations of solar energy would be first and most strikingly displayed.

I find that in Petermann's map the outermost limit of close-packed ice seen by Ross in 1842 was at 61° S. lat., and that it occurred at about this same longitude.

TOBACCO-FARMING IN ENGLAND.

MUCH has been written and spoken lately concerning the cultivation of tobacco in England, and a little has been done. Many imagine that a much warmer climate than ours is demanded for the growth of the "noxious weed." This, however, is a mistake, as it flourishes in Holland and in some parts of North Germany and Sweden. I am told that Dutch tobacco is exported to South America and Virginia, to be used as the outer wrapping of choice Havannah cigars. The tobacco used for fumigating English greenhouses is usually grown in the kitchen gardens adjoining.

There is, however, one objection which demands serious consideration. This is the remarkably exhaustive character of a tobacco crop. It is stated that in Virginia some of the richest and deepest soil in the world has been rendered miserably sterile by continuous tobacco-growing. A tenant farmer under notice might get more out of the land in one year, at the expense of his landlord, by raising a tobacco crop, than by any of the ordinary devices which are adopted when "farming to leave."

I have a suggestion to make in reference to this which I think is worthy of the attention of those whom it concerns. Generally speaking, the exhaustion of the fertility of a given area of land is an evil, but there is one exception to this, one case largely occurring in this country, where a system of farming that shall effect the greatest possible amount and rapidity of exhaustion of the fertility of the soil is especially demanded on economical grounds.

This may appear paradoxical until the words "sewage farm" are uttered. It is then evident enough. The difficulty there presented is that of an excessive supply of manure on a limited area, and the problem for solution is how to get rid of it. At first ordinary vegetation proceeds well enough, but presently the land becomes saturated, and either the farm must be extended, which in the vicinity of large towns is very costly, or some other agent than vegetation is demanded to remove the superabundance of manurial wealth,

I therefore recommend the conversion of sewage farms into tobacco plantations, subject, of course, to excise supervision, which in such restricted and public land could easily be carried out.

As there are about forty species of *Nicotiana*, a selection of that best suited for climate and conditions is necessary. *Nicotiana rustica*, or "English tobacco" as it has been also named, is promising. It is known in Germany as *Bauerne Tabac*, and in France as *Tabac Pausse*. It grows over a wide range of climate, and varies accordingly. The tobaccos of Salonica and Latakia are described by botanists as the produce of *N. rustica*.

WOOL GREASE AND GOOSE GREASE IN MEDICINE.

AMONG the communications to the British Medical Association read at their Brighton meeting this year, was one from Prof. O. Liebreich, of Berlin, on "Lanolin, the cholestrin-fat from sheep's wool." Prof. Liebreich finds that it is much more rapidly absorbed by the human skin than glycerol fat or vaselin, and being non-irritating, supplies a vehicle for medicaments, which, as I learn from a report of the meeting, has long been a desideratum in the treatment of skin diseases and of local disorders beneath the skin, as in the joints.

Had I known that such an absorbable fat was thus demanded I should ere this have published an account of some observations I made many years ago on goose grease, *i.e.* the dripping from roasted geese. When living in Wales, some miles distant from the nearest medical practitioner, one of my children had a sudden and severe attack of croup. My wife applied the old domestic remedy of rubbing the throat and chest very vigorously with goose grease, and forcing it down the throat. This produced vomiting, and gave unmistakable relief. Our local medical friend, the late Robert Platt, of Pont Blyddn, afterwards assured me that his experience confirmed my impression of its efficacy, so much so that, in spite of the undignified character of the prescription, he always recommended it, and kept a supply in his surgery.

In anxiously watching its effect I observed that it disappeared from the surface of the child's neck and breast very rapidly. I made further experiments, comparing it with beef and mutton dripping, and proved that the absorption first observed was not exceptional.

I am now almost ashamed to confess that the only application I made of this accidental discovery was to use goose fat instead of neat's-foot oil for greasing my mountain boots, and for reins and other

parts of harness, as it penetrates leather as well as human skin, softening it effectually, and leaving on the surface but a minimum of objectionable greasiness. This was useful enough to one who was daily walking, riding, or driving in all weathers over Welsh mountains and roads, but fell far short of the probable value of its medical application.

DOMESTIC MICROBIA NURSERIES.

A VERY interesting and practically valuable paper was read at the last meeting of the British Association by Dr. Percy Frankland, "On the Multiplication and Vitality of certain Micro-Organisms, Pathogenic and otherwise." Formerly, when the wholesomeness of drinking water was in question, and a sample sent to a chemist, he made an analysis and report stating the percentage of the various saline matters it contained, and received his fee, the payer of the fee being no wiser after reading the mystic report than before. The next step was to determine chemically the quantity of organic matter and its condition ; but now the microscope does more than chemical reagents. The number of microbes in a given quantity of water is counted, their specific characters are noted, and the facilities for their multiplication studied.

I must not tarry to describe Koch's method of gelatine-plate cultivation adopted by Dr. P. Frankland, and have only space to state one very practical result.

Water from the Thames and the Lea, both in its crude state and after the filtration to which it is subjected before supplying the metropolis, was examined. The unfiltered water contained in each cubic centimetre a larger amount of questionable life than the filtered water, *when first collected*. But this was not all. When both of these were stored at a temperature of 68° Fahrenheit the crude water suffered but little change, and that was for the better, the number of microbes diminishing rather than increasing ; the filtered water, on the contrary, exhibited very rapid multiplication of these organisms.

What does this teach us? Obviously that we should insist upon the total abolition of those metropolitan abominations, the water-butts and water-tanks. In the respectable towns of Great Britain, where there is sufficient civilization and public spirit to have abolished private water companies, and where the inhabitants have co-operated to supply themselves with water, the supply is constant, and the turnkey going his daily rounds is unknown.

The increase of microbes in the filtered water occurred in Dr. Frankland's experiments in sterilized vessels, *i.e.* in vessels containing

no residual germs or parents from previous water supplies. Are our tanks and water-butts sterilized? Are they not most viciously fertilized by the ever standing residuum of unexhausted previous supply, and whatever may have fallen into them during weeks, months, and even years of unremoved deposition? An examination of the state of these receptacles in poorer neighbourhoods reveals a disgusting source of poisoning, from which the inhabitants are only protected by their preference for beer, or for water previously boiled in making tea.

In the present helpless state of miscellaneous London, with its pettifogging subdivisions of vestries, &c., and absence of general governing power, can we help ourselves by individual effort? Dr. Frankland's experiments teach us that we should empty every cistern, tank, or water-butt every day, so that it shall never contain any water that has rested in contact with the germ-crowded atmosphere of the town more than twenty-four hours.

This will be doubly effective. It will diminish our present danger, and may possibly teach our despotic masters, the water companies, that a beneficent concession of constant supply will be charitable to their victims, and also more profitable to themselves. The latter consideration may have some practical effect.

WHY IS THE NEGRO BLACK?

I FIND that in my note of August last on this subject I was misled by the letter from Mr. Flinders Petrie communicated to *Nature*, May 27, 1886, to which I referred and which I quoted. The theory described is there expounded as an original idea of the writer, and I accepted it accordingly, but have since learned that it was fully worked out by Surgeon-Major Nathaniel Alcock, in a paper published in *Nature*, August 1884. I have just read this paper, which is very interesting, including a lucid discussion of the whole subject, stating general laws, particular facts and arguments that appear to me to fully justify Major Alcock's conclusion "that the black skin of the negro is but the smoked glass through which alone his widespread sentient nerve-endings could be enabled to regard the sun."

It also indicates a practical conclusion of much importance to the ever-spreading Anglo-Saxon. It tells him that any attempt on his part to emulate the nakedness of the negro under tropical or sub-tropical conditions will be suicidal, and that the primary quality demanded of the white man's clothing in such regions is opacity, that

the material he should select is that which, like the carbon film deposited in the rete mucosum of the negro, shall combine opacity with the uttermost possible lightness and thinness.

ENJOYABLE SUFFOCATION.

IN a recent number of *Chambers's Journal* is an interesting account of a visit to a coal mine after an explosion. Describing the appearance of a man killed by the after-damp, the writer says : " There he was found, as soon as it was possible to penetrate through the smoke and heavy fumes, with that placid look on his face which all those wear who are suffocated by carbonic acid gas. One of the explorers explained that, in this poisonous atmosphere, he felt himself failing, and yet, though he knew perfectly well what was in store for him if he sank down, could not resist the pleasant stupor that was creeping over him. He was dragged away to pure air just in time."

This reminds me of the *Grotta del Cane*. As most of my readers know, this grotto is a sort of cellar on the side of one of the slopes above the Lake of Agnano, with an outlet about two feet above the level of the floor. Carbonic acid issues abundantly from this floor and forms a pool of the dense gas, which can only rise to the level of the outlet by which it flows down the hill in a stream that may be rendered visible by plunging a torch into the pool of gas, and thus coating its surface with a layer of visible smoke.

A man standing upright breathes freely, only feeling the warmth of the gas in which his feet and legs are immersed, but a dog is suffocated ; hence the name. It is one of the shows of the neighbourhood, the chief item of the programme consisting in the semi-suffocation of a dog for the amusement and instruction of visitors who are willing to pay two francs for the exhibition.

When I visited the place some years ago with friends, we at first refused to allow the dog to perform, on grounds of humanity. The custode protested, assured us that the dog enjoyed it, that it was "*il suo mestiere*," his trade, and that he would be deeply grieved if we refused him our distinguished patronage.

These remarkable assertions being apparently verified by the conduct of the dog, which scratched at the locked door and appeared eager to exercise his mestiere, we yielded, when, to our great surprise, he jumped down the steps into the lethal pool immediately the door was opened, and after a few struggles rolled over and became apparently dead. He was taken out and convulsively recovered. He would have made another plunge had he been permitted.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

THE LAST OF CÆSAR BORGIA.

IT may well be supposed that the world in a period of war and earthquake, of invention, discovery and tumult, and what not, will not suspend its proceedings to inquire into the reported discovery of the remains of a man, however celebrated, who has been dead not far short of four hundred years. There is much, however, to awaken romantic associations as well as to accelerate the pulse of the antiquary in the discovery of the body of Cæsar Borgia in the very spot in which local tradition has held it to be hidden. After the defeat of those ambitious schemes, for which, like Macbeth, he "played most foully," Borgia, it is known, escaping from his confinement in the castle of Medina del Campo, took refuge with his brother-in-law, the King of Navarre. Fighting under the banners of this potentate he received a sword-thrust of which he died under the wall of Pampeluna, the archbishopric of which by a curious coincidence had been in his priestly days his first preferment. He was removed to Viana, a small town in Navarre, south-west of Pampeluna, and was buried in its church, Santa Maria de Viana. According to the Spanish chroniclers his ashes were disinterred by Pedro de Aranda, Bishop of Calabarra, and placed ignominiously beneath the public street. In the spot which has been explored a body has been found, assumedly that of the murderous and unscrupulous warrior and statesman. A parcel of human bones are not more marketable than was, according to Shylock, a pound of human flesh. Still, it is difficult to resist a wish that the truth of the discovery could be verified. Will modern France, moreover, restore to Christian sepulture remains which were regarded in days of mediæval piety as too accursed to rest in a sanctified spot?

FRENCH POLITENESS.

FOR politeness, a man must go south of the Alps or east of the bounds of Christianity. In the days when our clergy and squirearchy were such almost as they are depicted in the novels of

Fielding and Smollett, it was possible, by contrast with the brutality of English manners, to speak of the French as polite. Of late years, however, the word politeness applied to Frenchmen has been a ridiculous misnomer. At the present moment, a people less considerate to the unprotected, and more arrogant to the alien than the French, does not exist. It may be true that English travellers are in part responsible for the deterioration of French manners. It is easily conceivable that the proceedings of the British tourist give rise to a certain amount of irritation. For this, however, the Frenchman is himself in a measure to blame. His surprising ignorance of everything outside his own life and its surroundings makes him find intentional offence in proceedings which result from a species of ignorance corresponding in nature to, if less in degree than, his own. The most consoling thing with regard to a reformation in this respect is found in the fact that the truth is beginning to find acceptance among Frenchmen. M. Albert Millaud, a brilliant writer in the *Figaro*, has insisted in print upon the contrast between the rudeness—it is nothing less—which is shown by the Frenchman to the stranger furnished with the best testimonials, and the courtesy extended to the Frenchman similarly provided who visits any foreign country. Nothing is in fact more misleading than the kind of character we cavalierly assign different nations. The French are, in truth, the most practical and prosaic of people, and the great rebuke they incur is the charge which, under the name of insularity, they have always brought against the Briton.

THE MACARONI MAGAZINE.

THE origin of the term Macaroni, as applied to an affected fop such as preceded in England by thirty years the "incroyable" of France, is generally known, thanks to the famous verse which Sheridan in the "School for Scandal" gives as the composition of Sir Benjamin Backbite. Addison, in the *Spectator* No. 47, speaks of those circumferaneous wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best. In Holland they are termed "Pickled Herrings," in France *Jean potages*, in Italy "Maccaronies" (*sic*), and in Great Britain "Jack Puddings." That origin of the word, however, as applied to the exquisite will not serve. One of the rarest magazines in existence—I have never seen but two copies—is *The Macaroni and Theatrical Magazine*, or Monthly Register of the Fashions and Diversions of the Times, London, 8vo. 1772. In this the use of the term is said to have sprung from the

importation to Almack's, after the "late peace," of the Italian custom of eating macaroni. The members of Almack's were chiefly young people of fashion addicted to extravagance of diet, and to such the name became applied. The opposite of a macaroni was a "boar" (*sic*). The very curious magazine in question gives portraits of various types of macaroni, as the military macaroni, the macaroni parson, the political macaroni, the Middle Temple macaroni, etc. In the plates with which these sketches are accompanied, portraits of celebrities then living are supplied. Sufficiently scurrilous and libellous was, indeed, I am sorry to say, the *Macaroni Magazine*. Time has, however, drawn the sting from its application, and those it ridiculed now rest in the sleep of obscurity and oblivion. To a student of past manners, however, such for instance as Mr. Ashton, the *Macaroni Magazine* is invaluable.

UNTEACHABLE WOMAN.

WHILE complaint is everywhere heard that work is difficult to obtain, and the mind is harrowed with tales of suffering and starvation, the fact remains that domestic service is at a discount, and that an adequate supply is not obtained. The causes of this state of affairs are well known. While the most secure condition of affairs conceivable for women who seek employment, and that consequently which is most free from anxiety, domestic service involves a form of restraint which, with the increasing development of our large cities, becomes increasingly irksome. To meet this, nothing, so far as I can see, can be done. People who have to be at their occupations in the morning must breakfast early, and the domestic must rise in time to prepare the matutinal meal. In order to do this she must retire early, and this precludes her attendance at theatres or festivities on the previous night. People, indeed, of regular habits will never hear of conceding those privileges which make the workshop or the factory to thousands of women preferable to service. It is possible, however, to render the conditions of service less onerous and the interference in such matters as dress, &c., less aggravating. A step in this direction would go some way towards bringing about a different state of affairs. Unluckily, however, we are here met by all that is conservative in womanhood, and how conservative women are will not be fully known until they get the franchise. It has been said that if we lose India the responsibility will rest with Englishwomen. It is at least certain that if the retention of female labour in domestic

service becomes impossible and our over-crowded country has to witness an immigration of Chinese, women will be in the main responsible. Under such conditions there is nothing but resignation, and the man with the amplest domestic experience will probably be the least sanguine as to any forthcoming remedy.

LIBELLED LONDON.

LORD ROSEBERRY'S recent expressions concerning London are not very just in themselves, and are inexpedient when coming from a Scotchman. Is London, as he says, grimly monotonous, a huge platitude, a great uninteresting spot? Nothing can be farther from the truth. The view from the bridge over the Serpentine to Westminster has been advanced as a reply. That view is, indeed, unequalled in any European capital. I can quote, however, a score views equally unparalleled. A man who says London nowadays is monotonous or ugly speaks in blank ignorance. He has not used his eyes. I need not go to points undoubtedly picturesque. Walk on a fine day from Moorgate Street Station and look at the view past the Bank of England. If you have any imagination you might fancy yourself in Algiers or Stamboul. Much of the street architecture of London is superb; its nooks are delightful and varied in interest. Let me grant that Gower Street is the dullest street in the world, except in the morning light when you can see the fast disappearing trees of Hampstead at the top; grant that at the East End and elsewhere there are miles of squalor: I nevertheless maintain that London is now superior to Paris, and to every capital in Europe which is not like Stockholm—half marine—or like Rome, an absolute city of the past. Its suburbs are not less beautiful, and not one-third of them are known to those who deride London. The proper punishment for a Scotchman who rails at our capital city would be to shut him up for a year in Glasgow. I do not wish to stir the perfervid genius of my Scotch friends, so I will confess that this is wholly banter, and that Glasgow on six days of the week is an excellent place, and has its redeeming features on the seventh for those who “know the ropes.”

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1886.

THE ROMANCE OF A BRAIN.

BY JOHN T. COLLIER.

THE last night of March, 1881, gave the lie direct to the proverbial statement concerning the leonine entrance and lamb-like exit of the first spring month. The storm prowled and howled about the Ramsbury Royal Hospital "like a roaring lion." As I hastened along the dim corridors, the windows rattled and the lamps flickered fitfully. I was the matron, and it was my duty to visit the wards to see that all was right for the night. Here there was silence, sad and peaceful, only broken by the sigh or subdued moan of some sleepless sufferer. The eerie gleam of faintly-burning night-lights soothed rather than disturbed the patients. Noiselessly I passed the long row of beds, white and ghostly in the pale gloom, and whispered a word of inquiry or advice to the nurse in charge. I found that all the patients were as comfortable as circumstances would permit ; even John Talks, a simple and gentle old man, who was slowly leaving this life, was reported to be doing so with the very minimum of personal inconvenience.

Ramsbury was proud of its hospital. It had been recently built in the Queen Anne style ; and, as regards hygienic arrangements, not even the local architect, who had *not* been employed, could suggest a flaw or an improvement. The day on which it was opened, Ramsbury was honoured by a royal visit, and John Williams, the mayor, was made the proudest of citizens by the conferment on him of knighthood.

My apartments defied criticism. My sitting-room was as cosy as the most fastidious might desire. It was after eleven when I gained its seclusion. I threw myself into the armchair, and began to read a leader in the *Lancet*. Though the article was spicy and sensational,

yet my mind began to wander, for in spite of my every effort of restraint, memory carried me back to the 31st of March, ten years ago. I was then twenty years of age, and it was my wedding-day. My husband, who was eight years my senior, was a wealthy planter, and possessed a fine old estate in Barbadoes. My father, who had been colonel of the regiment stationed at Bridgetown, had died of yellow fever two years previously, and I was left an orphan. But Algernon Vernon loved me and comforted me in my hour of dark sorrow. He persuaded me to remain in Barbadoes, and after some time he asked me for the love that I had already given him.

The first year of our wedded life was almost too delightful. The golden hours, crowned with love and laden with happiness, danced merrily away. Was it possible that bliss so perfect, so entrancing, could continue long in this woful world? Why not? I had all that any one could reasonably desire. I was the fair young mistress of a beautiful home; my husband loved me tenderly, and his friends were generous and affectionate.

At the very commencement of our second year of married life, we were terribly shocked by an occurrence which might have brought death in its most awful form to one or both of us.

It was a calm, moonlight night; the air was cool and refreshing, and most enjoyable after the enervating sultriness of the day. The sea was as smooth as a mirror. Algernon and I were sitting in our little boat, and were enjoying the strains of the military band that was discoursing sweet music on the promenade at Bridgetown. To the leeward of the town the sea deepens very slowly, so that at a considerable distance from the shore the water is not deeper than from forty to sixty feet. The bottom is of white coral, and is clearly visible, so pellucid is the sea. On that night the lagoon was very clear and tranquil. Far below I could see the pebbles glittering and flashing like polished rubies and beryls. Here arose a fantastic rockery, beautiful with sea-flowers of all shades, while from its summit long and sheeny streamers of silver-green wrack floated on the tide. From its portals the quivering tails of fish were seen protruding, and in the shimmering light I observed one stout comical old monster basking lazily and looking askance with his great eyes of black and gold on the mercurial pranks of his juvenile companions. My husband was trying to hook some of these gorgeous creatures as they issued forth from their hiding-places amongst the coral and luxuriant sea-moss; but they were surprisingly wary and seemed to gaze in a knowing way at the tempting bait. At length one more silly or more hungry than the others, began to nibble tentatively and cautiously. Algernon

was attentively watching its movements, and was about to pull up the line when I suddenly uttered a wild loud scream, for there in the white moonlight I saw the hideous form of a shark within a few feet of my husband's outstretched head. The scream just saved his life, for it caused him to turn at once to me. The teeth of the monster grazed his scalp. With commendable presence of mind Algernon drew a revolver and fired. Sullenly the shark slunk away. By the red streak on the water we knew that it had been severely wounded. On our return home, it was discovered that Algernon's injury was no trifling one. The scalp was lacerated, and the bone bore marks of the shark's teeth. It was some months before the wound was healed. Either on account of the shock, or from the effects of the injury, or from some mysterious cause, Algernon's disposition soon began to undergo change. A peevish and unreasonable irritability took the place of his former genial suavity. The slightest annoyance disturbed his mental equipoise; his temper was ruffled by the lightest breath of provocation. I felt assured that he loved me as ardently as ever, and yet he was ever criticising my actions, and reproving me when censure was as undeserved as it was unnecessary. I bore these manifestations of ill-temper with patience and without protest, as I fondly hoped and believed that they were only temporary results of the shock. I felt confident that when he became convalescent his original temperament would re-assert itself. Alas for my hopes! The stronger he grew the more violent became his temper. I well remember the first wild outburst of passion. I had offended him in some trivial matter. (I think I had ordered a hat without consulting him.) This acted as a spark to a powder magazine. For the space of an hour he simply behaved like a raving maniac. He roared, he fumed; he swore horribly, and when I answered him not a word, but remained calm and dignified, he grew more fierce and furious. He seized the poker, and demolished two beautiful vases, and ended the performance by hurling it at a tall mirror.

And yet, ere another hour had elapsed, Algernon was kneeling before me, and, with tears in his eyes, was asking me to forgive him. This I gladly did, as I saw that he was heartily sorry and ashamed of his vile conduct. Nevertheless, I could not forget his coarse and cruel words. I hoped, however, that this mad outburst of passion would clear the atmosphere; that it would form a crisis in our life, and that happy peace and sunshine would follow. Alas! I was again doomed to disappointment. My husband's character was completely altered. Stormy fits of rage were of frequent occurrence; during

the intervals he was morose and irritable. The passion of love was deposed from off the throne of his heart, and in its stead unreasoning anger reigned. Yet I did not give way to despair, neither did I mention his strange conduct to any one. The servants, however, had eyes and ears, and soon the gossips of Bridgetown had something piquant to relieve the monotony of their existence. To one who had been tenderly nurtured, and who was sensitive and impulsive, this life soon became unbearable. Providence, however, opened up a strange way of escape. One night Algernon was late in coming home. Wishing to please and conciliate him, I remained up and awaited his arrival. It was past midnight when I heard his footsteps in the hall. My presence irritated rather than soothed him. He insinuated that I had been entertaining some undesirable person during his absence. He brought his face close to mine and sneered forth horrible suggestions. In alarm I mechanically gave him a gentle push, for I loathed and abhorred the man who could dare to utter such foul accusations. His face grew suddenly white ; he clenched his hands and stood motionless before me. Then he turned suddenly, and swiftly left the room. That awful look of unearthly hate and anger startled me into action. Instantly I fled through the open window. I ran with all possible speed, and concealed myself in a clump of shrubs at the back of the house. It was very calm and oppressively sultry ; the stars were shining through the chinks of great sullen clouds. In less than ten minutes I heard him making a search in the outhouses. I saw him pass my hiding-place. I trembled lest he should discover me. I heard him muttering curses and murderous threats against me. I saw that he held something in his hand. He raised it ; it was a revolver. I expected that he was about to fire, but he hesitated. I felt strongly impelled to scream, but what good would that have done ? The servants were asleep, and we were some distance from any other house. I breathed a prayer to God, and remained silent. The pistol was lowered.

"She is too great a coward to go in there among the snakes," I heard him say, with a sardonic laugh.

He kept pacing about the house for an hour. I longed to escape from the haunt of serpents, but I preferred their company to that of my husband. Then I heard what was sweeter than any music to my ears—the patter of rain-drops on the leaves. Few and heavy they fell at first, but soon they roared down on the dry earth like a great cataract. Suddenly there was a fiery gash in the black heavens, and then followed the grand and awful bass of thunder. The night was very dark. I determined to make my escape. Quietly and cautiously

I groped my way to the front gate. As I opened it, the house was suddenly enveloped as in a flame of pale blue fire. At the window I saw my husband ; his hands were behind his back, and his head was bent. I felt certain that he had not noticed me, though the lightning was amazingly vivid. Nevertheless, I ran along the road as fast as ever I could. I was lithe and agile, and sped along swiftly. The rain came down in a deluge, and I was soon drenched. This impeded my progress, and I became very exhausted. I stood for a moment to take breath. Great Heavens ! Above the roar of the storm my ears, quickened by terror, heard footsteps not very far away. I stood eagerly listening, and fondly hoping that it was only a fancy. I clasped my hands to my bosom ; I crouched low and uttered a despairing cry, for in the white and ghastly glare of the lightning flash I saw my husband, with livid face and head uncovered and the deadly weapon in his right hand, within a few yards of me. Instantly I saw a flash and heard the sharp report, and then the darkness of merciful night hid from my view the gruesome vision. I fled unhurt into the open fields, but no footsteps followed. In the early dawn I made my way to the house of a friend, who gave me a few hours' shelter. There I learned that a vessel would be starting for England at noon. I at once made up my mind to leave my home in the Barbadoes and return to the land of my birth. I went to Bridgetown and drew from the bank £250 of my own money. I made some necessary purchases, and took a ticket for London. At one o'clock the steamer left her moorings. I saw Algernon rush to the end of the pier and gesticulate wildly. Whether prompted by love or anger I know not, and so brokenhearted was I that I cared not.

During an uneventful passage I had sufficient time to think about my future. I soon resolved to be a nurse. I had an intuitive aptitude for attending to the sick. Nursing would afford me congenial employment ; in alleviating the pains of others I might perchance forget my own deep grief. On my arrival in London, I entered Guy's Hospital as a probationer. I soon found favour in the sight of the surgeons. I was as enthusiastic as I was indefatigable ; I was ever ready to oblige ; I was slow to take offence. I gained the respect of the nurses and the love of the patients.

I never wrote to any one in Barbadoes, neither did I wish to communicate with any of my friends in England. I was unknown and completely isolated.

Two years ago I applied for the matronship of Ramsbury Hospital ; but I had small hope of securing that post, as there were fifty others who were applicants. I was pleasantly surprised when I

received a note from the secretary informing me that I was one of three selected, and that I was to appear before the Board on the day of election. 'The day arrived. Need I say that I was intensely anxious and excited? but I had the consolation that I was in no worse condition than my two rivals. They were older and more experienced than I was, but I was decidedly prettier than either of them. I felt strangely confident that I should be successful. How nervous I felt when I entered the crowded board-room! Nothing could I see but the faces of men—bearded faces, bare shaven faces, old faces, handsome faces, ugly faces; but let me confess that every face looked with a kindly and encouraging gaze on mine! Mr. Hilton, one of the surgeons, spoke strongly on my behalf. I was from his old hospital, and he had heard of my good deeds.

Owing chiefly to his influence, I was elected matron. A proud and happy woman was I on that day.

A week after my election, I was startled by reading in the *Times* the following announcement:—

“On March 2nd, at Sixth Avenue Hotel, New York, Algernon Vernon, aged 36 years.”

And so poor Algernon was dead, and I was free. I felt relieved, but profoundly sad. My old love for him seemed to return. I tried to forget his cruelty and only remember his tenderness and affection. I devoted myself to my new duties with redoubled energy. Work kills grief; if the hands are busy, the memory is idle. The days passed away quickly, for I was constantly employed. I was conversant with the details of every case in the hospital. I nursed many of the more serious cases. Many a long night have I sat up attending to the wants of some bruised and mutilated man, or hushing to sleep some burnt child. I often felt excessively weary, yet my health improved, and the colour began to bloom on my cheeks.

The storm increased in fury, but I heeded it not; for, as I sat and gazed at the dying embers, tears dimmed my eyes, as I thought of that day ten years ago. I kept my mind's eye intently fixed on that one happy day. I thought of the bright, glad sunshine, the calm ocean, the unclouded azure of the heavens; and I thought of Algernon, so handsome, so loving, so kind. Did he not on that day vow solemnly before God that he would ever love and protect me? And yet—— Well, all was over. He was dead. Might he rest in peace on that stormy night!

Suddenly my reverie was disturbed by the loud clangour of the

accident bell. Like the crash of cymbals it echoed and re-echoed through the long corridors. I started up, and flew down the broad white stone stairs. Along the dim and gusty passage I saw the two porters carrying a stretcher, on which lay the body of a man. As they passed under a gas-lamp, I saw a splash of blood on the man's face. I shuddered and grasped at the balustrade. The midnight hour was chill and weird, and I was nervous and agitated after my prolonged retrospection. In the hall, one of the porters accosted me—

"Please, ma'am, the house surgeon's compliments, and would you be so good as to see about nurses? A man with a frightful smashed head has come in. I'm going for the surgeons."

I gave directions to the nurses, and then retired to my room to await the arrival of the surgeons. Mr. Hilton, with his accustomed alacrity, soon made his appearance; and, as was his wont, he came to my room to have a little conversation until Dr. Winslow, the senior surgeon, would come. Mr. Hilton was about ten years my senior; he was not tall, but was sufficiently broad. He had a fine forehead, a pair of small, sharp, black eyes, and a beard which covered the greater part of his face. He was given to reverie, and was somewhat abrupt and spasmodic in his manner. His heart was full of kindness and sympathy; his intellect was keen and active.

"I have just seen the patient," he exclaimed rapidly; "he has got a nasty fracture of the skull. His roof will need a little repairing; got the scalp and brain lacerated."

"Poor fellow! Do you think you can do anything for him?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes—yes! Capital case for the pruning knife! Just a chance for him. They say he had a quarrel in 'The Black Horse Inn.' He was very violent. Some one gave him a push; he lost his balance, and fell against a sharp corner of a box. He seems unconscious now."

Mr. Hilton, for some unknown reason, was very restless. He rubbed his hands together; he crossed and re-crossed his legs; he coughed and indulged in a series of mock yawns.

"How are you and Dr. Veavor getting on?" he asked abruptly.

"Oh! the position is strained. It is one of dignified hostility," I said with a faint smile.

"He will learn sense as he grows older."

"Yes, but that does not make it more pleasant for me."

"No, no—Oh, certainly not! Some young men are such asses! Indeed worse, for the most vicious of donkeys won't kick unless it is teased."

Dr. Veevor was the house-surgeon. He was a very fastidious and elegant young man. He spoke but little, and tried to be sarcastic. He had a long pale face which was chiefly remarkable for its peculiar cork-screw moustache and large dreamy brown eyes. He entertained decided views on the dignity of the house-surgeon, and the inferiority of the matron. He was extremely self-opinionated, and thought more of his ability than did any one else. He was continually annoying and wounding me in some petty way, and but for Mr. Hilton's support, my position, which was very trying, would have been unbearable.

"Well, I wonder at anyone disagreeing with you. It is quite inexplicable to me," said Mr. Hilton warmly.

"Ah! every one is not like you, Mr. Hilton. You have been very kind to me. I can never be grateful enough to you for all your goodness," I said, not without some show of feeling.

"Can you not give me something more than your gratitude? Not that I undervalue it; far from it, indeed," exclaimed Mr. Hilton as he fixed his steady penetrating gaze on me.

"You are certainly worthy of more," I murmured.

"Ah! I don't know that," he said earnestly. "I only wish I was worthy of your love. Already you have gained mine. I trust it is not impossible for you to return it?"

"No, no—it is not impossible. Who could help liking one who is so good and true? And yet there are serious reasons why——" A knock at the door prevented me from finishing my sentence.

"Please, Dr. Veevor says all is ready for the operation," said the porter.

As we walked along the corridor, Dr. Hilton said, in a low eager voice, "Think over it—won't you?"

"Yes," I whispered.

I was not surprised at Mr. Hilton's declaration. With a woman's instinct, I had already divined his secret, and had even come to a decision before he asked me to think over it. I certainly liked Mr. Hilton. He was as generous as well as a clever man. Though he had a good practice, yet he never neglected his hospital patients. He neither spared pains nor time, and did even more than his duty. All the poor creatures loved him. He had a bright smile and an encouraging word for every one. He delighted in surgery; perhaps his only fault was that he was too fond of it. At least some of his professional brethren hinted as much. To keep himself in touch with every improvement in the craft of surgery, he spent his holidays in the London, or Vienna, or Paris hospitals. I believe it was my

devotion and attention to his cases that was the primary cause of his regard for me. I knew he was very sincere and genuine, and that he always meant what he said. I was by no means displeased with his avowal. My husband had been dead two years, and I saw no just reason why I should refuse Mr. Hilton. My position at the hospital was not without its annoyances. I had much responsibility, and but little power to support it. Mr. Hilton offered me a comfortable home; he honoured me by asking me to be his companion and partner. In my own mind I came to the sensible conclusion that it would be wrong and foolish of me to decline the honour.

We entered the ward together. It was a small room and was reserved for serious cases. Behind a high screen lay the injured man on a low bed. Dr. Veevor was administering ether to him. Two nurses were gliding in and out of the ward. Mr. Hilton was the only surgeon present. Dr. Winslow, the senior surgeon, had retired to rest, and being a stout, drowsy old man would probably hardly have arisen if the roof-tree had been burning over his head.

On one side of the bed there was a tray on which were knives, forceps, ligatures, trephines, and other necessary implements. Mr. Hilton was carefully examining them; and I, thinking but little of the coming operation, stood near him.

"He consumes a deuced lot of ether," drawled Dr. Veevor, as he poured some more on the mask. Presently the man began to breathe loudly and rapidly. Mr. Hilton proceeded to examine the wound carefully. I did not care to look, for indeed my thoughts were with my heart.

"Ah! the frontal convolution, the ascending frontal, is lacerated. I am afraid that the poor fellow has a bad chance," I heard Mr. Hilton murmur.

At that moment a nurse entered, and addressed the house-surgeon.

"John Talks is just *hexpiring*, sir." The *h* seemed to be added for the sake of emphasis.

"Ah! Well—did you bring me a pocket-handkerchief? No? You didn't expect I should weep?" he said ironically.

"I thought I ought to report," said the abashed nurse.

"Quite right, nurse," exclaimed Mr. Hilton.

"It's a pity you could not utilise such a good brain to patch up this one," I said, with questionable jocosity.

"I question whether old Talks has any brain," sneered Dr. Veevor, without looking up.

"Well, he has a good heart," I said. "I never knew such a nice, gentle old man,"

"Old hypocrite—with his bible and hymn-book and prayers!" muttered Dr. Veevor.

Mr. Hilton said not a word. He only tugged very hard at his short beard. Suddenly he exclaimed with startling earnestness, "I'll do it."

"Do what, pray?" asked Dr. Veevor perplexed.

"Why, what Mrs. Vernon suggests. A most brilliant and bold suggestion it is. Now, what I propose to do is this: the minute old John Talks expires, I will trephine his skull and will remove the portion of brain corresponding to that which is lacerated in this case. Then, after carefully removing all loose pieces of bone, &c., I will apply part of the frontal convolution of the late Talks to the damaged frontal convolution of our worthy friend here. Union will take place, and thus paralysis and a host of evils will be averted. What do you say, Veevor, eh?"

"Oh, really I don't think it matters two straws what you do," Dr. Veevor carelessly remarked. "This fellow is as sure to die as old Talks, but we may as well experiment a little. It will be somewhat of a novelty."

"It is quite practicable, I assure you," cried Mr. Hilton; "and it will not add to the danger in the least; quite the opposite. I have seen several more formidable operations on the brain, though none were like this."

"You will make Ramsbury famous," was Dr. Veevor's only reply.

"Mrs. Vernon can give the ether until we return. She is quite capable," said Mr. Hilton, as he cast a kindly glance at me.

Cautiously I administered the anæsthetic. I had frequently done so before in an emergency. After keeping the mask to the man's face for a few minutes, I removed it to ascertain if I had given him a sufficient quantity. I raised the eyelid and touched the eye to see if voluntary movement was annihilated. But such was not the case, for the eyelid was immediately and forcibly closed. Then in a few seconds both eyes were opened, and were moved about in a strange bewildered way. Next the man's head began to turn slowly. He alarmed me by trying to raise himself on his elbow.

"Oh, you must lie down again and be very good and quiet!" I said coaxingly.

The dark eyes stared at me with a look that seemed to stun and paralyse me. The pale lips were parted.

"I—have—found you at last—Alice —— I'll not miss you—this time."

The voice was the voice of my husband.

I stood as pale and motionless as a marble monument. Vigour and activity returned to the man ; he sat up in the bed. In a second he grasped at one of the knives in the tray. Quite automatically I stretched forth my arm to intercept him. With his two hands he clutched at it, and savagely sank his teeth into my arm. My vision grew dim and blurred, and I felt very faint. The next moment he relaxed his grasp and fell back on the bed as one dead. Loudly I called for a nurse. With supreme determination and self-control I brought him fully under ether. Soon the surgeons returned.

"What a capital woman you are, Mrs. Vernon !" exclaimed Mr. Hilton, whose face shone with a glow of excitement. "We have got a beautiful section from old Talks's brain."

"Let us hope that the hour of his death will be of more benefit to mankind than all the long years of his life," remarked Dr. Veevor.

I had nothing now to do but stand and watch the interesting operation. The various curious details had no attractions for me ; I was as one in a dream. How I wished it was only a dream ; but the horrible reality confounded and stupefied me. I hardly knew where I was standing or where I was. I heard the roar and crash of the storm. I saw nurses moving about the ward. I saw Dr. Veevor's face and the busy hands of Mr. Hilton. At times I caught glimpses of the face of my husband. It was greatly changed. A short beard had been added to it. The furrows on the brow were deepened ; the features were hard and brutalised. I could not think calmly ; I could not look to the future. I was unable to account for the announcement of his death that I had read in *The Times*. The one overwhelming fact that stood forth was that my husband was not dead, but was in the same room with me ; that his hatred was as active and murderous as ever it was. Merciful Heaven ! what was to become of me ?

At length the operation was finished. It had not been of long duration—about half an hour. Mr. Hilton looked up. I saw he was surprised. I suppose I was pale.

"Why, Mrs. Vernon, you look like a ghost ! I am afraid that this midnight affair has been too much for you. To tell you the truth, I feel rather exhausted myself," said Mr. Hilton.

"Yes, and the patient seems considerably done up, too. He does look bad," said Dr. Veevor in alarm.

He sprinkled cold water on his ashen face. Mr. Hilton felt the pulse.

"How weak his pulse is ! I sincerely hope he is not going to give us the trouble for nothing," said Mr. Hilton seriously.

"I don't suppose that he would be missed much. He does not look particularly agreeable," said the house surgeon glacially.

How my heart leaped at the sound of these ominous words ! Was it with gratitude or expectancy ? Alas ! I was only human—very human. I could not feel sorry, I could not honestly pray for his recovery.

"Ah ! the pulse beats stronger. The shock to his brain has been too much for him," I heard Mr. Hilton remark.

The patient seemed to be in a profound sleep. For the present I was in no danger of being disgraced. But if he should regain consciousness, he would undoubtedly do his utmost to ruin me.

Mr. Hilton began to examine the portion of brain he had excised. Suddenly he uttered a cry of surprise.

"Hullo ! what pathological curiosity is this ? Just look at it, Veevor. Great stars ! this is a find. Why, I do believe it is a shark's tooth !"

Dr. Veevor, as was his custom, was somewhat sceptical, but finally he thought it might be a tooth of some sort of a beast.

"Now, Mrs. Vernon, what do you say ? Can you give us any idea how a shark's tooth could get inside of that poor fellow's head ? It is a puzzle !"

I only shook my head. I knew too well the history of that tooth. I could not resist a thrill of pity that pierced my heart, as I thought of the suffering that poor Algernon must have experienced. I was gazing at his weary and haggard face, when he slowly opened his eyes. The light was full on my face. He looked with a strange steadfastness at me. My limbs trembled, and my head grew dizzy. A malignant scowl passed over his features. He raised his right arm—he pointed his hand towards me. The next moment I expected to hear my name. But I did not, for with a wild cry I sank on the floor in a swoon.

When I regained consciousness, Mr. Hilton was bending anxiously over me.

"Excitement and fatigue have been too much for you," he said gently.

After a short time I was able with some assistance to walk to my room. At my own request I was left alone. My brain was in a whirl. A thousand thoughts, like raging waves, rushed one against the other, and the only result was doubt and confusion. How much had happened since last I was in that room ! Then I was content, peaceful and happy. A calm, bright future stretched out before me.

I expected soon to be the wife of a good and noble man, whose skill I admired and whose profession I respected. But now all was chaos. I was not certain of a moment's peace. Already my husband's revengeful tongue might be calling forth my name. If he should recover the use of his senses for even a few hours, his only desire would be to blast and mar the peace of my life. If health should be restored to him, he would undoubtedly do what he could to destroy my happiness, my reputation, and perhaps my very life. Whither should I flee? On every side I was girt round with dread perplexities.

Hours passed away. Sleep waved its wings and fled. The storm began to grow weary, and the rain beat less spitefully against the windows. The last embers had expired. I walked up and down my room. I could bear the terrible suspense no longer. I stole from my room and went softly along the gloomy passages. I stood at the door of the ward and listened for a few minutes. All was very silent. There was no sound, no voice. Gently I knocked at the door, as I dare not go in. The nurse came and opened it. She started back in momentary surprise.

"How is your patient doing?" I asked in a low voice.

"He seems very strange—very stupid," she replied.

"Can he speak?" I inquired trembling.

"No; he only moans sometimes."

"I will just look at him. I am anxious about this case."

"I hope it will succeed," said the nurse; "it would please Mr. Hilton awfully."

Would it, indeed? I had my own doubts about that.

I entered. In the faint light Algernon looked as if he were dead. The bandages about his head gave him a ghastly appearance. His breathing was slow and shallow. I touched his pulse. It was irregular. His features were pinched, and his eyes were half open.

I was not distressed to see his life ebbing away. I was not exultant, but I felt no sorrow and but little pity. I was only a weak woman, and I could not forget what I had suffered.

I returned to my room and soon fell asleep. My slumber was long and dreamless. I was seated at a late breakfast when Mr. Hilton was announced.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Vernon, for intruding so early, but as you may imagine, I was anxious about my curious case. What a tale that man will be able to unfold if he recovers! That shark's tooth is a mystery!"

"Yes," I murmured, as I helped myself to some sugar.

"I am afraid your rest was brief. Nurse said you were in the ward very early. What an enthusiastic woman you are! You ought to have been a surgeon. But perhaps you will soon be what is quite as good, a surgeon's——"

A glance of displeasure killed the word that was on his lips. He little comprehended the significance of that look.

"Well—well," he cried with a laugh, "I am always in a hurry. You have not had much time for meditation as yet."

"How is your patient?" I asked, wishing to change the subject.

"Oh, he is in a torpid condition as if he were hibernating. Perhaps he will wake up some of these fine days in health—or in the next world—which God forbid, both for his own sake and my reputation!"

During that day and the next the patient was on the borderland of death. I heard the bad news with great composure. If the man had not been my husband, I should in all probability have been extremely grieved at such an unfortunate and untimely *dénouement* to so unique a case. Mr. Hilton was very hopeful; but then he never despaired, even if a patient was moribund! Many a race he had won from Death, for he had forced the patient into life by the sheer strength of his masterful and sanguine will. Dr. Veevor, however, asserted that the man had not the ghost of a chance as he took no nourishment and was almost comatose. I saw Algernon several times, but he seemed to be wholly unconscious. I, therefore, hoped for the best—or the worst. I would be quite resigned if Providence removed "my better-half."

But, alas! I was not called on to exercise the virtue of resignation. On the fourth day I was startled to hear of a pantomimic performance of serious significance. Algernon had raised his hand to his mouth and made signs as if he were desirous of a drink. Various fluids, milk, water, soda-water were brought, but these he rejected with scorn. He was unable to speak, but Mr. Hilton was in ecstasies as he informed me that the raising of the hand to the lips was evidence that the primary motor centres of the brain were beginning to work. He expected that in a few days speech would be regained. Even Dr. Veevor was less unbelieving.

Mr. Hilton said he knew I should be rejoiced to hear the good news, as it was a remark of mine that suggested the operation.

"Why that fellow, whose name, by the way, we cannot discover, will owe you eternal gratitude if he recovers."

"Don't exclude yourself from his worship," I said, with a shrug of my shoulders.

"Oh, well, if you desire it, he can be thankful to both of us, for I trust we shall both be united before long."

I was painfully silent.

"Oh, Mrs. Vernon, surely you have had time enough for meditation? Will you not make me the happiest man in the world?"

"At present I cannot answer you that question," I said nervously.

"Oh, well, perhaps I am too eager. How much longer am I to wait?" he exclaimed.

After a few moments' meditation I replied: "A fortnight; in a fortnight my answer will be ready."

"So be it, then. I am for the present your humble and obedient servant, Charles Hilton," he said, with a bow and a smile.

For the next three days I suffered indescribable torture. The suspense was terrible; the uncertainty was almost unendurable. What was I to do? Each day my husband grew stronger. I knew he was a powerful man. In spite of the serious injuries he had sustained, his recovery was not improbable. That awful fact had to be faced; what did it mean for me? Disgrace. What would Dr. Veever say? What would be the charitable remarks of the Ramsbury gossips? And what would good, kind Mr. Hilton think? He was an honourable and straightforward man, and I was a dissembler and a deceiver. Many plans flitted, phantom-like, through my agitated mind. Should I remain in the hospital and brave it out? or should I take proceedings against my husband in the divorce court? He had been very cruel to me, yet I shrank from publicity and notoriety. Or should I get appointed to another hospital? or leave England and go out to Australia or New Zealand? or should I confess all to Mr. Hilton, and ask his advice? Several times I was on the point of telling him my trouble, but my courage failed me. Indeed, my hope was that Algernon would not recover. I thought it would, therefore, be foolish and rash to take any decided action until there was some degree of certainty. I procrastinated and trusted in fortune. At present I was in no danger, for Algernon could not utter a syllable. Yet I was greatly distressed, and Mr. Hilton was not slow to notice how ill I looked. I had but little sleep, and my dreams made slumber fearful.

Sunday morning was sunny and warm. Mr. Hilton was bright and joyous, as he always was. Of course I knew his case was going on well. In a few more days all danger would be passed. So he said, and no doubt he wondered that I looked so glum.

That lovely spring Sabbath was a sad and dull day to me. I determined that on the morrow I would get leave of absence from

the board, and once away, I should take good care not to come back again. I would go abroad, and perhaps escape for ever from Algernon. In the afternoon I was standing at a window, and listlessly was gazing on the broad landscape. Peace and happiness seemed to reign everywhere except in my heavy heart. On the green sward patients were strolling in the genial sunshine. Amid the rustling leaves birds were piping merrily to their mates.

I heard a gentle tapping at the door—a nurse entered. “Oh, ma’am, the patient has spoken!” she exclaimed excitedly.

“And what does he say?” I asked, with as much calmness as I could command.

“Only one word : Brandy ! brandy !” answered the nurse, with a smile.

“Have you given him any?” I gasped hurriedly.

“No, of course not. It was not ordered. I came to ask what I should do. Dr. Veevor is out.

“Quite right, nurse,” I murmured listlessly. Oh, how weak, helpless, and utterly irresolute I felt ! Temptation, subtle and smooth-tongued, whispered into my inmost ear a suggestion that drove the blood from my cheeks. And yet, why should I be affrighted ? If I gave Algernon what he asked for, it might ultimately be of service to him. Much depended on the quantity. He had regained the power of speech, and it was highly desirable that an unruly and malignant tongue should be kept inactive until I had taken my departure from the hospital.

“Nurse,” I said, “I will go and attend to the patient myself. You can resume your charge in half an hour.”

I measured out four tablespoonfuls of brandy and put it into a small bottle. How my hand trembled ! for, in spite of all my plausible excuses, a voice told me that I was doing wrong. I admitted the wrong, but pleaded extenuating circumstances. A few tablespoonfuls of brandy would only do temporary harm, and perhaps not even that. It might only lull him into a peaceful slumber. When I entered the dim ward I was surprised to find that my husband was sleeping. I sat down beside him, and did not disturb him. I had time to study his features. I thought that his stay in the hospital had improved the expression of his face. He did not look so coarse and cruel as he had done on that awful night. The marks of his teeth were still visible on my arm. I was gazing at him when he suddenly opened his eyes. I could not move ; I was awfully passive. His eyes met mine, and we both seemed overcome with amazement. I felt very faint, and was about to utter a cry of terror, when a smile, as sweet and as beautiful as that of a sleeping babe, lit up his

countenance. I sat silent, for I was afraid lest words might cloud over the glorious sunshine of that smile. The silence was delicious, but the words that broke it were more delightful.

"Alice—my—own—Alice," I heard him whisper, so gently, so lovingly.

I was too happy to speak. I stooped down and kissed his lips.

"Now, Algie, you must be very quiet. Excitement is very bad for you."

He smiled; he clasped my hand and closed his eyes. Tears of gratitude ran down my cheeks. It was all like a wonderful and blissful dream. After a few minutes I heard Algernon murmur softly—

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.

No words could have been more appropriate. Certainly, life is full of inscrutable mysteries.

"You won't leave me, Alice?" he asked in a tone of yearning entreaty.

"No, no, dear, I will stay as long as I can," I said, only too glad to be beside him.

"How good and noble you are, my love! Won't you forgive me for being so bad, so cruel?" he said, with tears in his dark eyes.

"Yes—yes—I know it was not your fault. You could not help it," I said soothingly.

"I believe I was mad," he exclaimed emphatically.

"Don't talk any more about it," I urged.

Again he slumbered peacefully. The nurse soon came, but I said that I would keep watch for a few hours, as the patient appeared to be so much better. Nowise displeased the girl hastened away, and I was left alone with my dear husband.

Daylight begun to wane; the solemn and eerie twilight filled the little ward. In the distance I heard the voices of the nurses singing the evening hymn. I was more than compensated for all the misery of the past by the hallowed and ineffable joy of that twilight hour.

"Alice, what day is this?" I heard Algernon ask in a whisper.

"Sunday," I answered.

"Are you happy, Alice?" he asked in a low, earnest voice.

"Very happy, Algie—very happy," I replied tremulously.

"So am I," he said, as he pressed my hand.

After a pause I said, "Now, dear, I must go away."

"You will come and see me often, won't you?" he intreated.

"Yes, you may be sure of that—and for the present don't tell the nurses our secret," I ventured to say.

"I will leave myself entirely in your hands. I promise to be a good and obedient patient and do all you tell me," he said playfully.

I kissed him and stole out of the ward.

When I gained my room I fell on my knees and gave vent to my excitement in tears. The change was so incredible, so unexpected, that my joy was almost unbearable. No poor words of mine can describe my feelings. Words are but clumsy and paltry things to depict such supreme happiness. It was a foretaste of Heaven. It is strange that I had no foreboding, no fear that darkness would again descend on my path. I felt confident that Algernon was completely altered in every respect. The human fiend had been converted into a human angel. The wild fierce flash of hatred had vanished from his eyes, and gentle peace and goodwill beamed forth. His voice, no longer harsh and threatening, was subdued. His words were reasonable as they were loving. As I wept, tears of joy blotted out the sad record of the past.

Next morning Mr. Hilton was almost crazed when he heard that his patient was able to speak and that there was no serious paralysis.

"It's a grand case—a marvellous case," exclaimed Mr. Hilton, as he chuckled and walked up and down my room. "The man seems to be a nice, gentlemanly fellow ; says his name is Smith—or at least wishes to be called Smith for the present. I don't care : his name is nothing—but his brain is everything—to me. I must report this case to the Clinical Society ; it will open the eyes of those London chaps. They think there's no talent outside London. Ha-ha !"

"I hope there is no fear of a relapse?" I ventured to remark.

"Fear? Not a bit ! Don't torture me, Mrs. Vernon. It really is unkind, for I am almost certain that our mysterious patient will recover, and I trust that in future he will not be so quarrelsome."

"He has learnt a lesson," I said seriously.

"Well ! saints and sinners are all alike to a surgeon, and though I am afraid that Smith belongs to the latter class, yet we must not neglect him."

"No, indeed, we must do our very best for him, poor fellow !" I exclaimed, with some feeling.

"Mrs. Vernon, you are a delightful angel. I don't know what the hospital will do when I take you away—Oh, pardon me !—only you do look so bright this morning ; of late you have been very dull and not at all like the real Mrs. Vernon."

"Oh ! I am very happy and feel very, very, like the real Mrs. Vernon, to day !" I cried gaily.

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Life is made up of sunshine and shadow. Mr. Hilton was the shadow that darkened my path. In many respects, I know, I am a brave and fearless woman. I have plenty of energy and courage, and yet, I trembled with timidity when I thought of making a full confession to Mr. Hilton. He had been to me a true friend ; he desired to be my husband. Had Algernon not made his appearance, I might have been Mrs. Hilton. Some day I should have to tell Mr. Hilton everything, and ask his forgiveness. That painful duty I postponed for the present, as I wished him to give his undivided attention to so critical a case, and I desired to keep Algernon from all unnecessary and inopportune excitement. My visits to Algernon were now very frequent. It was my greatest pleasure to sit by his bedside and hold his hand in mine. He did not converse much, neither did I encourage him to tax his strength unduly. The most remarkable feature of his conversation was its deeply religious tone. This was very singular, for though in the good old times Algernon was upright and moral, yet he was anything but devout. But now I could often hear him murmuring texts of Scripture and lines of hymns. To me this was inexplicable, until the nurse informed me that nearly all his quotations had been favourite ones of John Talks. This was certainly a suggestive fact, but I gave little heed to it, as I wished to believe that the great alteration in Algernon's mind and disposition had its origin in intrinsic rather than in extrinsic causes.

He told me that he had a very hazy remembrance of past events. He felt as if he had awakened out of a horrible dream. He could remember me leaving Bridgetown. In less than a year he left Barbadoes and went to the United States. He left a capable and trustworthy agent to look after his estate. For years he rambled about from one town to another, leading a wild and dissipated life. He chanced to meet a nurse from Guy's Hospital in New York ; from her he learnt that I was in London. He determined to come over and vent his spite and revenge on me. To put me off my guard, he inserted the death-notice in the papers. As, however, he was sent to prison for eighteen months for a savage assault on a gentleman, he was obliged to postpone his journey. Once arrived in England, he soon discovered my whereabouts. He came to Ramsbury for the express purpose of tormenting and disgracing me. But a senseless quarrel and a providential injury ended this strange chapter in his life-history.

As days passed away, Algernon grew stronger, and I became brighter and happier. There was something delightfully romantic

about our second love-making. The enforced secrecy only made our pleasure the more piquant. It was not without its drawbacks, for on several occasions nurses entered the ward when I was caressing the patient. Of course, being well trained, they said nothing, though they must have been startled and amused. I was glad when Algernon was able to sit up. I brought down my easy-chair, and this was considered to be a rather questionable proceeding. Dr. Veevor was more suspicious and irritating than ever. He rarely spoke to me, and was ever making petty complaints. My position was a trying one, but I knew that soon all my care and trouble would be over ; and so I was gay and merry as a young lark. One day Algernon was seated at the window ; he was feasting his eyes on the varied landscape, and was longing for the time when he and I might walk arm-in-arm under the shade of the grand old oaks. I looked down at his pale, emaciated face, and, full of loving pity, I stooped down and gave him a good honest kiss. Then I looked up suddenly, and beheld Dr. Veevor gazing at me in mute astonishment. The matron kissing one of the patients ! A sneering smile played about his thin lips for a moment ; then he turned on his heel, and departed triumphantly.

Next day Mr. Hilton came to my room. Very austere and grave was his face. His words were uttered slowly, and with unusual hesitation. I assumed a gay cheeriness, which rather perplexed him.

"Your patient seems to be almost well?" I said, with assumed carelessness.

"Yes," he muttered, and was silent.

After a pause he proceeded to lecture me.

"*À propos* of Smith—I would be very cautious and careful not to put yourself into Dr. Veevor's power. He is not a nice young man ; he is as spiteful as he is conceited, and he evidently thinks it positive impertinence for a woman to show any cleverness. I know that your heart overflows with kindness, but your very kindness may perhaps cause you to be impulsive, and ah—hem—indiscreet."

"Oh, I suppose the house-surgeon has been telling tales, has he?" I exclaimed defiantly.

"Pray, pardon me, dear Mrs. Vernon, if I have annoyed you ! I don't pay much attention to what he says. He is blinded with prejudice and envy, and is liable to exaggerate."

"In this particular instance I think he has only stated facts," I said very placidly.

"And do you really mean to say——?" he cried in a high, strident voice.

"That I was kissing your patient? Yes, I was ; that is quite true," I said unblushingly.

"Mrs. Vernon ! Mrs. Vernon ! Have I been mistaken in you ?" he said aghast. "I did not believe it to be possible that you could do such a foolish thing—to use no stronger word—and considering your present relation to me —"

"Why, what harm was there ?" I asked with affected innocence.

"Harm—harm ?" exclaimed Mr. Hilton, astonished and irritated by such a silly remark. "Is there no harm in being familiar with an hospital patient? Why, such a remark is as astounding as your action !"

"Oh ! I really don't think it any great crime to kiss a patient—when that patient happens to be one's——husband !"

"Husband ?" he gasped, breathless with amazement.

"Yes. I am glad to say that our interesting patient is Algernon Vernon, my husband."

"But I thought you were a widow ?"

"And so did I, until he came into the hospital on the last night in March."

"And why did you not tell me then ?" he asked, in grave wonderment.

"Because I hoped he might die, and then I could have married you," I said, with downcast eyes.

"But you don't seem to have that desire at present, if one may judge by acts ?" he remarked, with a wan smile.

"Ah ! a wonderful change has taken place since that night. You, my kindest friend, have wrought that change."

"Mrs. Vernon, you might as well be the Sphinx. I don't comprehend your meaning in the least," he cried, completely puzzled.

"I will tell you the story of my life, and then you will readily understand everything."

When I had finished my narrative Mr. Hilton remained silent. He seemed to be in a deep cogitation, as if each detail of my strange history had entranced him, and had almost mesmerised his mental faculties. He arose from his seat, and aimlessly paced about the room. Suddenly he turned and faced me. With a wistful voice he asked dubiously, "Do you think Mr. Vernon would object to appear before the London Clinical Society ?" Though I was somewhat piqued at such a question, I could not help laughing. I had imagined that he would pour forth a passionate rhapsody on the cruelty of fate in robbing him of one who was his ideal. But no—he appeared to have

forgotten all about our recent romance. Surgery, *his* ruling passion, conquered and obliterated his ardent affection. What was love? What was such a common, everyday thing as a wife, when compared to such a wondrously remarkable case? Every other consideration waned away into palest insignificance. My chagrin vanished in a peal of laughter, as I said :

"Well, I dare say, if I coaxed him, he would not object very much. He owes you a debt that he can never repay."

"You see," Mr. Hilton observed, "this is a supremely important case. We can scarcely overrate its significance. It shows that an injury to the brain may cause a change of temper. This has been observed in other cases which have been reported in the various medical journals. A short time ago I read of a man into whose brain a bullet found its way. He was examining a loaded revolver, and it went off. In a few months this poor fellow was as wild and uncontrollable as a maniac. Indeed, he was committed to a criminal asylum for an attempt to murder an old woman. The surgeon in charge took an interest in this case, and with much boldness and judgment, he trephined and removed the bullet. In one week the man was quite sane and rational. But my case is also psychologically suggestive. It proves that the mind resides in the cells of the brain, just as honey is lodged in the cells of the comb. It also shows that if a portion of the brain of a human being who is *in articulo mortis* be removed and applied to the brain of a living being, the latter person receives, and exhibits, the marked characteristics of the dead man. I remember reading an address delivered before the British Association by Professor Huxley. In it he tells of a somewhat similar case: Two soldiers were fighting, and they both chanced to slice off completely at the same moment the upper part of the roof of the skull, and a portion of the subjacent brain tissue. They both fell. Immediately, some thoughtful friend re-applied the detached portions to the heads of these unfortunate men. But, in the confusion, each man got the other's brain. Strange to relate they both recovered, and, stranger still, they both had exchanged dispositions and temperaments. This is almost incredible, and yet when such a great scientific authority mentions it, one can hardly doubt it. Of course, we should never be surprised at anything in this life, and yet one occasionally is a little startled. Here am I asking you to become my wife, and at the same time I am doing my utmost to thwart my intentions by giving you back a husband! Little did I know what I was about! Ah, ah! as good as a play!"

"I hope you will forgive me, Mr. Hilton," I said nervously, "I ought to have been more straightforward. But I am sure you——"

"Oh, don't mention it!" he interrupted impetuously. "This case almost compensates me for my disappointment, though it sounds most horribly ungallant to say so. Of course we can remain the best of friends—eh?"

"Always. My husband and I owe all our happiness to you, dear Mr. Hilton," I said, with tears of joyous gratitude in my eyes.

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Algernon and I soon removed to London. We took a pretty villa on the banks of the Thames. Algernon sold his estate in Barbadoes, and got a large sum for it. He was wonderfully changed. He was generous and benevolent, yet his charity was governed by shrewdness and caution. He became an ideal philanthropist, and was loved by all. Mr. Hilton frequently visited us, and was always made very welcome. The night on which he read his paper before the Clinical Society was a memorable one. It brought him the fame he so richly deserved, and rewarded him for years of patient study. His bold surgery won him the admiration and respect of his medical *confrères*, and his original and suggestive ideas concerning the relation of the mind to the brain deeply impressed all thoughtful men.

THE PROGRESS OF PANTOMIME.

WHENCE, it might well be asked, comes this absurd prejudice which, in an age remarkable for the number of its skilled theatrical historians, has relegated the annals of English Pantomime to the raw pedantic handling of the Encyclopædists? We look in vain for a precedent for such a course. France, with commendable catholicism, has not disdained to preserve the memorials of her Deburaus, and literary mandarins like Champfleury, Théophile Gautier, Jules Janin, and De Banville have not hesitated to enlist their brilliant pens in the services of this humble art. If only on account of its remarkable literary associations during the so-called Augustan age, the history of English Pantomime is worthy of being written; and if to this we add the powerful influence which its subsequent progress undoubtedly exercised on more legitimate forms of dramatic art by dint of the growing perfection of its scenical and mechanical adjuncts, this wanton neglect on the part of the noble army of theatrical writers becomes painfully conspicuous.

Although English Pantomime, as a distinct school, may be said to date from the year 1723, it is particularly noteworthy that the Italian comic types—a moiety of whom constituted the prototypes of most of our harlequinade characters—had made their appearance on our shores at least as early as the year 1673. This may be gleaned from Dryden's Oxford epilogue to "The Silent Woman," which properly belongs to that period—

"Heaven for our sins *this summer* has thought fit
To visit us with all the plagues of wit:
A French troop first swept all things in its way,
But these hot Monsieurs were too quick to stay.
Yet to our cost in that short time we find
They left their itch of novelty behind.
The Italian merryandrews took their place
And quite debauched the stage with lewd grimace.
Instead of wit and humour, your delight
Was there to see two hobby horses fight:
Stout Scaramoucha with rush lance rode in,
And ran a tilt at Centaur Arlequin."

Despite the sneers of Dryden, the low humour of the Italian drolls

met with so much popular appreciation that their naturalisation in native comedy was a matter of a very few years. In 1677 Ravenscroft produced his five-act hotch-potch, clumsily entitled "Scaramouch a Philosopher ; Harlequin a Schoolboy ; Bravo, Merchant, and Magician," at the Theatre Royal ; this was followed in 1686 by Handsome Will Mountford's "Life and Death of Dr. Faustus, with the Humours of Harlequin and Scaramouch"—the first of a long and famous series of light entertainments in which the weird Teutonic legend was grotesquely associated with the wild caperings of the harlequinade characters. A year afterwards the Italian drolls re-appeared in Mrs. Behn's capital farce of "The Emperor of the Moon" ; and in 1697 metropolitan playgoers were treated to a revival of Mountford's "Faustus."

For considerably more than a decade previous to that important epoch at which John Rich, by his formulation of an unique school of Pantomime, had contrived to frustrate the boycotting efforts of the Drury Lane triumvirate, the Italian comic *speaking* Harlequin had been a recognised feature in the burletta performances of Bartholomew Fair. Hence Pope's sarcastic allusion to his early Dunciad hero—Lewis Theobald, the Blanchard of Lincoln's Inn Fields—

Books and the man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings.

The meaning of this couplet is elaborately explained in an important footnote to which the reader may be referred. It is likewise notable that at precisely the same period the Italian types *in much greater number and variety* were to be seen daily at the fairs in Paris. Quite a new order of things, however, was instituted by Rich in his first English Pantomime¹ of "The Necromancer ; or, Harlequin Dr. Faustus" which was brought out at Lincoln's Inn Fields early in December 1723. The scheme which the eccentric patentee conceived with the sole aim of obtaining temporary respite from the worries attendant upon his competition with a well-established theatre was received with an enthusiasm which must have considerably astonished its originator. Rich's idea, primarily, was to adroitly amalgamate the scenic splendours and mythological tone of the masque (which still flickered feebly on the boards) with the school-boy antics of the harlequinade characters ; and simultaneously to attempt the revival in augmented form of the extraordinary mechanical tricks and transformations which the wily Christopher, his father, had brought out in Italian Opera at Drury Lane about the

¹ The eternally quoted *Harlequin Executed*, which was produced at the same house in 1717, was no more an English pantomime than Ravenscroft's *Scaramouch*.

years 1707-1711. But to accomplish all this perfectly he was obliged to allot this stage *canto* two separate plots—the one serious, the other comic—which were developed in alternate acts of the pantomime. Theobald's pronounced classical *penchant* was distinctly betrayed in the serious interludes, as they were called, which generally illustrated some mythological story from Ovid, and partook otherwise in their scenical features of the nature of a masque. The comic interludes set forward the humours of the harlequinade characters, and were embellished with the surprising trick changes already referred to. In order to give an air of rationality to these "sudden transformations of palaces and temples to huts and cottages ; of men and women into wheel-barrows and joint stools ; of trees turned to houses ; colonnades to beds of tulips ; and mechanics' shops into serpents and ostriches," Rich deemed it prudent to curb Harlequin's wonted flippancy of tongue, to change his cudgel into a magic wand, and to render his unmeaning mask a symbol of invisibility. It was from these radical alterations in the temperament of Harlequin that English Pantomime sprang. It must be remembered, however, that this general scheme was varied on rare occasions by the construction of entertainments in which no mythological feature obtruded itself. Some popular legend, or series of lively incidents like that of Dr. Faustus or Jack Sheppard, would form the basis of a meagre plot which was solely and entirely developed by the harlequinade characters. We are also informed by a contemporary that "every action was executed to different agreeable music so properly adapted that it properly expresses what is going forward ; in the machinery there is something so highly surprising that words cannot give a full idea of it." For fully half a century the musical portion of the pantomimes produced was as carefully written as if the entertainment had been one of much loftier pretensions ; indeed, it was not until the close of Garrick's career that the practice of selecting the airs introduced, instead of composing them, came into general vogue. But, after all, the most praiseworthy features of the Rich pantomime—Brevity and Conciseness—arose from the circumstance that entertainments of this nature were invariably produced as afterpieces or "crutches to the play," as Colley Cibber has it.

A well-defined analogy might be said to exist between the masked and spangled harlequin of the modern stage and Sir John Cutler's famous stockings ; inasmuch as the amount of darning which the character has received from time to time to meet the exigencies of period and place has well-nigh obliterated all trace of the original texture. The Arlecchino of Italian extemporal comedy was merely

a half-witted Bergamese clown, who was arrayed in tattered and clumsily patched garments, and wore a short black beard and an unsightly mask of the same sombre hue. His jacket was made with wide side-pockets, and, like a soldier's tunic, came below a tightly-drawn leathern girdle, through which was generally thrust a handy cudgel. Append a pair of tight-fitting trousers, terminating in gaiters and slippers, and you complete the picture. Travel, however, brought about an extraordinary metamorphosis both in dress and character. In the hands of our lively Gallic neighbours harlequin was speedily transformed into a wit and a philosopher; his conversation became at once delicately humorous and voluble, and his bearing the very acme of theatrical grace. It is to the great Joseph Dominique Biancolelli—who came to Paris at the instigation of Cardinal Mazarin, about the year 1657—that the introduction of a finer costume, on to which diamond-shaped patches of carefully selected colours were superimposed with geometrical precision, is generally attributed. Allied to this the French harlequin decided to wear his trousers loose, and he indulged in the luxury of a clean shave! In Rich's hands the travelled harlequin was bereft of speech, and endowed with certain magical powers; but the old Adam was still sufficiently strong to render him a fitting companion for the intensely worldly Columbine of the period. It must be remarked, however, that the late Dr. Doran's statement¹ in regard to Rich, that "he brought in the *tight-spangled* dress long before Byrne's time, to whom the introduction is sometimes assigned," is purely fallacious. This painstaking historian did not think it necessary to give his reason for running counter to an opinion which was first expressed—and that in the most explicit terms—in "The Memoirs of Grimaldi." Surely the statement of the famous clown (whose knowledge of everything directly associated with his profession was both extensive and profound) merited a somewhat graver consideration than mere dogmatic repudiation. Grimaldi tells us that harlequin, previous to the Drury Lane production of "Harlequin Amulet" (1799), was invariably habited in the loose jacket and trousers of the Watteau pictures, and that his actions were governed by a stern law, whereby it was ordained that he should perpetually keep attitudinising in five positions—never resting without posing in one of the series. This posturing system was not the work of John Rich, but was introduced by his apt pupil, Harry Woodward. O'Keefe, the author of "Wild Oats," informs us that the inimitable personator of Bobadil and The Copper Captain was distinctively known as "the *attitude* harlequin."

¹ Vide *A Dance after Harlequin*. Temple Bar, January 1875, p. 213.

Grimaldi clearly sets forward that James Byrne, the ballet-master, reformed all this ; that he contrived new attitudes and jumps, and changed the dress to a neat-fitting white silk shape, into which the parti-coloured patches were deftly woven, and then lavishly besprinkled with spangles. The innovation at once met with popular acceptance, and harlequin arose forthwith to the maturity of his years and extremity of his development.

The unprecedented success of Rich's "Necromancer" compelled the Drury Lane triumvirate to fight their wily rival with his own weapons. The services of three dancing masters—John Thurmond, Richard Weaver, and Monsieur Roger—were brought into requisition in the composition of pantomimes for Messrs. Wilkes, Booth, & Cibber ; and then followed a brisk contention between the two patent houses, in the course of which these managerial vagaries were effectively satirised by Hogarth, Pope, and others of equal celebrity. Absurd as this contest may have appeared at the moment, it served the ulterior purpose of establishing Pantomime on the boards as a separate species of entertainment. Rich maintained his supremacy in the double capacity of pantomime producer and harlequin almost down to the day of his death in 1761 ; and Covent Garden saw the revival from time to time, with great splendour and success, of many of Theobald's earliest "Entertainments." But with the whimsical Mr. Lun's departure from the mimic scene the Drury Lane pantomimes at once came into greater vogue. The age was essentially a pre-limelight one ; and yet, with the enrolment under Garrick's banner, about the year 1771, of De Louthembourg, the celebrated Flemish battle-painter, as scenic artist, came a great spectacular impetus which aroused the honest ire of Gainsborough and caused him to expostulate in no mild terms with "little Davy." As a natural consequence Spectacle, pure and simple, soon reared its horns above the stage. It is on record that the scenery alone of "The Maid of the Oaks" (November 1774) cost upwards of fifteen hundred pounds—a large sum in those days. It is obvious that any entertainment like Pantomime, which readily lent itself to lavish adornment, could not for long resist the terrific force of this spectacular "wave." Thus we find the Drury Lane holiday attraction of 1778—"The Wonders of Derbyshire ; or, Harlequin in the Peak"—presenting some remarkably fine Midland scenery from the facile brush of Louthembourg. Nor was Covent Garden suffered to escape from the effects of the epidemic. Speaking of "Harlequin Freemason," which was produced there in December 1780, *The London Magazine* says, *inter alia*, "The first scene exhibits a mason's yard,

bounded with a view of a wide river, the opposite bank of which presents a rich rural landscape ; the whole forming one of the most beautiful, correct, and finished stage pictures ever exhibited in a theatre ; a picture which will bear the closest examination of the eye of the connoisseur through the best opera-glass that ever was made by Dollond." A procession was also introduced "wherein, by a regular succession of all the principal Grand Masters from Enoch to the present time, the antiquity, advancement, and dignity of masonry are illustrated in a pleasing and instructive manner. . . . The magnificence and splendour of the procession exceeds all description. This is the most superb spectacle that has been exhibited for many years, and draws an immense concourse of people every night, part of whom are necessarily disappointed, the house filling almost as soon as the doors are opened."

At this particular juncture Columbine the pert was invariably expected to exhibit the possession of considerable vocal and histrionic powers, and the senile Pantaloon was a much more important individual than his modern crony the Clown, whose position, sooth to say, was very insignificant. The trick changes had not yet assumed a political or socially satirical tinge ; but, as a general rule, they were contrived with much cleverness, and, what is better, were in complete accord with the natural incidents of the piece. It is notable, however, that the elder Colman's pantomimic extravaganza, "The Genius of Nonsense," which was brought out at the Haymarket in September 1780, contained an extraordinary scene, in which the interior of the notorious Dr. Graham's "Temple of Health," in the Adelphi, was sarcastically reproduced with remarkable faithfulness to the original. Indeed, the witty George seems to have clearly foreseen the precise complexion to which things pantomimic were to come at last. Some five-and-twenty years previously he contributed a paper to the 47th number of the *Connoisseur*, in which he strongly advised all writers of pantomime to abandon the heathen gods and goddesses and to draw their inspiration from the Fairy Tales. He must have viewed with great satisfaction the movement which was set on foot about the year 1776 to render Pantomime entirely homogeneous, and which finally culminated in the almost complete abandonment of the ancient mythology.

The production at Drury Lane, on Monday, January 29, 1781, of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's *four-act* (!) pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe"—the first stage treatment of De Foe's immortal narrative—marks an important transitional epoch in the history of the "Entertainment." Hitherto the serious and comic incidents had been kept separate, and were developed in alternate acts of the pantomime ;

but in this particular case clown, pantaloon, harlequin, and columbine were associated in a minor way with a faithful treatment of the story. The first two acts fairly exhausted the stirring adventures of the shipwrecked mariner, and the concluding couple, which were laid in Spain, were almost entirely taken up with the usual rallies and metamorphoses of harlequinade. Little or no attempt was made to resent Sheridan's innovation ; and the "patent of pre-eminence," which Joseph Grimaldi subsequently conferred upon our friend the clown, brought the comic scenes into clearer focus, augmented their number, and finally endowed the trick changes with that satirical prerogative which was afterwards more properly assumed by Mr. Punch.

The pronounced success of Colman's dramatic romance of "Blue-beard," at Drury Lane, in December 1798, gave renewed vigour to the drawing powers of Spectacle, and induced the management to produce similar entertainments for some years, during the holiday period, in lieu of the time-honoured harlequinade. Covent Garden still plodded on in the old beaten track, and with such marked and unvarying success that the rival house was at last reluctantly compelled to abandon its new departure. Then after the lapse of a few seasons, in the course of which spectacular pieces were mounted at irregular periods, the patent houses, as if by common consent, began to resort to the regular practice of producing costly Easter afterpieces, in which some well-known fairy romance formed a theme for reverential exposition. Thus after "Douglas," at Covent Garden, during Easter 1813, was brought out Farley's "Aladdin; or, the Wonderful Lamp," with Mrs. C. Kemble in the title rôle, the author as the magician, and Grimaldi as his dumb slave Kasrac. It is to the then prevailing habit of allotting the principal male character in these spectacular pieces to an actress that we owe the ridiculously effeminate heroes of modern pantomime.

Speaking pantomimes—how paradoxical seems the phrase!—were known on the stage from a very early period. For instance, the erection of the Shakespeare monument in 1741 evoked the production at Goodman's Fields of "Harlequin Student; or, The Fall of Pantomime," in which Yates impersonated the glib-tongued batwielder, and was deposed on one memorable occasion by Garrick—then little better than a débutant. In 1777 Mrs. Behn's "Emperor of the Moon," considerably modified and emended, was revived at the Patagonian Theatre as a "dialogue pantomime," and so early as the year 1818 Planché had written a "speaking opening" entitled "Rodolph the Wolf, or Columbine Red Riding Hood," for the

Olympic. But "Harlequin Pat and Harlequin Bat," the Covent Garden attraction of Christmas 1830 (sarcastically spoken of by Leigh Hunt as "a contradiction in terms," and "a little too Irish"), is rightly considered the first of that long series of speaking pantomimes which have since held the stage.

The many sudden mutations which Pantomime has undergone from time to time, irresistibly calls to mind the sage remark of worthy Captain Ironsides. "Everything," he says, "whips, and chops, and changes about like mad in this country; and the people, I think, are as full of vagaries as the climate." The growing popularity of the Planché extravaganza brought about the greater number of these radical alterations, and of itself—although partially aided about the year 1837 by the corrupting influence of the Parisian *folle féerie*—swiftly contrived to annihilate the simple taste which had hitherto obtained at the patent theatres for a thoroughly sober treatment of fairy-lore. Poetry was stultified by burlesque and youthful playgoers tutored in a curriculum which preached dire destruction to the innocent illusions of romance. When Grimaldi was gathered to his fathers in 1837 he left behind him only one fit representative of the old-time, irresistible, filching scaramouch—his favourite pupil, Tom Matthews. Consequently the nauseous tumbling and acrobatic clown of the Brown, King, and Gibson stamp soon superseded the miming comedian, and the harlequinade then began, as a matter of course, to lose its hold of the public. A writer in Cruikshank's Comic Almanack for 1846 significantly remarks that "The progress of burlesques at the various theatres has done much to injure pantomimes; and it is feared the race of clowns will become extinct; unless, in these days of educational enlightenment, some means are taken to train up fresh ones as the old ones drop off." In short, the absolute dearth of good pantomimists, coupled with the dominating influence of extravaganza, brought about the immediate expansion of the prelude or "opening"—already grown somewhat pretentious under the guiding hands of such masters of the scenic art as Roberts, Clarkson Stanfield, and the Brothers Grieve.

Come we now to a consideration of that terrible managerial Frankenstein, the modern "Transformation Scene." The term nowadays is virtually a misnomer; and if we examine it from a technical standpoint, it will be discovered to have two widely different meanings. In his "Recollections," Planché tells us of the Grimaldi pantomime, that "a pretty story—a nursery tale—dramatically told, in which the course of true love never did

run smooth, formed the opening ; the characters being a cross-grained old father, with a pretty daughter who had two suitors ; one a poor young fellow, whom she preferred ; the other, a wealthy fop, whose pretensions were of course favoured by the father. There was also a bad servant of some sort in the old man's establishment. At the moment when the young lady was about to be forcibly married to the fop she despised, or on the point of eloping with the youth of her choice, the good fairy made her appearance, and changing the refractory pair into Harlequin and Columbine, the old curmudgeon into Pantaloon, and the bad servant into Clown, the two latter, in company with the rejected lover, as he was called, commenced the pursuit of the happy pair, and the comic business consisted of a dozen or more cleverly-constructed scenes, in which all the tricks and changes had a meaning, and were introduced as contrivances to favour the escape of Harlequin and Columbine, when too-closely pursued by enemies."

From this it would appear that the lines of the Grimaldian prelude were as strictly defined as those of the harlequinade—both admitting, however, of perpetual kaleidoscopic variation in the way of treatment. The good fairy's intervention at the critical moment referred to was a clumsy and somewhat arbitrary expedient ; but this much must be said for it :—that it possessed the extreme merit of welding together the two portions of the pantomime in such a manner as to render them tolerably harmonious. The early " Transformation Scene " had nought of spectacular importance, and in reality derived its designation from the circumstance that in it the transmutation of the characters took place in full view of the audience. It was in 1849 that an unprecedented hit, made by a novel effect introduced by Mr. William Beverley into Planché's Lyceum extravaganza of " The Island of Jewels "—whereby the gradual drooping of the leaves of a gigantic palm-tree disclosed a group of fairies supporting a large jewelled coronet—evoked attempts at surprises of a similar nature from other managers. Indeed the germ rapidly became a theatrical white elephant, and developed finally into a stage effect of rare mechanical and scenic excellence, at first vague and undefined, but which, gradually unfolding, exhibited to view all the dazzling beauties of a child's Utopia. The elaborate nature of this scene when transferred to pantomime at once severed the slight link which had previously connected the prelude with the comic scenes ; and hence an improper application of the term Transformation to the scene itself.

It is not too much to say that those who have attributed to Mr.

Beverley the invention of these curious effects, have merely contrived to deck the great professor of the mysteries of the "double-tie" brush in borrowed plumes. Without reverting to the masques of James I., it will suffice now to point out that the final scene in the pantomimes of the transition period between the death of Rich and the rise of Joe Grimaldi, had all the features of a primitive Transformation. In reviewing the Drury Lane production of "Harlequin's Jacket," the *London Magazine* of February 1775 says: "The two last new scenes were much admired; . . . the other, that of the temple of Hymen, illuminated with lamps of various colours, the pillars of which moving vertically, and cupids flying round the top of the domes horizontally, had a pleasing effect." It is quite probable indeed that, had De Loutherbourg received the powerful assistance of gas and lime-light, it would never have fallen to Mr. Beverley's lot to accentuate the spectacular side of English pantomime. As it was, however, ostensible improvements came and went with such remarkable celerity that playgoers acquired an unhealthy thirst for novelty, and soon grew weary of the cloying sweetness and conventionalism of the new "Transformation Scene." Pantomime no longer remained the humble "crutch to the play;" so vast were its pretensions that by the year 1855 it had adroitly contrived to eliminate the usually preceding tragedy of "George Barnwell" or "Jane Shore" from the bill of the evening. Old landmarks were fast disappearing, and the utter futility of any attempt at honourable retrogression was amply shown by the reception given to Dion Boucicault's "Ideal Pastoral Pantomime," of the "Mother Goose" type, entitled "Lady Bird, or Harlequin Lord Dundreary," produced at the Theatre Royal, Westminster (otherwise Astley's), in December 1862, and represented almost entirely in dumb show. This hazardous experiment evoked abundant enthusiasm from critics with long memories, but the public unfortunately did not enter into the spirit of their gratifications. Truly *autres temps, autres mœurs*.

After illustrating an immense variety of fables—from ancient mythology down to modern romance—Pantomime suddenly and unaccountably restricted herself to the exposition of a select few, of which Robinson Crusoe, Blue Beard, Cinderella, and Dick Whittington were most in demand. In course of time a rapid increase in the number of metropolitan theatres completely exhausted this slender store; upon which, rather than render arable the vast fields of uncultured romance lying waste at their hands, writers of pantomime betook themselves to the silly practice of blending two or more poor consumptive stories in the one "book"—thus irrevocably marring

for the rising generation the intrinsic beauty of many a cherished fable. But alas ! little reverence exists nowadays for the implicit faith which childhood was once wont to place in the thorough genuineness of fairy lore. Science has dethroned Oberon and his queen, and Gradgrindism drags them through the mire. Might we not ask, in the pleading words of the gentle Elia, "Why must everything smack of man and mannish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Or is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and the best some of the child's heart left to respond to its earliest enchantments?"

Thirty years ago the actor or actress who, upon demand, could have stumbled decently through the steps of a simple hornpipe, or given due effect to the words of a patter song, was indeed a *rara avis*; and yet the amount of genuine burlesque talent then in existence was undoubtedly in excess of that we now enjoy. By the year 1858, however, the Planché-cum-Talfourd extravaganza had paled its, not altogether, ineffectual fire; and Pantomime, sadly debilitated by numerous spectacular excesses, was itself in pressing need of a drastic course of treatment. Precisely at this crucial period the Offenbachian productions of "Orphée aux Enfers" and "La Belle Hélène," which were drawing *tout Paris* to the Bouffes Parisiens, suggested a ready means whereby the exhausted energies of burlesque might be recruited. The appropriation of Gallic ideas stopped short, however, with Marie Wilton's emulation of the Schneider "breakdown," as the vulgar strains of the music-halls were substituted at secondhand for the light but musicianly airs of opera bouffe. With Burlesque and Pantomime leading a somewhat Siamese twin-like existence, what wonder that our Christmas entertainments became infected with the "song and dance" mania; or that in the course of time the portals of the stage were thrown widely open to the music-hall performer, whose self-sufficient and wholly un-theatrical bearing formed the last straw that broke the pantomimic camel's back. Sentiment, delicacy, artistic harmony—all were annihilated at one fell swoop. Had it not been for that sneaking regard which the genus Briton still cherishes for all old institutions, this horrible apology for true Pantomime would have been at once swept ruthlessly off the boards.

When the talented Hanlon Lees contrived, by their inimitable miming at the Gaiety, in March 1880, to revive many rare old memories within the minds of septuagenarian playgoers, it was reasonably considered that the extraordinary success of the old trick Pantomime in a new guise would act as a powerful stimulant on

contemporary performers in harlequinade. Unfortunately, the crass stupidity of these puerile gentry merely suggested to them the advisability of reproducing, in a very slipshod manner, the most notable *bonne bouche* of the Hanlons ; so that this temporary resuscitation of past glories had only the effect of making all grades of playgoers farther disgusted with the absurd and meaningless antics of the modern clown and pantaloon. Why not look facts in the face and acknowledge frankly that the genuine Christmas pantomime, as founded by Rich and Grimaldi, has no longer an abiding place on English soil ?

What Planché wrote forty years ago has renewed significance now :

“ Poor Arlecchino took a prance
To merry England, *viâ* France ;
Came just in Christmas pudding time,
And welcomed was by Pantomime.
But Pantomime’s best days are fled ;
Grimaldi, Barnes, Bologna—dead,
And harlequins have ceased to draw,
The town says, ‘ *Je vous n’entends pas.* ’ ”

W. J. LAWRENCE.

DREDGING IN A DREADNOUGHT.

WE needed dreadnoughts, my friend and I, and flannels in plenty, and waterproofs from head to foot ; for the wind blew a biting blast from the north-east, and scudding rain-clouds swept over the pine-woods and out to sea on the day when we went a-dredging. Our city-pampered frames shivered inside their swathings as we clambered out of the punt into the fishing-craft. As for the huge red-bearded fisherman who owned the boat, there stood he in the bow-sheets, clad in nothing more protective that we could see than boots from toes to hips, a blue jersey, its lower edge rolled into a thick ruck about his middle, and a head-thatch which defies description. His son, who punted us through the shallow intricacies of Poole harbour, has far too much Dorset pluck to lag behind his father in daring, or to advance beyond him "from a thread to a shoe-latchet," in fashion of dressing. From four o'clock in the afternoon until four in the morning this pair of typical fishing-tars had been out, trawling from Christchurch Head to Durdle Dor for whatever the sea-harvest might yield. Their boat, when we went on board, was sprinkled from bow to stern with bits of red seaweed and sprays of zoophytes. Here and there lay little fluted escalops, red and mottled, adorned with tiny white serpula tunnels, with open mouths showing double rows of glittering eyes. Rough-skinned dog-fish littered the floor of the boat, their foxy eyes glazed in death and their vicious jaws gaping wide. An oyster-dredge—alas ! nowadays useless in these waters for its true purpose—and a trawl, with a cunningly devised chain edge, encased in rope, for fitting into the rippings and ridges of the sea-bottom, were our only implements. A basketful of wide-mouthed bottles for storage of specimens, a white enamelled iron dish, zinc buckets, and a leathern bag filled with provender by a kindly hostess for the solacing of the inner man completed our equipment.

In half an hour, thanks to the roaring spirit who dwells at "the back of the north wind," we cross the harbour-bar and are well on our way to the happy dredging-grounds from whence, by help of this same boat, many a hamperful of "rubbish and curios," as our red-

bearded friend calls them, has been sent in bygone days to the British Museum and the Zoological Gardens. "Jack, down with the jib, and reef up the mainsail ! Look alive there ! And you, gents, look out ! We shall have it directly." And so we did ; more of it than we bargained for, but not more than our boat and its owner knew how to deal with. It drove at us—wind and rain in equal proportions—as though it would rend our oilskins to shreds. How the boat shuddered as the green white-crested waves smote her bows ! What baptisms of spray rushed up into the reefed mainsail and down upon our cowering forms when the bowsprit ducked into the oily front of an advancing wave ! Up aloft, angry clouds careered across the sky like black-cloaked squadrons of heavy cavalry ; while away to the south and west, through the half-blinding downpour, we could discern countless lines of ghostly "white horses," vanishing, to reappear more and mightier than ever. But it was soon over, as wild and sudden outbursts both in nature and in human life usually are. After storm came a calm, with sunshine from a blue and cirrus sky, with breeze just sufficient to drag the heavy trawl, and a sea fair as a maiden's merry face.

"Old Harry" white and weather-worn ! And Harry's "wife" and family, with wild sea-birds wheeling around their snowy heads, and snowier surf fringing and frilling their feet. Behind, the curved bays and half-caves of the Dorset chalk-cliffs ; above and beyond, the rolling downs between Studland and Swanage bays ; seawards, the ever-changing glory of sunlit wind-swept waters, with distant ships and the Wight chalk-hills in dim outline, underneath which, as everybody knows, Mrs. "Old Harry" has left her "Needles." Even on a winter's day, when duty rather than choice has driven us forth, it is pleasant to go a-sailing and a-dredging along the lovely Dorset coast—at least so think we.

Have you ever watched the pulling in and emptying out of a trawl-net, after a sweep of a mile or two over such a sea-bottom as lies two miles due south of "Old Harry" ? A few plaice, a fat sole, a young ray, a monk (capital nourishment for the roots of a vine, as Mount's Bay fishermen will testify), and a single oyster are all that our captain and his son set store by. The rest to them, ordinarily, are worthless rubbish. To-day, however, they enter with priceless intelligence into the spirit of the quest, and for the nonce are naturalists rather than fishermen. Crabs, if only they were of another sort, here are enough to feed a score of hungry boys. Spider, Dorset, fiddler, hermit, and others with names as hideous as themselves ; crabs of high and low degree, sprawling, sidling, sulking in endless variety of comicality, carrying radiant gardens of seaweeds and

zoophytes, or crowded with curious messmates ; prawns also and mussels ; pipe-, devil-, stinging-, cat-, and dog-fish. What a medley of shape and colour and curious physiological variety ! Sea-urchins, great and round like terrified hedgehogs, with spines of delicate pale green hue tipped with purple, and long crystalline sucker-feet. Star-fish, huge red twelve-rayed fellows ; and " five-fingers " fat with the spoils of many a mollusc, who turn up their eye-spots at the tips of their fingers imploringly ; and brittle-stars that shoot their lissome arms at a touch, until nothing is left but a heap of brilliant ruins ; and, rarest prize of all, an elegant red feather-star. A cuttle-fish, with glorious eyes, and long retractile sucker-arms studded with cups and balls, and skin fair as a lily yet radiant with opalescent light. What a sight when he falls, pulsating with life and beautiful with iridescent colours, into a bucket of clear water until, in a moment, he darkens counsel, like many another ink-waster, with a cloud of Egyptian mystery ! A sea-hare, of a dull brick-red colour, with a whole bunch of fringed tentacles hidden in a bowl on his back ; and anemones, parasitical on hermit-crabs, of a form which mimics and rivals the fairest chrysanthemum ; sponges, in many forms ; a fragment of *Lepralia* ; and a veritable British coral ; besides weeds and worms and whelks, zoophytes and barnacles,—a glorious confusion of zoology, sufficient to glut the soul of Huxley himself, if only he would come and do his duty by the poor oysters and by the poorer Poole fisher-folk.

Away go gloves and waterproofs, out come bottles and buckets. A dozen extemporised aquaria stand in rows around the rim of the boat, each one teeming with life. What queer capers the creatures cut ! How we laugh at their oddities and speculate about their relationships to one another, and to all the world of life far away below ! But enough, or science may kill the joy, which is the only thing we care about just now.

To-day more than ever before,

Men must work and women must weep.

There is sorrow on the sea : it cannot be quiet.

Overflowing the land there is an ever-rushing tide of life. Rival duties ring the bells in our church towers or sound the trumpets of our warfare. Human life in its highest and lowest tears at our heart-strings or thunders at our brain. Think ! Act ! Sacrifice ! No man can be quiet. No faculty of our complex nature is left unsolicited. On and on we go, from day to day, at an ever-accelerating pace. Never were they more needed, and never were they more

plentifully provided—recreative caravanserais for tired toilers and warring pilgrims. But for moor, and wood, and shore: but for line and gun, horse and boat, how many would fail to live out half their days? Let us be thankful for new and better *hobbies* springing into fashion in ever-increasing variety. And of these, none surely is sweeter, purer, healthier, than “dredging,” even “in a dreadnought.”

N. CURNOCK.

FINANCIAL FRAUDS.

HALF a century hence, when any writer wants to give a true account of the times in which we live, he will experience no small amount of difficulty in making his readers believe the number and the extent of the social contradictions and anomalies which now exist, and are accepted as a matter of course amongst us. Of these, the rules and laws, written and unwritten, that have reference to all kinds of gambling, as well as to the crime of obtaining, or endeavouring to obtain, money on false pretences, will certainly be considered as by far the most extraordinary. Persons who have lived in London during the last twenty or thirty years have by degrees become so accustomed to things as they are that, save in very exceptional instances, unless their attention is specially drawn to passing events, they fail to observe how utterly impossible it is, in numerous instances, not to condemn many things which, under a different name, are regarded as perfectly allowable. To foreigners who study our English habits and customs, nothing is more utterly incomprehensible than the contradictory laws as to what may and what may not be done amongst us in financial and speculative matters. "There is no nation nor people in the world that I respect more than I do your country and your countrymen," said the late M. Thiers to the present writer, "but," he continued, "truth compels me to say that you are the most contradictory people (*le peuple le plus contradictoire*) in the world. In many instances you condemn and punish very severely that which, under another name, you allow and seemingly approve of. It is true that such events as are now passing in France¹ could never happen in England, and it is certain that your Government will not permit gambling to be carried on under legal sanction. But have you not, for many years, allowed persons to be ruined by swindlers (*par des escrocs*) who delude the unsuspecting into taking shares in so-called companies, of which the different prospectuses and the promises held out are nothing

¹ This conversation took place at Versailles in 1871, when Paris was in the hands of the Commune, and a strong party in France was in favour of raising money by means of State lotteries.

more nor less than unmitigated falsehoods" (*des mensonges purs et simples*).

That the eminent French statesman was right in what he said few, if any, observant readers of London newspapers will deny. It is at present, as it has been for the last twenty years or more, almost impossible to look over the advertising columns of our leading journals without noticing the extraordinary number of new financial schemes which are inserted every week, nay, it might almost be said every day, with the almost avowed intention of informing all those who have any funds at command how they may increase their present income to almost any amount by investing in these schemes. But it is only those who take an interest in the subject that do, or can, know the immense number of these proposed short cuts to fortune which are put before our credulous and confiding public. Thus, during the month of October in the present year, from the 4th to the 30th of that month, there were registered in London no fewer than one hundred and thirteen perfectly new concerns of the kind, the total capital of which, submitted for subscription to a credulous public, amounted to no less than close upon *sixteen million pounds sterling*.¹ Of these, as of all other speculations in joint-stock shares, it need hardly be said that there are companies and companies. No doubt but what some few, such as Guinness's brewery—it is to be feared that they are exceedingly few in number—of the undertakings put before the public are perfectly legitimate, and have a fair chance of success in the future. But of these hundred and thirteen undertakings—put forth, be it remembered, at a season when there is little or no real business doing in the City—how many are there in which a regular man of business, who is possessed of the ordinary amount of practical common sense, would invest a five-pound note of his own, his children's, or his friends' money? Or how many men are there who would invest, even by way of a personal speculation, a shilling of funds they could call their own, or for which they are the trustees? It is true that, of the joint-stock companies registered in London, a few are what may be, and often are, called working concerns. Thus when two, three, or more partners who own a business which can be shown by their books to be prosperous, want to increase their capital and means of pushing the affair, they not unfrequently convert what has hitherto been a private firm into a joint-stock company. If the antecedents of the concern are fairly good such a speculation has rarely any difficulty in obtaining the increased capital required. The reasons are obvious. The profits and losses of the firm can be seen in a moment by any one, and with very little trouble

¹ See *Investor's Guardian* of October 16, 23, and 30, 1886.

any man of business can realise how the firm stands as regards its financial affairs. Another reason why such speculations when once fairly floated generally succeed is that those who take shares in them are chiefly persons who understand the peculiar line of business for which any company of the kind is got together. Thus, if a publishing firm is turned into a joint-stock company, there will not, in all probability, be found a builder or a coachmaker who has a seat on the Board. Nor do those who promote such concerns care to have men with titles but no other qualifications as directors. These speculations, however, are not of the kind that gladden the hearts of Company Promoters, or, as they are now called, Financial Agents; it is not by means of such companies that the City swindler and his followers make their fortunes.

It may be thought that although the number, as given above, of the joint-stock companies floated during the month of October in the present year is very large, it is for some reason or other exceptionally so. This is not by any means the case. The total capital of new joint-stock companies brought out in the year 1882 amounted to no less than two hundred and fifty millions sterling. In the following year, 1883, it amounted to one hundred and fifty-seven millions; and in 1884, to one hundred and thirty-eight millions sterling.¹ Let us, for the sake of argument, assume that of these concerns not more than one in every three or four is what may be in plain English called a deliberate swindle; and that not more than a like proportion of the asked-for capital can be placed in the same category. Yet even with these proportions—which, as every City man knows, are far below the true average—it will not require any very great amount of calculation to show what sums of money must be every year taken out of the pockets of honest fools by clever scoundrels. How this is done, those who have investigated the subject know only too well. Would-be—or what may be termed amateur—men of business take it into their heads that they cannot do better than increase their (perhaps comparatively slender) means by investing in some new concern of which they have read the prospectus, and which promises them, say from fifteen or sixteen to any fabulous sum that may be mentioned per cent. on their money, for which they are now getting four or five. They see—and with genuine middle-class Englishmen this goes a long way—the names on the Board of Directors of a lord or a baronet, an M.P. and a couple of generals, and this is for them more than sufficient guarantee for the affair. They know little, and perhaps care less, how these names have been obtained, or what are the

¹ See the *Investor's Guardian* and the *Financial News* of these years,

pecuniary means or the knowledge of business to which their owners can lay claim.

Persons who are behind the scenes could vouch for the fact that from January to December there rarely passes a week in which one or more cases of financial swindling do not take place under the name of joint-stock company investments or speculations, by which individuals are ruined. And it must be remembered that it is not as a rule the wealthy who are most to be pitied, when cajoled by financial schemers to take shares in these concerns. The heaviest sufferers are generally men who have pensions which they have earned in India or in some other public employment ; and who after years of careful labour and saving are led to think they have discovered what will, in a very short time, make them wealthy, and increase tenfold their means and the incomes they have at command.

To revert for a moment to this inconsistency of our social laws, what would be said—or rather, what would not be said—of an avowed gambling establishment which advertised in every possible manner the advantages to be gained by those who would frequent the tables, and who would play at certain games where great gain was almost certain and losses of any magnitude almost if not utterly impossible? The question may be called useless, for no such establishment would be permitted to exist for a single week. And yet, as every one who has inquired into the matter knows perfectly well, how much more general is the ruin which has of late years spread and still is daily spreading amongst well-to-do middle-class people through these financial swindles than ever was the case forty or fifty years ago, when gambling establishments were regarded as forming a part of the necessary, the inevitable, evils of life! In ninety-nine out of every hundred cases, where a man makes up his mind to gamble, he either belongs to what may be called the reckless portion of society, or he has at his command more money than he knows what to do with ; and having tried and exhausted every other source of amusement or dissipation, he takes to play as a means of providing himself with a new excitement, which has the recommendation of being an occupation that will always give him enough to think about.

The following account of how a certain joint-stock company was floated not very long ago the present writer can vouch for as being strictly true. For various and obvious reasons, the names of individuals concerned are not given.

A certain promoter of companies, or financial agent, determined to bring out what he was pleased to term “a really good thing,” and in due time this prospectus of the affair appeared in all the leading

newspapers in London. The speculation was a gold mine, situated in a far-off district of a foreign land in another continent. The capital, wherewith the concern was to be purchased and worked, amounted to a quarter of a million sterling, in shares of £1 each, of which only five shillings were to be paid when the shares were applied for, a like amount when they were allotted, and the balance of ten shillings in two instalments of five shillings each, at intervals of six months between each payment. The purchase-money of these mines was put down at £50,000, of which half was to be paid in cash, and half in fully paid-up shares. The Board of Directors was seemingly most respectable. The chairman was a noble lord, against whom there had never been even a whisper of anything wrong, and who was only known to certain of his friends to suffer from a chronic state of impecuniosity. Following his lordship's name were those of a baronet, and then came an M.P., two retired Anglo-Indian officers—a colonel and a major-general,—a retired Indian civil servant, and a gentleman who some twenty-five years ago had been a partner of a mercantile firm in Calcutta. In a word, although some persons of this class who are always finding fault might have asked what knowledge of gold mines in the far West any member of the Board could boast of, still the list as it appeared in print was respectable, and carried no small weight with it in the eyes of that portion of the general public which is given to invest money in such undertakings. The shares were applied for nearly twice over in very few days. The five shillings for each share applied for was duly paid. The allotment then took place, and another five shillings per share was paid. These two payments put at once the respectable sum of £125,000 at the disposal of the Board, out of which the directors, according to the terms of the bargain with the vendor of the mines, paid the fortunate individual the sum of £25,000 in cash, and the same amount in fully paid-up shares, as stipulated in the agreement. Not that the said paid-up shares were looked upon as worth much, at any rate by the vendor of the mines ; for no sooner did he pocket the £25,000 in cash than he disappeared under pretence of going to visit the mines, and was never again heard of in England. In the mean time occasional reports, short but very much to the point, and giving great hopes that the profits from the mine would, so soon as proper machinery could be provided, amount to, if not exceed, double what had been paid for them, were current. But very shortly a reverse came, and the mines were found to be worth little or nothing. The concern was ordered to be wound up. The company being limited, the shareholders had not to pay more than the full price of

the shares which were registered in their respective names. But, in many instances, even this fell hard upon those who had thus to pay for their belief in the truth of joint-stock company undertakings. Each one of them was called upon to pay up the balance owing on the shares which stood in his name, the said balance being ten shillings per share. Not a few of those who were obliged to pay this sum found it impossible ; their lives were ruined in trying to do so, and they had to take refuge in the Bankruptcy Court. The only two persons who were gainers by the affair were the vendor of the mine and the financial agent who had floated the company. The former, as before stated, pocketed £25,000, the title having cost him a little over £100. It was country cousins, to say nothing of a vast number of middle-class Londoners, who were the sufferers and who were ruined.

The average, or usual, Director of such concerns is generally a very curious person ; his title is worth more than he is paid in inducing people to take shares. Of real business he perhaps knows as much as he does of shipbuilding, or even leas. He is not conceited ; when any difficulty arises in the money or other affairs of the concern, he is quite willing to be guided by the manager or the secretary, and to follow the other directors. Compared with the risk and anxiety of the financial agent, these gentlemen have no easy time of it. The profit they can hope to make is small, but £200 or even £150 is not to be despised ; and large as is the demand for names sufficiently high-sounding to look well on the prospectus of a company, the supply of the article is by no means limited. And it does not follow that our nobleman or gentleman director must confine himself to one company. On the contrary, the fact of being on the Board of a railway or tramcar company is, in itself, a good qualification for a similar appointment with a joint-stock bank in South America, or a gold-mining company in the Himalaya Mountains ; and the more Boards he is on, the greater request he is in.

The financial agent or promoter of the company has a much harder and more anxious time of it. It is true that he looks for much larger profits than the gentlemen who join the Board, but his work and care are proportionately great. He does not risk capital, for the good reason that he rarely has any to risk. By regular City business men the promoter is, to use a mild word, avoided. He is not looked upon by members of the Stock Exchange as a *persona grata*, and yet there are few people who out of so little make so much.

There are many persons who wonder how it is that the respect-

able portion of the City men of business do not attempt by all lawful means to put down what only brings discredit on all legitimate speculation, and is fast making English joint-stock companies a byword throughout the business world of all lands. But the fact is that those who are engaged in legitimate speculations in the City see little or nothing of what goes on in the regions of swindling. They do not belong to the sharks who prey upon the unwary, nor to the victims who are doomed. The dupes of these schemes are in almost every instance persons who have some, though generally not much, money of their own, and are naturally anxious to increase their means. Retired officials with pensions on which they could live at any rate in ease and comfort, and in some cases in comparative luxury, are very often the victims of those who make their living by fraudulent finance. Those only who have friends amongst retired Indian civil and military servants can form any idea of the number of this class who have learnt by bitter experience to what extent and by what plausible pretences this comparatively new system of cheating is carried on.

One of the most dangerous phases of what Frenchmen would call this "industry" is the show of respectability it assumes. There are scores of men who would feel themselves grossly insulted if it were hinted that they had resort to the gaming-tables of Monte Carlo, or would play games of chance with cards or dice for high stakes : gambling when it is, so to speak, uncovered is the reverse of respectable ; but to take shares in a company by which it is hoped and believed that every five pounds staked will bring in a return of at least so much per annum is not unworthy even of those whose aim in life is to be respectable and respected. And yet, as a well-known and most esteemed judge said on the bench about a year ago when summing up a case which had arisen out of some Stock Exchange transaction—

A great deal of condemnation is cast in England on the gambling that goes on at Monte Carlo, and had taken place at Hamburg and other towns on the Continent, but there at least the play took place on the green table and in sight of the public. In England, however, where public gaming is not allowed, gambling on the price of stocks took place out of sight of the public for much larger sums, with much more mischievous results.¹

Supposing such a thing possible, what would the British public say if Government were to establish in this country legalised gaming-tables such as Monte Carlo is renowned for?

Whatever we may think of their honesty, or of the good faith and fair open dealing with which they do not treat the public, there can

¹ These words were spoken by Baron Huddleston, in the Queen's Bench Division, on July 3, 1885. See law reports in the newspapers of the following day.

be no doubt that the audacity of company promoters in transacting their business is one of the wonders of the day. Nor do they ever seem to acknowledge themselves beaten. An individual of this profession may not have money enough at command to pay for the postage stamps he requires in his office, but this will in no way interfere with or deter him from his endeavours to float a scheme of which the mere prospectus cannot appear without the expenditure of at least two or three hundred pounds. How this is done we will endeavour to show by the following illustration, which is an accurate account of the manner in which many of these undertakings spring into existence, live a short time, and, when they die, go to the grave of insolvency, dragging down with them not a few of those who have been unfortunate enough to believe in them.

A financial agent conceives the idea that a tramcar company started in Patagonia would pay. He does not mean, nor has he the remotest idea, that he or any one else will see tramcars in that land ; no, but he thinks if such a scheme is started on paper, and the wires well and cleverly pulled in this metropolis, the undertaking will pay those who have the courage and pertinacity to work it, and that, no matter who loses by it, he himself will not do so. His first care is to find one of those ready writers who are able by their pens to prove almost anything. For a five-pound note, which is to be refunded out of the first money paid on application for shares, the work is undertaken, the prospectus is drawn out, and, as a specimen of proving with pen and ink what the writer knows nothing about, it is certainly a remarkable document. The next step is to get six or seven gentlemen to act as chairman and directors of the company. These individuals, who in joint-stock company slang are designated "guinea-pigs," are not difficult to find ; but a wise promoter does not take every one who offers, for it is upon the names of these personages that the success, or otherwise, of the concern mainly depends. The longsuffering, ever-ready-to-be-taken-in public has a great respect for titles and rank ; and a real nobleman as chairman goes a long way with them. In fact, the greater number of those who apply for shares in new companies do so on the faith of the names of the chairman and directors. They do not inquire whether these gentlemen have any experience in business matters, or whether they know anything of the special work for which the company is got together.

Any one with a title or a handle to his name will inspire more confidence in the class of people who become shareholders than would the name of the Director of the Bank of England. The board having been got together, and their names in the prospectus,

the next step is to publish the document in all or most of the leading London newspapers. This is an expensive piece of work, and especially hard for the promoter, who rarely has a shilling of his own. But what will not the hope of profit accomplish? An advertising agent is found who will take the matter in hand, and will pay the expenses of advertising, large as they are, on condition of receiving a fifty or sixty per cent. bonus out of the first money the promoter can command.

Here, then, the company is fairly launched so far as to make a show before the uninitiated public. Real *bonâ fide* City men know perfectly well what value to put upon the whole affair, but it is not for their acceptance that the dainty financial dish has been prepared. It is to the gullibility of the public at large that the document appeals. Let us suppose that the capital required for the concern is £150,000, in shares of £1 each. Matters are made all the more pleasant and easy for the expected victims by the announcement that not more than five shillings is required for each share on application, and a similar sum on allotment; and that the balance will not be required for six months, and even then by instalments of only five shillings each. In this arrangement the promoter shows his wisdom: The share-taking public will always prefer companies that are supposed to have a large capital; and if those who join the concern are allowed to pay their contributions by small instalments, so much the better.

Another thing likely to insure success is to give out that no applications for shares will be received after a certain date. The outside public reading this are convinced that the shares are selling rapidly, and that they had better follow the prudent example set them. In the mean time the oracle is worked in certain papers by means only known to the initiated, and the public is made to believe that shares will soon be at a premium. The Board meet every three or four days, and learn from the promoter that things are going on so well that they could hardly be better. The result of all this is that a certain number of shares are really applied for, and the deposit of five shillings paid on each, so that there are at any rate funds enough in hand for the promoter to pay whatever is owing in the shape of expenses, and to give the chairman and directors the fees which they have earned. After a few weeks of this sailing in calm waters there comes a change. The shares are no longer in demand. A shareholder—who is in most cases a creature of the promoter, though not known to be such—petitions the courts that the company be wound up. A solicitor and a liquidator are put in to see that all goes right, or in other words to make all pleasant for themselves and the promoter. The shareholders

find themselves obliged to pay up the whole £1 value on each share. The whole affair dies a natural death, and is very soon forgotten, except by the unfortunate shareholders who have been fleeced. The promoter and his friends have not lost anything, they have gained something—not much perhaps, but in any case a few hundreds, just enough to encourage them for next time. The chances are that the promoter will, within a few months, or even weeks, build and launch another financial ship, which is pretty certain to come to the same end. But what of that? If some win, others must lose; and the latter must feel thankful that they have at least learnt a practical lesson which they will not quickly forget.

Some persons may believe there must be not a little exaggeration in this account, and that the demon of fraudulent finance is not so black as he is painted. Let those who think so consult any *bonâ fide* business man who knows the secrets of such affairs as they are carried on east of St. Paul's; or let them read the revelations of certain newspapers that have the courage of their opinions, and from time to time reveal the workings of a far greater social evil, one that has done far more destruction in society than would be possible by any number of *rouge et noir* or baccarat tables. Of late years the professional promoter has been joined by a most useful coadjutor. The new regulation which has placed so large a number of military men on half-pay has greatly swelled the ranks of those persons (called in City slang "guinea-pigs") from whom the promoter recruits for his Boards. They are honourable men who, having, as it were, lost their occupation, turn to what they believe to be honest and profitable work; the respectability of their characters and positions adds greatly to the confidence of the share-taking public. "Why, it must be a respectable and *bonâ fide* concern; General So-and-so is on the Board," is a remark one often hears; but what if the individual in question has been himself deceived?

There is a certain class of men who, although they would not willingly or knowingly do, or be a party to, any dishonest or dishonourable action, are still to be blamed more or less for the manner in which the outside public is taken in by these swindling prospectuses, and induced to risk their money on what is almost certain to prove a dead loss to them. These are the gentlemen—retired civil servants, officers on half-pay, and others who are peers, or who can write themselves baronets, M.P.s, or some other guarantee, so to speak, of a certain standing in society. Not, as we have said above, that there is with these persons the most remote idea that they are doing anything not straightforward. Their misfortune is that they are led to believe them-

selves men of business, and that they accept as gospel all that the promoter, who intends to make a catspaw of them, tells them. These individuals, although they may not be aware of the fact, are the cause of ruin to hundreds of people who have taken shares in this or that company, relying in a great measure on the names of those who are on the Board of Directors. If people in general could only be induced to reason on these as on other matters in the world, they would ask themselves, What can a man who has passed twenty or thirty years of his life in India, or who has risen to the command of troops in the colonies or elsewhere, or who has vegetated in a country place in England, or who has spent the best part of his days in club-land in London—what can such a man know of the ins and outs of joint-stock company dealings, or of the artful manner in which these perfectly unscrupulous and cleverly trained professionals can make the worse appear the better reason? These directors, as has been said before, are most of them men of honour and of unsullied name; but they risk not a little of these attributes by mixing themselves up in matters of which they are profoundly ignorant, and yet which involve great responsibilities; for there can be no doubt in the minds of all reasoning persons that the directors are, in a great measure, morally responsible for the ruin that the companies for which they in a manner vouch bring upon those who trust them. The archives of the India Office could tell many a tale of how many hardly earned pensions of civil and military servants are, and will be till those who ought to be the recipients are dead, paid over to solicitors for the purpose of satisfying liabilities incurred by honourable men who, being such themselves, have been too ready to believe others must be the same.

With companies of some years' standing and in working order it is, of course, different; a man may easily know or learn what he is about. But who can fathom the depth of ruin to which this craze for embarking in new concerns may lead? For one that succeeds, or that is really meant to succeed, how many are got up for the sole purpose of making money for the projector, and then fail, leaving the unfortunate shareholder to pay in pocket, and the directors to pay both in pocket and in good name, for the folly of which they have been guilty?

Of those who take shares in new companies it may be said that, if they used more care and discretion, there would not be so many cases of fraud in what Frenchmen would call "this particular industry." Hardly a day passes in which one, and often three or four, long prospectuses appear in the principal papers, in which £1 shares in the

companies being advertised are said to be worth two or three times what the public are asked to buy them for. If the majority of these are not barefaced attempts to raise money on false pretences, then surely no such offence exists at all. In comparison with some of the persons who gain their living by cheating the unwary in this way, welchers on a racecourse might shine as honest men. But the ruin of those who believe in them is, although the greatest, not the only, evil of which this phase of swindling, which has so increased and does still increase, is the cause. There are many good undertakings which men with means would assist, were it not for the dread which exists of being swallowed up by these speculators, who are on the look-out for victims of whom they can make money.

It would no doubt form the subject of a very curious but extremely useful inquiry to investigate the subject of gold and other mines, and to find out how much money has been thrown away; how many silly but honest men have been ruined by these during the last few years; and how many rogues, who rejoice in the title of company promoters, have escaped the punishment due to them.

There can be little doubt that some steps must be taken to put a stop to an evil which is greatly on the increase, and which is reducing men, and with them their wives and families, to destitution and even beggary. As a rule, an Englishman dislikes and resents the interference of authority with his private affairs; but these dishonest joint-stock companies ought to—and with sensible people they do—form an exception.

To begin with, the Act itself, by which such companies are authorised, requires immediate reform in certain particulars. No company ought to be allowed to publish its prospectus until it has been thoroughly investigated by competent persons appointed for that purpose, and a certificate given that, in the slang of the day, it is all on the square. Again, no company ought to be allowed to commence business until it is proved that a certain amount of capital is not only subscribed, but paid up. In a very practical report by the Chamber of Commerce it is suggested that not less than two-thirds of the capital should be paid up. Every company should from time to time, more particularly at the commencement of its career, be obliged to announce the actual capital it has in hand. Such rules would put a stop to bogus companies, and greatly tend to establishing *bonâ fide* schemes which at present are apt to be classed with the swindles of the day.

“Give me,” said a company promoter to the present writer, “a lord as chairman, a baronet, a couple of general officers, and an M.P. as

directors, and a £5 note for a few luncheons at the outset, and I will float any company you like before a fortnight is over, even if the object of it be to get gold-dust out of London paving-stones."

A new chapter must before long be opened in the book of laws regarding joint-stock companies. Let us be consistent. Of two things one: either let us open the legal gates to gambling-tables, and have Monte Carlo in our midst; or let us enact laws which will protect the foolish and unwary from being swindled by financial "Free Lances." To forbid one and allow the other is an anomaly which ought to be done away with once and for ever.

The objection to Government interference, which characterises ourselves and equally our American cousins, is in itself praiseworthy, as it is the child of the spirit of independence. But the time has come when in this matter such interference is called for, and when it becomes the positive duty of our legislators to regulate and suppress, if possible, this greatly growing evil.

Latterly a novel method of inducing the public to take shares has been set on foot. Brokers who are members of the Stock Exchange are forbidden to advertise, but there is another class of the same calling who are free from such control, and can do what they like in this way.

Here are a couple of advertisements which have lately appeared in the daily papers. The names are altered, otherwise they are copied verbatim:—

TRIXIE GOLD MINE (Limited).—Weekly returns: 275 oz. gold. Value, £1,031. Rapid developments taking place. Just cut Bentham, fourth level west, yielding 1,000 dollars per ton. Second level west, 502. Lode 4 feet wide. Great excitement at mine. Miners buying freely. Prices advancing. Particulars post free.

(Signed) MUTE, SPEAK, & Co.,
107 Strange Street,
London, E.C.

Under the above advertisement is the following:—

GREAT DISCOVERY OF GOLD.—Dansa struck in fourth level, assaying £200 per ton in BESTON GOLD MINE. Shares advancing. Purchases should be made at once, as 100 per cent. rise is fully expected. To-day's price is £5 6s. 3d. per £5 fully paid shares.

(Signed) BLANK & Co.,
6 High Street Yard,
London, E.C.

With such advertisements before them, the wonder is, not that so many persons risk their money in undertakings of this kind, but that

all who can command, beg, borrow, or steal a £5 note do not invest in them. Whether the statements given above can or cannot be verified is not the question. But there are very few sober-minded people who will say that such attempts to induce people to speculate should be allowed to pass unchallenged.

There is one thing connected with joint-stock company swindles which causes no little surprise to all thinking people. How is it that, with the means of information possessed by the metropolitan press, not a single newspaper has taken up the subject in earnest, and exposed the rascality by which so many persons are being daily led on to ruin? To say nothing of other sources, where any journal may with ease find out which of the many prospectuses daily paraded before the public should and which should not be stigmatised as nothing less than so many endeavours to obtain money on false pretences, almost every London newspaper has on its staff one or more gentlemen whose special duty is to discuss all matters of finance, and who are invariably exceedingly well informed on the subject. When any attempt at swindling in other than the joint-stock company world takes place, the first to find out the offender and to denounce him to the world are the London newspapers; but one of the greatest evils of the kind now known amongst us seems to be exempt from their censure. Englishmen are apt, and with good reason, to regard the press as honest and honourable, ready and anxious to advise their readers for the best, and to warn them of any harm; and it will be a bad day for the country when a contrary opinion prevails. But should the present state of affairs in financial matters continue, can we wonder if a feeling of distrust takes the place of what has hitherto been felt in this respect? If newspapers continue to publish day by day prospectuses which any one who inquires into the matter finds out to be frauds, the result must sooner or later be that the confidence in the honesty of the press must cease. Can we wonder if those who have been cheated by a bogus affair, of which they learnt the existence in the advertising columns of a respectable paper, arrive at the conclusion that money can do anything, and can induce even the London press to give publicity to what is perfectly well known to be a specious, swindling, false statement?

Would any respectable paper allow a gambling establishment to be brought to the special notice of the public by means of its advertising columns? And if they would not do so, why permit in their columns that which brings about far more ruin to the unsuspecting public than any card or roulette table can do?

Fraudulent finance is a great evil; why it should be tolerated or

ignored by those who have it in their power to render it harmless is surely a difficult social problem for our solution. Money works marvels, and it would almost seem as if a certain amount of profit is an excuse for turning a blind eye on what would be otherwise unhesitatingly condemned. Let us hope that all concerned, and more particularly the press, will see the mistake that has been made in affording even a tacit approval, or rather in refraining from condemning in the plainest terms, a system which, besides ruining many, is making financial transactions a byword throughout Europe.

According to a time-honoured saying, "coming events cast their shadows before." If this holds good with regard to certain semi-mysterious advertisements which appeared in the papers during the months of October and November, a goodly number of wonderful gold mines will be placed before the British public between the present time and the close of the year. In the City it is currently reported that no fewer than eight of these concerns will be shortly advertised; and if we are to believe the prospectuses that will be published, a fortune can be made in any one of them in a very few months. In addition to this there are speculations of every possible kind ready to come out in the shape of joint-stock companies (limited); and the only difficulty which those who have money will experience will be in selecting the company they had better join.

There is another old proverb it might be well to impress on the British public, that "forewarned is forearmed," the practical application of which is not very difficult.

Since the greater portion of this article was written, what our American cousins would call a "mining boom" has come upon us with a vengeance. During the week ending November 20, no fewer than six new gold-mining companies, with a total capital of more than two millions sterling, were registered in London;¹ and the total number of these concerns is now said to be four- or five-and-twenty. Those that have been lately floated are, as a matter of course, still living. But of those gold-mining companies that were brought out before the present mania set in there are no fewer than four that are either in liquidation or about to be wound up.² What the end of such a state of things will be it needs no great amount of experience to foretell. The chances at present are that we shall, ere the coming year is a couple of months old, witness more misery amongst the upper and middle classes in England than has been heard of for a very long time.

But what about those who take shares in these speculations? Is there not yet time to rescue these people from ruin? The one only remedy for this wholesale attempt to get money out of others, is to allow no new joint-stock company to publish any prospectus unless the statements contained therein have been proved and verified by an official of the Board of Trade.

MALCOLM LAING MEASON.

¹ See *Investors' Guardian*, November 20. ² See *Stock Exchange Year Book*, 1886.

MARIE ANTOINETTE AT TRIANON.

UNTIL 1774, occasional visits to Fontainebleau excepted, Marly had continued to be the exclusive summer residence of the French court. It was almost a second Versailles ; the mode of life and the strict observance of etiquette having undergone no change since the time of Louis the Fourteenth, every traditional regulation in force during whose reign had been scrupulously maintained. One day resembled another, the ceremonious routine never varied, nor even to the monarch himself was the slightest deviation from established usage permissible. To no one was this eternal round of solemn frivolity more intolerably wearisome than to the young Queen, whose lively temperament demanded a more congenial occupation than interminable state banquets and long evenings passed in the spacious saloon, where high play, her especial abhorrence, was the invariable rule ; and it was with a feeling of intense relief that, as soon as the Petit Trianon was ready for her reception, she migrated thither with her little court, and joyously inaugurated the happiest period of her life.

There perfect liberty and freedom from etiquette awaited her ; the trappings of royalty were exchanged for the elegant simplicity of a gracious and amiable “*châtelaine*,” surrounded by a circle of her chosen inmates, and participating in their amusements with the delightful consciousness of entire immunity from constraint. It was tacitly understood that, beyond the usual deference paid to a hostess, ceremony was to be altogether dispensed with ; so that, when the Queen entered a room where any of her guests were assembled, the ladies continued their music or embroidery, and the gentlemen their billiards or *tric-trac*, without interruption. When the King honoured Trianon with a visit, he came on foot and unattended ; while those invited from the palace arrived at two o'clock for dinner, and returned to Versailles at midnight.

The change from the tedious formalities of Marly to the coquettish

rusticity of this new Arcadia was complete. Marie Antoinette, in the simplest of white dresses, a gauze handkerchief tied loosely round her neck, and wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat trimmed with sky-blue ribbons, flitted gaily about her little domain, now presiding over the milking of her cows, now improvising a breakfast of fresh eggs from her farm on the green sward, or fishing in the tiny lake, as the fancy took her. In this charming retreat all the cares and exigencies of court life were forgotten ; there the statesman laid aside his gravity—*dulce est desipere in loco*—and listened smilingly to the babble of emancipated ladies in waiting ; and even the sedate Monarch himself, beguiled from his favourite seat in a secluded arbour, exchanged merry sallies with the sportive, Watteau-like shepherdesses reclining on the mossy banks of this modern realisation of Boccaccio's garden.

Let us enter this miniature palace embosomed in verdure. On pressing a spring the door opens, disclosing a stone staircase conducting through an ante-chamber to the dining-room, ornamented with wood-carvings representing crowns of roses interlaced with garlands of flowers. Adjoining it is the small drawing-room, the walls of which are covered with emblems of the vintage season mingled with the attributes of comedy, bunches of grapes surmounted by masks, and baskets of fruit alternating with castanets and guitars. From the ceiling of the "grand salon," each corner of which is adorned with groups of flying Cupids, hangs a chandelier supported by intertwined chaplets of roses ; and beyond it is the Queen's bedchamber, draped in blue silk, and decorated with admirably executed carvings of poppies and other field-flowers. A broad flight of steps leads from the house to the French garden, planted in 1750, and separated by a palisade from the Grand Trianon ; and on the opposite side is Marie Antoinette's favourite resort, designed after her own plan, the English garden, filled with the rarest plants and shrubs, and intersected by winding alleys and quaint suspension bridges. On a rising ground, in the midst of a profusion of roses, jessamines, and myrtles, stands a pavilion, the Queen's ordinary breakfast-room, from the summit of which the entire domain is visible ; grottos, waterfalls, lake, and—the especial pride of its creatress—the hamlet, with its group of cottages, its farm, and its mill, where Louis the Sixteenth suffered himself to be disguised as a miller, and his brother, the morose Count de Provence, condescended to personate a village schoolmaster.

The privilege of admission to the Petit Trianon, as may be imagined, was eagerly sought after, but, except on particular occasions when special invitations were issued, was accorded only to a favoured

few. Among these were the Duke, the Count, and the Chevalier de Coislin, the latter one of the handsomest men of his time and a professed lady-killer, familiarly called "Mimi"; the Prince d'Hénin, an old admirer of Sophie Arnould, and a curious mixture of courtier and philanthropist; the Duke de Guines, an excellent flute-player and recognised authority in the matter of court gossip; the Count de Polastron, equally renowned as a violinist; the Duke de Polignac and the Count d'Andlau, an insignificant personage commonly spoken of as "the husband of Madame d'Andlau." The foreign contingent included the Prince d'Esterhazy, the Prince de Ligne, and the Count de Fersen, the courageous and devoted Swede who subsequently played so prominent a part in the flight to Varennes.

Three of the male guests, however, deserve a more detailed mention, each of them having exercised an undoubted influence over the society of Trianon; namely, the Baron de Besenval, the Count de Vaudreuil, and the Count d'Adhémar. Pierre Victor de Besenval, a Frenchman born in Switzerland and a soldier of fortune, had distinguished himself in the Seven Years' War, and earned a well-merited reputation for bravery and contempt of danger. On one occasion, after sustaining with great gallantry a charge of the enemy, in which the division commanded by him, terribly outnumbered, had been almost annihilated, he was ordered to return to the camp, but soon found himself again in the thick of the fray. "Why are you still here, Baron?" inquired one of those near him; "surely you have done enough to-day!" "I thought so a little while ago," said Besenval, "but you see, I feel exactly as I do at a masked ball of the opera: as long as the music goes on playing I can't tear myself away from it."

This characteristic reply was so often repeated that on his arrival at Versailles it had already preceded him, and, together with a prepossessing exterior, and a certain independent brusquerie of manner, soon made him a favourite at the court of Louis the Fifteenth. Until the death of that monarch he devoted himself exclusively to pleasure, but subsequently profited by the patronage of the Count d'Artois to obtain admission to the private circle of Marie Antoinette; and ere long, without any apparent effort on his part, became so indispensable both to her and the King that the grade of lieutenant-general and the title of commander of St. Louis were conferred on him. "Do not imagine," he wrote to a friend, "that I owe my fortune to any intrigue of my own; chance has willed it so, for personally I had nothing whatever to do with it." Rich, unmarried, satiated with military glory, and loaded with favours, M. de Besenval

enjoyed life after his own fashion, was a liberal protector of the arts, and spared no expense in the gratification of his tastes ; like the Prince de Ligne, he was an enthusiastic lover of floriculture, superintended the embellishments of Trianon, and undertook the construction of hothouses copied from those of the imperial palace at Schönbrunn. An accomplished courtier without flattery or servility, he allowed himself a freedom of speech which would have been tolerated in no one else ; and while inveighing against the rules of etiquette, took especial care never actually to transgress them.

Count de Vaudreuil, son of a governor of St. Domingo, who had amassed a large fortune in that colony, and nephew of a lieutenant-general of the royal guards, arrived at court with all the prestige of unimpeachable nobility, wealth, and a handsome person, of which latter advantage a severe attack of small-pox ultimately deprived him. Gifted with a natural capacity sufficient to insure his success in any career he might have chosen, he was—a rarity at that period—entirely without ambition, and never aspired to any office or dignity beyond the honorary title of grand falconer. He was a judicious patron of the arts and an enlightened connoisseur ; his collection of pictures contained some of the finest specimens of the French school ; men of letters found in him a generous protector, capable of discerning merit, and ever ready to encourage it. Every week he assembled at his table the most illustrious of his literary and artistic contemporaries, listening attentively to their conversation, and especially delighting in the sallies of Chamfort, whose caustic piquancy entirely sympathised with his own. He spoke seldom, but always to the point ; and although gifted with a rare facility of repartee, used it discreetly, and never, except when prompted by his instinctive antipathy to pretentious mediocrity, at the expense of others. A thorough sceptic, and apt to boast that he had outlived all his illusions, he was nevertheless a warm and devoted friend, reliable and loyal, and—a singular phenomenon at court—perfectly disinterested. No man was more popular with the fair sex, or exhibited a more respectful deference in addressing them. “I have only met with two men,” said the Princess d’Hénin, “who knew how to speak to women : the actor Lekain and Monsieur de Vaudreuil.”

The last of the trio, Count d’Adhémar, like M. de Besenval, owed his fortune to chance. Originally a poor and friendless captain in a hussar regiment, his sole patrimony being the name of Montfalcon, he discovered at Nismes some old title-deeds entitling him to assume that of d’Adhémar, and immediately repaired to Paris, where his claim was duly examined and confirmed. Marshal de Ségur, under

whom he had formerly served, took a fancy to him, and solicited for him the command of a regiment from the minister Choiseul, besides introducing him to Madame de Valbelle, a rich widow whom he afterwards married, and profited by her intimacy with Madame de Polignac to obtain admission to the circle of the Queen, and, as a natural consequence, to Trianon. There he was generally charged with the task of catering for the amusement of the society, an office for which his versatile talent peculiarly fitted him ; he was rather more than an amateur, rather less than an artist, had an agreeable voice, and sang, acted, or accompanied his own songs on the piano excellently well. No one would ever have suspected him of ambition, nor imagined that so complaisant and apparently frivolous a personage had but one object in view, namely, that of being gazetted as ambassador ; he kept his own secret, strove to render himself indispensable to all who might hereafter be of use to him, in short, courted everybody, and offended none.

The ladies of Trianon included the Queen's sister-in-law and favourite companion, Madame Elisabeth, the Countess of Andlau, the pale and melancholy Countess de Polastron, the witty and accomplished Madame de Coigny, the Duchess de Polignac and her no less beautiful daughter the Duchess de Guiche, and the plain-featured but irresistibly attractive Countess Diane de Polignac. She had neither good looks nor grace of form, nor was her attire strictly modelled after the latest requirements of fashion ; but all these defects were more than atoned for by a frank and contagious gaiety, and an exuberance of animal spirits that rendered her a precious auxiliary in the daily routine of the little community.

The one prominent figure, however, effacing all that surrounded her, was Marie Antoinette herself, rivalling the fairest in beauty, and exercising over every one who approached her the seductive influence of a subtle and indefinable charm. She had the happy gift of pleasing instinctively and without effort ; there was no resisting the winning fascination of her manner and the caressing intonation of her voice. When, at the instigation of M. de Vaudreuil, she solicited and obtained a pension for Chamfort, the announcement was couched in terms so delicately flattering that the recipient declared it was equally impossible for him either to repeat or to forget them. Contrary to the usual habit of princesses of the court of France, who rarely vouchsafed more than a stiff salutation to those presented to them, she spoke graciously to all ; and, with the innate tact that invariably distinguished her, won the hearts of old and young by some well chosen compliment or allusion personally gratifying to each. No

wonder, then, that at Trianon, released from the burden of etiquette, and at liberty to indulge without restraint her natural vivacity and keen sense of humour, she not only vied with the most brilliantly gifted of her circle in epigrammatic repartee, but reigned supreme over all by that rare combination of feminine grace and piquancy of which she alone had the secret.

Court gossip, however, and the "scandalous chronicle" of the hour had little attraction for the Queen, and in no wise interfered with pursuits more congenial to her taste. She was well acquainted with the literature of the day, and her criticisms on contemporary writers, one of which has reached posterity, displayed considerable acumen : "when I read Florian," she said, "I fancy I am eating milk porridge." Men of letters found in her a liberal and enlightened protectress ; she warmly encouraged the first poetic flights of the Abbé Delille, and on Voltaire's return to Paris tried hard, although unsuccessfully, to induce the King to receive him at court. Her love of music was continually manifested by her liberal patronage of the art, and by the predilection shown by her for the society of its leading professors ; one of her especial favourites was Grétry, whom she constantly received at Trianon, besides volunteering to stand sponsor to his daughter Antoinette. But of all composers, Glück profited most by her advocacy and support ; from his first arrival in France she had declared herself an ardent admirer of his works, and espoused his cause in the protracted struggle for supremacy between him and his rival Piccinni. By her express command "Alceste" and "Armide" were more than once transplanted from the Paris opera to the theatre at Versailles, the entire court being present at each representation as a matter of course ; he was also frequently invited to Trianon in company with his talented interpreter Madame St. Huberty, and the no less renowned Garat, and from the time of his taking his seat at the "clavecin" to the moment of his rising from it not a word was allowed to be spoken.

Shortly after Marie Antoinette's installation in her sylvan retreat, she determined to carry into effect a long-cherished project of utilising for amateur performances the pretty theatre built on the side of the French garden, which had been rarely opened since the death of Louis the Fifteenth. She had always manifested a lively interest in the novelties produced on the Parisian stage, and nothing pleased her better than to listen to the reading of a new piece before it was submitted to the verdict of the public. Amateur acting was then an amusement greatly in vogue, as well in the capital as in the provincial châteaux, where the male performers were chiefly recruited from

officers quartered in the neighbouring towns, who carried their histrionic propensities so far as to incur a severe reprimand for neglect of duty from the Minister of War. It is not, therefore, surprising that Marie Antoinette, whose dramatic capabilities, if not of the highest order, were certainly above the usual non-professional average, should have followed so widely-spread an example, and eagerly profited by the opportunity of securing a fresh attraction for the little society of Trianon.

Under the immediate superintendence of the Queen, the interior of this miniature temple of Thespis had been entirely renovated ; the decorations were white and gold, the seats covered with blue velvet, and the ceiling, artistically designed by Lagrenée, represented an apotheosis of clouds and emblematic figures. After considerable discussion it was settled that, with the single exception of the Count d'Artois, no one under a certain age, so far as the male contingent were concerned, was to be admitted into the company ; and that the audience should consist exclusively of the King, the Count de Provence, and the princesses not engaged in the performance. Subsequently, the ladies in waiting and their families were allowed to be present, and a similar permission was ultimately accorded to the officers of the royal guards, the equerries of the King and his brothers, and a few favoured officials of the court. The celebrated Caillot was engaged as vocal instructor, and the rehearsals of pieces selected from the repertory of the Comédie Française were superintended by Fleury and Dazincourt, assisted by M. de Vaudreuil, generally admitted to be the best amateur actor of his day. Madame Elisabeth, although singularly deficient in histrionic ability, good-naturedly consented to take part in the performances ; the Countess de Provence, however, indignantly refused, saying that she regarded such exhibitions as derogatory, and that her husband had strictly forbidden her to have anything to do with them.

"Surely," remarked Marie Antoinette, "if I, the Queen of France, set the example, you can have no scruple in following it !"

"Madame," retorted the haughty Princess of Savoy, "if I am not a queen, I belong to a race from which they spring ;" and there the matter ended.

All other difficulties having been satisfactorily arranged, the opening night was at length announced, the pieces chosen for the occasion being Sedaine's "*Le Roi et le Fermier*," and "*La Gageure imprévue*," interpreted by the Queen, the Duchess de Guiche, Madame Diane de Polignac, the Count d'Artois, M. de Vaudreuil, and Count d'Adhémar. These were succeeded by "*On ne s'avise*

jamais de tout," "Blaise et Babet," and "Les deux Chasseurs et la Laitière," in which latter operetta, according to Fleury, Marie Antoinette sustained the character of Perrette with infinite vivacity and grace. Indeed, setting aside M. de Vaudreuil, she seems to have completely outshone all the other members of the company, and to have particularly excelled in the heroines of comic opera, where the charm of her voice and the piquancy of her acting were alike irresistible. Her most ambitious, and according to contemporary accounts least successful, personation was Rosine in the "Barbier de Séville," the first and only performance of which comedy took place April 19, 1787, and brought to a close the series of dramatic representations at Trianon.

In the pursuit of this her favourite hobby the Queen was indefatigable; every item of expenditure was submitted to and examined by her, not even the most trifling detail escaping her personal supervision. Nothing was done without her sanction and approval; the pieces best suited to the capabilities of the company were selected by her, and such perfect taste was displayed under her direction in the important accessories of scenery and costume, that the Prince de Ligne, who had seen all the principal theatres in Europe, unhesitatingly declared that Watteau himself had never imagined so exquisite a picture. In this little corner of her kingdom Marie Antoinette's will was law. When the Duke de Fronsac, who as "first gentleman of the chamber" had absolute control over all the Paris theatres, demanded that Trianon should be placed under his jurisdiction, he received the following curt reply: "There can be no question of 'premier gentilhomme' when we are the actors; besides, I have already signified my wishes as regards Trianon. I hold no court here, but live as a private person, and am to be respected accordingly!"

CHARLES HERVEY.

PARMA.

THE great Lombard plain which stretches like an inland sea from the lagoons to far above Milan, and from Bergamo to Bologna, is at once the duller and the most interesting plain in Europe. Flatter than Holland, channelled with irrigating ducts, scored with sad rows of poplars and willows, or the monotonous files of the vines, you traverse it for hours and hardly know that you have changed your ground. Yet in its great ranges of high-piled cloud, in the howling of the unfettered wind that shrilly sweeps it in autumn, or in the sudden gusty storms that spirt out of the hills and stalk with swift footsteps across the plain, for a moment blot out the sun and are gone booming by, there is a perpetual succession of fair and foul that hour by hour completely changes the face of the day. So it is with the towns. In long series these halting places upon the stern Æmilian way follow one another with unaltering military regularity, and here and there between them a Roman archway crosses the road, or one of the vast pompous churches of the seventeenth century towers among farms and dominates the fields. But alike as are these Lombard cities, each is full of a sweet charm of its own, different both from that of the upland mountain towns and of the great capitals of provinces, Turin, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome.

Just where the Æmilian way skirts the smiling slopes of the lower Apennines sits Parma on her stream, uniting in herself the best of history and art, of the ancient, the middle, and the modern age. Few English make a serious halt here, and the evil counsel of the guide-books, that "a few hours suffice for Parma," or that "all the sights of Parma may be seen in a day," sweeps away the passer-by to be dazzled by the more splendid cities of the east and south. But there is about the streets and people of Parma an air of suave alertness that speaks at once of the inheritance of ancient dignity and of the presence of modern prosperity; and although cholera had ravaged her in 1884, and survived, almost alone throughout Northern Italy, in the province during the autumn of 1885, the Parmese then were neither perturbed nor cast down. Modena is more unruffled and stately, still keeping up the externals of her ancient consideration,

though the spirit has visibly departed. Mantua is more old and decaying, Piacenza more open and deserted. But about Parma there hangs, mingling with the brisk stir of the moment, the grace and tender recollections of the past. She does not forget her duties and the world does not forget her.

The town is best known as the place in which Correggio spent so many years of a quiet and laborious life, and his work is still the chief link between the people of Parma and the passers-by who chance to linger there. They speed you to see the frescoes of the great Correggio in San Giovanni ; they hale you to admire the ceiling of the Convento, and the three choice chambers of the Pilotta ; and they demand of you with a simple thirst for praise if you have examined the great fresco in the dome of the cathedral. Correggio is, however, one of those great painters, whose work one must either cordially admire or distinctly dislike. It must be owned that his sacred pictures, whether it be the Madonna della Scodella, the Placidus and Flavia, the Madonna di San Girolamo, or the Descent from the Cross, are painfully deficient in devoutness ; and the Madonna di San Girolamo, with the adoring Magdalene, which is the least so, is religious precisely because it is in that degree the least like Correggio. His magnificent light and shade apart, there is something about these pictures that is poor and trivial. Joseph hangs with a *bourgeois* air over a merry mother and roguish child, and Flavia meets her death with an ecstasy that is too full of affectation. The practice of painting domes and other curved surfaces of great size required and gave to his figures great boldness and spring, but at the expense of refinement and finish, and the heroic mode of composition proper to the decoration of classic architecture makes his mythological figures his best. The ruin of the giants, who soar and circle in the dome of the Cathedral, and the pranks and mischief of the nutbrown rogues who peep and hide on the ceiling of the Convento di San Paolo, are worth many set martyrdoms and sentimental Madonnas.

There is something about the Cathedral of Parma more solemn and touching than about almost any of the Romanesque cathedrals of Lombardy. Verona is of a more superb beauty, Modena is more picturesque, Piacenza is more stately. It is the deep tone and silent gloom reigning in the Duomo of Parma which especially captivate and thrill us. From early morning to nightfall its varying aspects are reverent and beautiful. At early hours come in the peasant market-women for a brief attendance at Mass, and cluster in quiet disorder around one of the side chapels. The fresh morning air penetrates even the cathedral ; the tapers twinkle

half frostily, and the women, praying between their baskets, are piously preparing themselves for the wordy warfare of the day. All along the nave the walls and roof are dark with sombre frescoes full of the mystery of decay. Through the high west window pours a light which is yet insufficient to scatter the darkness. Above the many rows of red marble steps which run across the full breadth of nave and aisles rises the choir, where, retired behind the altar, in the upper and the lower tier of inlaid wooden stalls, the priests and choristers sit behind their high-backed music stands, chanting responsively in the nasal intonation which Italian priests affect, spitting, gossiping, and taking snuff with a very charming and candid humanism. From under the dome streams in a bright ray of sunshine, like a jewel, against the obscurity of the nave. Or later in the day to sit in the nave as the dusk begins to fall, about the time of Benediction, is a thing especially beautiful and solemn. High up in the gathering gloom the altar tapers glow, mere sparks flecking the dimness of the walls. A few rays still burn in the west. Half-seen in the shadows of the nave figures come suddenly and are lost in the vastness, and kneel and pass away, or bow themselves along the great steps black against the blue brightness of the rising incense-smoke. Above, murmurs or peals that sweet devout music, which seems peculiar to the service of Benediction, across which the hoarse chanting from the choir strikes with a mellower strain. Along the rail that guards the space before the altar crouch and cling beggars and peasants, a stray soldier, a string of women, a child or so, two or three grizzled *militaires*, and a piteous hunchback, their eyes fixed on the glory of the altar, looking for the presence of the Lord, till the day fades and the tapers grow dim and the organ is hushed and the service is over. That old priest caught the spirit of the place, who has written here upon his tablet :

M. IOANNIS MARCI CARRI...
 HUIUS TEMPLI SACERD...
 QUIEVIT. EST ET ERIT
 QUOD ES QUOD ERIS QUOD NON FUIT.
 VIATOR DIC REQUIEM ÆTERNAM.

The Baptistery which stands next to the Duomo in the quiet grass-grown square is beautiful but austere, with prim arcades in several stories, and friezes of quaint animals, extraordinarily life-like, carved in a marble rust-red with age. Within, the coupled slender columns all bear capitals of different design, and the spaces between the elastic ribs of the dome are still warm with the fading colours of early frescoes. "*Scuola di Giotto*," says the *custode*, descending on

them, as all *custodes* will say of all early frescoes. Here has been baptised every infant Parmese these six centuries past ; and to-day, while we stand and examine the frescoes, comes a little stir, and through the beggars who cluster on the steps—for still in Parma the old picturesque mendicants haunt the churches—a small christening party makes its way. The frosty-haired priest hastily dons a scanty surplice. The women, bustling and important, fuss with their *bambino*, who is packed up immovably in a blue-ribboned watch-pocket of exaggerated size. The bronzed young father, divided between sheepishness and paternal pride, gets as much in the way as fathers always seem to do on these occasions, while the “best man” or “next friend,” whatever his precise function may be, examines the carvings with factitious interest, and diligently affects, under the eyes of strangers, to be in no way connected with the family ceremony proceeding over there at the font. The dwarf, who acts as verger and *custode*, lights a taper and renders his brisk responses ; the priest mumbles his Latin and sprinkles the clamorous child ; till presently all is over, the party takes itself off, and the Baptistry is left to the memory of its long line of christenings.

Hard by, in the church of San Giovanni Evangelista, you may find of a Sunday afternoon a pleasant little congregation gathered to hear a pleasant little sermon. On rows of benches, drawn across the uneven level of the worn tile floor, clusters picturesquely—as Italian women are picturesque in their least act—a crowd of women round their good priest, who sits at the head of the nave in an ample arm-chair, and addresses his children in glib shrill exhortation. There are but few men in the congregation, and the boys are to be found playing pitch-and-toss outside ; but some scores of women in cotton gowns and handkerchiefs, toned to sweet half-tints by much washing, collect to hear the priest, and he unabashed by the indifference of men chatters confidently to them for an hour. The stranger meantime balances himself upon a form apart, dividing his attention between the loquacious father and Correggio's frescoed dome, and wondering why it is that one sees so few young or even middle-aged priests in Italy now, and why such as there are wear so wistful and troubled a look.

But more pleasant than San Giovanni is the little church of La Madonna della Steccata. Of course everyone goes there for Parmegianino's “Moses,” but apart from this it is a very charming place. For nothing could be more justly and nicely proportioned than the figure of this church. The centre is covered by a wide dome ; the

choir, the nave, and the two transepts form the four equal arms of a short Greek cross. The deep arches between the piers that carry the dome slightly add to their length, and behind the piers four small circular chapels give an oblique access from each transept into nave and choir, and each arm of the cross is roofed by a half dome. So skilfully poised and balanced is the whole structure that it conveys an impression of grandeur and magnitude far beyond its size, and so deep that not even the pink silk upholstery and gilt brocade and tinsel, with which at festal seasons the Italians love to swaddle their most beautiful churches, can destroy it. They even thus mummify Santa Anastasia in Verona.

In the square close by is a statue to Parmeggianino of recent workmanship, and a drinking fountain. There are but two or three shoots of water in Parma, but even that is more than one can find in most of these plain towns and, especially to the traveller who has just left Switzerland, the loss of running water is great. No Swiss village is so mean, no town so crowded, but from an unpretending iron pipe there gushes forth, pellucid, glittering and opulent, a stream of the purest and freshest water, which leaps in a joyous and elastic curve into a basin with a gay flash by night and by day, and pours off with ungrudging profusion. But in these Lombard towns, scarcely here and there can be found a lumbering pump with long and massive handle, at which a few minutes' severe toil produces a mighty poor and niggard dribble of water. Where fountains are, they prattle with a fatigued and parsimonious note, and shelter their inadequacy under some statue in the modern taste. As a rule the modern taste in Italy is not one whit better than in England. They delight to honour the martyrs and the heroes of United Italy. No town but has its Corso Vittorio Emmanuele and its Via Cavour, with for the most part statues of the same. Here and there is a Via Massimo d'Azeglio with no statue. These works of art are not better than our effigies of Mr. Cobden or Sir Robert Peel, and the crowning horror of all is a statue of Victor Emmanuel here in the Piazza di Corte. It would bring a blush to the cheek of a Yankee stonemason.

From the north-west the great clay masses of the Palazzo Ducale and of the Palazzo della Pilotta mask the town and seem to constitute almost a city in themselves. The turbid river Parma skirts their base, swiftly flooded from the near hills, brawling over its broad torrent bed and whirling floods of liquid clay. The palace and the river are of the same dull hue. It is a great merit of Italian builders that they are fearless about their materials, and will raise you a classic or a Gothic church, like Santa Maria della Grazia in Milan, or a palace,

like the Palazzo Carignano or the Palazzo dell' Accademia in Turin, all of brick with mouldings and decoration complete, without being in the least abashed by ragged nakedness or dull hue. This candour is often its own reward; the cheap material enables great size, adequate, with fine proportions, to redeem the paltriness of the substance by the dignity of the form, to be thus secured. But it must be owned a more uncouth and shapeless lump of clay than this palace of the Farnese Dukes is nowhere to be found. Within, however, it is a mine of treasures of art, a picture gallery among the best of the second order, a library of many volumes and a rich classical museum, and withal it finds room in its vastness for a barrack, without its peace and stillness appearing to be in the least incommoded. It would be well worth some student's while to work at this classical collection. It contains a great number of Roman remains from the excavations at Velleia; tens of thousands of coins, bronzes, and fair marbles, the famous Lex Rubria and Tabula Alimentaria of Trajan on bronze, and a collection of the hammerhead dies, that have struck every coin the mint of Parma ever issued, which is richer even than that of Mantua. There is a library, which possesses the rare distinction of having a considerable number of readers in it. All these libraries alike, from the Ambrosian in Milan to the little University Library in Mantua, seem to contain mainly books published locally and, in pitiful masses of unknown tonnage, defunct theological treatises of the two last centuries. Yet it is probable that assiduous search in all the forgotten libraries of the Universities, the Cathedrals and the Government might bring much that is curious to light.

The Italian Government is more fortunate than we are in having everywhere the most admirable galleries in which to place its pictures and antiquities. The crowd of once independent princes, into whose inheritance the government of United Italy has entered, possessed and left in each second-rate town palaces full of stately halls and wide stairways, which only wait to enshrine national collections. Of these the Pilotta, indeed, is far from being the best. Two or three galleries it has marble-pillared and marble-floored; and a noble staircase leads from floor to floor. But the best of the pictures are in a series of small chambers or narrow passages without top-lights, which look upon the noisy stream below. The most, however, is made of the matter, and by pivoting the pictures on their edges or centres they can be wheeled round to the light, when some stray sojourner wanders in to disturb the idle industry of the copyists and the echoing stillness of the palace.

But the feeling of the dead and gone is strongest in that melancholy relic of departed grandeur which stands in the very heart

of the whole pile—the Farnese Theatre. Its great size, the lordly affluence of space, the vast width of its proscenium, must have made it one of the most splendid of theatres in the old days, when, as we see in the picture in the National Gallery, crowds of dames and gallants bewigged and befurbelowed thronged its floor or hung on the rail of its boxes and galleries.

The imaginative natives say it held six thousand persons; it may be so, but it certainly could not have seated them, for a deep gangway thirty feet wide divides the galleries and the benches from the edge of the stage. But it is the sad unsightliness of the place that most takes hold upon one. As the attendant unlocks the door a damp and chilly wind blows on our faces as out of a cavern. We step into an almost sacred and sepulchral silence, the grave of dead merriment and revel, and disturb with the footfall ghostly and reluctant echoes. Of light there is no stint, for through woful rifts and gashes in the roof the garish sun peers in and spies upon the forlorn desolation. There is in Mantua a quaint little theatre of the first years of the eighteenth century, which is indeed darker, and gives more strongly the impression of something subterranean, but its sombreness is relieved by the life and use it has still; for, indeed, it is the demonstrating theatre of a medical school. But the Farnese theatre has no longer any use at all; and the stray efforts that are a-making at restoration, repainting of the goddesses inside the proscenium, and so on, but flout the parting worm-eaten boards and the gaping lifelessness of the boxes and the stage.

Crossing the river by the narrow Ponte Verde, with its quaint gate tower, we come to the old Ducal Gardens, now the Giardini Pubblici. In all Parma they are perhaps the most interesting, as certainly they are the most pagan spot. They lie in the embrace of the ramparts, hedged in on the one side by the mound of the circumvallation, on the other by high hedges and high walls. The floor is a sward of short grass, and is covered with a grove of trees, small, slim, and of very moderate height, which grow with the most docile regularity and a look of bowing to no breeze, and rustling with no passing air. There is no manner of undergrowth, and no single flower is to be seen, but the ground is divided in quaint and symmetrical arabesque patterns into arbours and passages and private glades, by high trim hedges, that divide one strip of grass from another as by a wall.

Here and there in the nooks and niches of these verdant galleries and chambers stands a silent sneering faun or a trickling ineffectual fountain, or a disconsolate nymph lurks and bemoans her loneliness since great Pan died. Of all the gay crowds that have

sported and strolled in these gardens there remains not one, and but for straying children, or one of those patient down-trodden pensioners, no footfall stirs, and no voice rings or quavers among those silent glades. At the end of the great avenue of chestnuts a stiff and stagnant pond bears on its surface a shabby gondola, which children paddle to and fro. One wanders through the maze of hedges as in a trance, now losing, now finding oneself again, confused by the vivid glare of unvaried green, baffled by the half-lights under the roof of leaves, ever expecting that from behind some hedge or between the orderly stems of the trees a shadowy company will come walking sidelong, but ever disappointed. Yet flesh and blood, with the bustle and riot of life, seems ill to sort with the cloistral stillness of this deserted ducal pleasance.

The ramparts of Parma are at all times a pleasant lounge. On that flat plain their slight elevation raises the eye high enough to survey the rank patches of maize, the swampy runnels, and the straight deserted roads of the country round. In the distance smile the Apennines, and very pleasant in the gracious amenity of the autumn air are the houses which look out on the sunny deserted promenade of the bastions. A child and a kid frolic in the dry moat. In mauve surtout and uncouth shako the lonely sentry tramps his patient round, and a monk, last of his convent, paces slowly along, shrinking from notice with scared face, and telling over and over his monotonous beads. But it is at the point where the ramparts embrace and survey the ducal garden, and in the stillness of the evening, that their influence is most potent and most weird. Then such bustle as an Italian day can suggest is hushed; a stray clock tolling—as Italian church clocks do—pretty much what and when it will, booms across the town. Along the path at the rampart's foot a few late wayfarers flit detected, and from some hovel on the fringe of the fields rise now and then the strenuous voices of peasants singing together in impromptu harmony with a harsh but picturesque music. We quit the gardens at the Porta Santa Croce and return into the town along the wide Æmilian way, till it narrows at the Ponte di Mezzo, the bats fluttering to and fro in the dusk, and the idle townsfolk hanging in their doorways and chattering the crisp gossip of the Italian poor. In the later evening on the Piazza Grande the garrison bands play—none too well—waltzes and airs from operas, and the crowd circles around them in frank and orderly enjoyment, girls sidling and ogling, boys herding together and noisy, and cheap and wondrous bucks solemnly promenading or sitting in front of the *caffès* and *birrarias*, sipping such frugal tipples as they most affect.

But it is in the earlier morning, as the peasants come into town, that the market is most alert and gay. Then in the long market-place, between the Pilotta and the Æmilian bridge, the cheery women sit among their piles of green vegetables, red-veined melons and golden pears. Here they vend quaintly-moulded cakes of bread and the limbs of dismembered chickens, chaffering and chatting under the white cotton umbrellas that serve for their *al fresco* shops. The men—the most monumental loafers under heaven—loungue about ; breeches turned up knee-high display legs purple and blue with the stains of the winepress, and on every shoulder the commonest of rough jackets is draped with the folds and dignity of a bravo's cloak. To see one of these gentry, in shaggy shock of hair and crimsoned shanks, stalk silent and barefoot suddenly upon one, from the gloom of a side aisle in the Duomo, is a thing to make the heart leap into the mouth ; yet he will gratefully accept a couple of *centesimi*, and will haggle and declaim with overflowing protestations and abundant ire over the bargain and sale of a pullet's leg. To look on the vehicles you might still be in the days of Virgil. Mouse-hued meek buffaloes, yoked to a pole that bends up in a right angle four or five feet at its end, draw trains of uncouth wains through the crowd. On one the classic plough, with single ploughtail and iron-sheathed share of wood is borne ; on another vats full of the squeezed and trodden grape-skins from the wine-press ; on a third, great barrels of the new vintage wine. Perhaps they contain that singular wine of the country, Lambrusco di Sorbara, which froths up when uncorked as high as beer, and combines considerable potency with pleasant tartness. Altogether for a while the scene is full of bustle and commerce.

Yet the bustle is but show. In our quaint *albergo* we find a good-natured Swiss commercial traveller sitting disconsolate. "Ah," he cries, "here it is a miserable place! In Turin, in Milan, in Genoa, one can do something ; they have enterprise, they trade. But here—I come for three or four days, and lo, my affairs transact themselves in as many hours, and I have a tour of pleasure. Ah, these Italians, *ils sont des coquins!*" And as we make ready to go, the sinuous waiter exhibits himself in a new light. With the fawning suavity of his race and nation he observes : "But I speks ze English himself. I too goes to London, I remains not here ; it is a poor place. I go to London one year, two year. I do not go wizout a place ; I learns ze English parfaitley, and zen I am *maître d'hôtel*, am reech, like a prince in your England—but in Parma, nevaire." And so poor Parma, adieu !

ANIMAL LORE.

THE growth of science and civilisation undoubtedly widens the barrier between man and the rest of the animal creation. St. Francis, preaching to little birds and calling the swallows his sisters, belongs to a past state of thought when something like equality subsisted among all the species of creation. And in an earlier stage still it was actual superiority to himself that man recognised and worshipped in the animal, whom he often felt no difficulty in regarding as his progenitor. So little was any distinctive or essential difference recognised, that it was thought possible for a man's soul or spirit to depart from his body during sleep in the form of an animal; German mothers and nurses even to this day closing the mouths of sleeping children lest the soul should issue forth in mouse-like form, and the real dangers incurred by the mouse be incurred by the infant; and Bohemians, fearing to go to bed thirsty, lest the soul wandering forth as a mouse from the open mouth should perchance fail to find its way back again! That the spirits of the dead should in the same way go to animate other living organisms would be a further obvious inference; and thus the scruples of a Californian tribe against eating deer, lest in so doing they should eat their ancestors, may possibly explain the similar scruples of the Jews to the flesh of pigs or of the early Britons to hares.

The fundamental idea of primitive thought is the close intercommunion between all things in nature. There is no bird, beast, or fish into which gods and men may not instantaneously transform themselves at pleasure. Manabozho, the great spirit of the Red Indians, with all the attributes and desires of a man and all the powers of a sorcerer, could not only readily converse with, but readily convert himself into, any living thing he pleased. And the metamorphoses of Odin or Indra or Zeus were of a similar striking character. Their interchangeability with the animal creation is a point that connects them closely with the characteristics of sorcerers and magicians, and which only by a very forced con-

struction can be interpreted, as some interpret them, as allegories of the various phases of the skies.

With the Greek or Hindu conceptions of animal forms as sometimes the embodiment of divine or human personages some of the legends of the Zulus and Andamanese afford an instructive comparison. As the Germans thought that storks were born in other parts of the world and came to Germany in the form of birds, the Zulus regard baboons as in reality transformed men. They call them Tusi's men, referring to a tribe so habitually idle that they preferred eating at other people's houses to digging for themselves. Tusi, their chief, one day led them into the wilderness, where the handles of their digging implements gradually turned into tails, their foreheads became overhanging, and their bodies assumed a covering of hair, and from that day they betook themselves to the precipices, and have had their dwelling among the rocks.

Among the Andaman islanders, till lately regarded as among the lowest savages existent, and supposed to be entirely destitute of traditions or religious ideas, the rat, the pigeon, the parrot, the crow, the fish eagle, the heron, the jungle fowl, the shark, the porpoise, and various other fish are all transformed ancestors, with a definite legend to account for the transformation in each case. A certain fish, armed with a row of poisonous barbs on its back, is a man who committed murder in a fit of jealousy; whilst a tree lizard retains the very name by which the victim was known as a man. The first human being of all fell into a creek and was drowned, being at once transformed into a whale, and becoming the father of all cetaceans of that class; he cap-sized and drowned his wife and grandchildren when they went in a boat to look for him, she being transformed into a crab and his grandchildren into iguanas. It is with this sort of mythology that Greek or Hindu mythology must be compared, if we desire to explain its absurdities or to understand its origin aright.

It is curious to find among the Andamanese a legend closely resembling the European story of the wren, said to have once flown to heaven to bring down fire for mortals, and to have had its tail feathers singed in consequence. A flood once put out all the fires of the people, and destroyed most of the human race. To the four sole survivors of mankind, at a loss what to do, one of their deceased friends appeared in the form of a kingfisher. He flew up to the sky where the god Puluga was seated by his fire, seized and endeavoured to carry off on his back a burning log, but it fell on Puluga, who, hurling it in anger at the bold intruder, missed the kingfisher, so that the log fell on the very spot where the four fireless ones were deploring their fate.

The similarity between stories in different parts of the earth points to the narrow limits within which human imagination moves when applied to the peculiarities or habits of the animal world. It is in fact almost difficult to believe that the following Odjibwa version of the fable of the hare and the tortoise was of native growth, and not due to contact with Europeans. The fable is taken from a collection of tales purporting to be of Odjibwa origin ; and the reader must form his own conclusions. The pigeon-hawk once challenged the tortoise to a race, which the tortoise would only consent to on the condition that the race should extend over several days. The bird accepted the condition gladly enough, but the tortoise, knowing that his chances of victory depended on his diligence, "went down into the earth, and, taking a straight line, stopped for nothing. The hawk, on the contrary, knowing that he could easily beat his competitor, kept carelessly flying this way and that way in the air, stopping now to visit one and then another, till so much time had been lost that when he came in sight of the winning point the tortoise had just come up out of the earth and gained the prize."

Compare, again, the following North American traditions with the French legend of the woodpecker. A deluge having resulted from an attempt on the part of the fish to drown the god Wasackootacht, with whom they had quarrelled, that hero ordered several kinds of aquatic creatures to dive to the bottom to bring back some earth. All were drowned except the musk rat, who succeeded in returning with a mouthful of mud, with which Wasackootacht made a new earth, by imitating the manner in which rats built their houses. So the Minnetaree Indians believed that all was water, till the first man sent down a great red-eyed bird to bring up the earth. In France it is the woodpecker that plays a leading part in popular cosmogony. When the seas and rivers and lakes were being made, all the birds were charged with the task of making the channels and reservoirs that were to receive the water ; but the woodpecker disobeyed, and, for refusing to dig the earth with his beak, was condemned to dig with it for ever the wood of trees ; and for refusing to help to construct the receptacles of terrestrial water, he was confined thenceforth to drink only of the water of heaven, that being the reason why his head is so constantly turned skywards, and why with his cry "plui-plui," he still invokes the clouds to send him rain.

The striking peculiarities of natural history give rise to explanatory myths, instances of which from the folk-lore of modern Europe, like this one of the woodpecker, are precisely similar in construction and kind to the traditions found among savages. The infinite possibilities

of transformation constitute the leading feature alike in the primitive or the more advanced mythology. The cuckoo, for instance, is a decidedly remarkable bird, and glories, consequently, in some decidedly remarkable myths. The Albanians say that there were once two brothers and a sister, and that the latter, rising suddenly from her needlework, accidentally pierced one of her brothers with her scissors, so that he died. She and her surviving brother mourned so much that they were turned into birds, he calling out by night to his lost brother, *Gjon, Gjon*, and she by day, *ku ku, ku ku*, which is to say, "Where are you?"

The Servians also regard the cuckoo as a girl, by name *kukavitsa*, who lamented her brother's death till she turned into a bird, that ever uttered the same plaintive cry. But in Bohemia the cuckoo is a disguised miller or baker, who refused to give the Disciples some new bread when they were sent to ask for it. His wife and six daughters, who were more compassionate and secretly gave some bread, were, for reward, placed among the stars, where they shine as the Pleiades; but the baker was transformed into a cuckoo, whose cries are heard as long as those seven stars are visible in the sky. They also have another tradition: that the cuckoo once had a crown on her head, but that she has never been able to recover it from the hoopoe, to whom she once lent it at a wedding at which he was the bridegroom. She is always crying out, *kluku*, "Rascal," to which he always replies, *jdu, jdu*, "I come, I come," although he never does so.

In the old Slavonic mythology, Zywiec, the ruler of the universe was wont to change himself into a cuckoo (just as Indra did, and Zeus, too, on the occasion of his first visit to Here, the hill on which they met being known in historical times as "Cuckoo Mountain") in order to announce to mortals the number of years remaining to them to live. Crowds used to flock every May to his temple to pray for long and prosperous health. And to this day it is a common article of popular belief that a man's remaining years to live may be measured by the number of times he hears the cuckoo's voice for the first time in spring. Illustrative of which a good story has been handed down of a worldly-minded monk, who, feeling the monotony of convent life, resolved to inquire of the cuckoo how long he had yet to live. The bird said twenty-two, so the monk thought he might safely devote himself for a season to the pleasures of this world, and yet have time enough to prepare for the next. Unfortunately, however, the bird was a heathenish and false oracle, and death surprised the recreant monk in the twentieth year of his pursuit of pleasure. That in Poland it once ranked as a capital crime to kill a cuckoo

may doubtless be attributed to the identity or close connection between Zywiec and the bird.

The Westphalians have a curious explanatory myth regarding the nightingale. They imagine that the bird's song may be rendered in these syllables of human speech : *Is tit, is tit, is tit, to wit, to wit — Trizy, Trizy, Trizy, to bucht, to bucht, to bucht.* But the last syllables are the usual shepherd's cry to his dog when he wishes the sheep collected. Therefore *Trizy* must be the name of the dog to whom the cry *to bucht* is addressed. Therefore the nightingale must have been a shepherdess, whom a shepherd cursed because she always postponed the marriage she had promised. He uttered the wish that she might not sleep till the day of judgment. Nor does she, for may not her voice still be heard at night as she cries *to bucht, to bucht, to bucht*, to her good dog *Trizy*?

The same people give a strange explanation of the face of the shard or flounder, which is all awry, with its eyes on one side of its face, instead of being straight, like the eyes of most other fish. Originally its face was a straight and sensible fish-face, but one day it insulted a passing herring, and made a mocking face at it, for which, as a punishment, it was never able to draw its face back to its natural position.

The natural history of savage races corresponds exactly with this natural history of European folk-lore. The Zulu will tell you that the reason the hyrax has no tail wherewith to drive away the flies is, that on the day when tails were distributed, the hyrax, fearing it was going to rain, begged the other animals to bring him his tail, to save himself the trouble of going. So that the proverb to this day addressed to a Zulu who from laziness asks another to do or fetch something for him is : "The hyrax went without a tail because he sent for it." The Bushman will tell you that the jackal's back is black, because he once carried the sun on his back when he found that great luminary, then a mortal on earth, sitting weary by the wayside. And the Aht will tell you, in explanation of the melancholy note of the loon, of a fisherman robbed by a companion of his fish and at the same time of his tongue, unable to respond to questions about his sport, save by a noise like the loon's, whose plaintive cry is still the voice of that hapless fisherman, trying in vain to make himself understood. And just so the Greek would have told you that the nightingale was in reality Philomela, the unhappy sister of Procne, bewailing in the form of a bird the wrong done to her by Tereus, her brother-in-law, who, in order to prevent her from informing her sister, deprived her of her tongue.

The mythology of the Red Indians abounded in similar strange explanations of natural peculiarities, in all of which Manabozho, the Indian Zeus or Odin, played a leading part. Why was the bear so fat, and the hare so thin, and why had the duck so few tail feathers? Manabozho once killed so gigantic a fish that its oil and fat formed a small lake, whither he invited all the birds and beasts to come to be fed, decreeing that the fatness of each should depend on the order in which they arrived. The bear came first, and therefore became the fattest of animals. The bison and the moose were slower in coming; the partridge looked on till the reservoir was nearly exhausted; whilst the hare and the marten, arriving last, came in for no fat at all. The feast over, Manabozho made them all dance round him with their eyes shut, and wrung the necks of the fatter ones as they passed him, but a small duck, suspicious enough to open her eyes, saw her danger and made for the water, which, however, she only just reached as Manabozho gave her a kick that flattened her back, and caused the ducks of all future time to be marked as a race with a deficiency of tail-feathers.

So again, why had the woodpecker red feathers on its head? Because the bird told Manabozho, when engaged in mortal combat with a great Manito or spirit, the spot where the latter was vulnerable, and for reward had his head rubbed with the blood of the slain Manito. Or why had the kingfisher a white mark on its breast, and the feathers on its head tufted? Because Manabozho once presented it with a white sort of medal for useful information, and because the bird barely escaped with the ruffling of its feathers Manabozho's deliberate attempt to wring its neck whilst so rewarding it. And why did the *adjidamo* or squirrel make a barking or coughing noise when any one approached its nest? Because Manabozho once invited the moose and the woodpecker to a feast of bear's flesh, which, as soon as they tasted it, turned into a dry powder that made them cough. Their sense of decorum and of respect for their host prompted them to continue to eat and to cough, till Manabozho at last changed both of them into the coughing *adjidamo*.

Mythology of this sort continued to be formed in Europe long after Christianity was introduced; and the new religion afforded fresh nutriment to the myth-maker's fancy. The magpie in England is an inauspicious bird, and in Scotland it used to be called the devil bird, because credited with carrying a drop of his blood in its tongue. Perhaps the following French legend supplies the clue: The magpie and the robin were both present at the crucifixion; but whilst the latter extracted the thorns, the other was heartless and

insolent. Therefore the robin, which up to that time had been a poor little insignificant grey bird, was rewarded with the permanent affection of mankind ; whilst the magpie, thitherto the most beautiful of all birds, with a lovely voice and a tail like a peacock's, was deprived for ever after both of its voice and its beauty.

Another French legend says that one day when Christ, pursued by the Jews, was resting in a wood, the magpies came and covered Him all over with thorns, which the swallows from pity came and removed. Therefore it was said to the swallow : "Thou shalt make thy nest in shelter from all danger, and shall be universally beloved ;" but to the magpie : "Thou shalt make thy nest on the topmost branches of the trees, and be universally detested." Another story associates the swallow with the removal of the crown of thorns at the crucifixion. Consequently all good French people (except at Arles) hold it sacrilege to kill a swallow, which is often called *la poule de Dieu*, and in Germany the Madonna's bird. If a swallow's nest is disturbed or its life taken, severe penalties must be looked for in the quality of the milk of the cows.

In all cases of sacred birds there was, perhaps, some older and more pagan reason for their sanctity than that which Christian mythology has caused to prevail. Perhaps there was an older superstitious reason for never doing an injury to a robin than the Christian story that his breast was red by reason of the thorn he extracted from the crown of thorns, or of the drop of water which he daily threw upon the flames of hell. So of the crossbill, which in Bohemia is sacred, because at the crucifixion it tried to extract the nails ; or of the bee, whose name in the same country is actually derived from the humane part it played on the same occasion.¹

In Iceland the cat represents the result of the devil's attempt to make a man, an attempt in which he so signally failed that St. Peter in pity had to add to it a skin. So far off as Albania there is a very similar story, though there the attempt resulted in a wolf. It is also a curious fancy on the part of the Icelanders to recognise in seals the drowned host of Pharaoh, who are believed to come to land on St. John's Eve, and to resume for a brief period the shape of mortals. The old pagan ideas die hard, and in many cases do not die at all. The sanctity which in some places still protects the lives of cats, dates, no doubt, from a time when cats were thought worthy to draw the chariot of Freja. All over Europe reverence is still paid to a certain kind of house-snake which is regarded partly

¹ Die Biene (*vecla*) hat ihren Namen davon, dass sie sich tief auf die Stirne (*na celo*) des gekreuzigten Heilandes setzte und den Schweiss von ihm sog.

as the bearer of good fortune to mankind, and partly as a guardian angel. Perhaps our ancestors once thought that they embodied the dead, which is the reason for precisely the same reverence still paid to them by the Zulus. These harmless snakes are looked upon as most desirable guests in Germany and Switzerland, their presence being a sure indication of approaching blessing; they must on no account be killed, but be fed with milk and honoured in every way. A number of them in a house are taken to represent each member of the family, the death of a particular reptile causing a fearful foreboding regarding the individual whose representative it is. Harmful snakes are otherwise regarded. The general German theory sees in them the old goddess Hertha and her train, who were so transformed at the time of the conversion of Germany from paganism. In the Tyrol they are thought to be under a curse for having escaped without a blessing at the time of the creation. There they also say that the blind adder once enjoyed sight like other snakes, but that it was punished with total blindness for having one day frightened the Madonna as she sat with her child in the grass.

Why should cocks figure on the tops of steeples? Christians connect the custom with the reproach the cock once conveyed to St. Peter. But the cock used to be placed on the tops of sacred trees long before it was transferred to church steeples, and in North Germany it still stands upon the may-poles. It was partly a watchman, and partly a weather prophet, and by its crowing it could disperse evil spirits and all approaching calamities. Its life was sacred in India and Persia, and Cicero speaks of the ancients regarding the killing of a cock as a crime equal in blackness to the suffocation of a father. Our weather-cocks are doubtless the survivals of these old ideas; though the solar mythologists trace all these things to the use of the domestic fowls as obvious personifications of the sun, so that "the pearl which the fowl searches for in the dung-hill is nought else but its own egg, and the egg of the hen in the sky is the sun itself," and "the hen of the fable and fairy tales which lays golden eggs is the mythical hen (the earth or the sky) which gives birth every day to the sun." One can scarcely conceive anything more absurd, and it would be interesting to know how on solar principles would be explained the Tyrolese custom of not letting a black hen live for seven years, lest she should then lay an egg, out of which might issue a dragon destined to live a hundred years.

Popular mythology, as it associates sanctity with some creatures, so it associates piety with others or the same. In Germany the

swallow, the lark, and the stork all rank as "pious" birds. The pious swallow twitters a song at dawn to the Mother of God ; the pious lark is sacred to her, and rises skywards in prayer, setting such an example of grace-giving before and after food that a child is likely to grow up pious whose first meat is lark's flesh ; the pious stork is an ensample of dutiful affection to parents as well as of matrimonial constancy and fidelity. The pious stag, too, kneels down and weeps when it is wounded or dying ; or perhaps its piety is derived from its fabulous hostility to snakes, or from the story of its having met St. Humbert in the chase, and by the cross carried on its head converted him to Christianity. There is also the story of the hind which piously fed the hermit Ægidius in the forest ; and the early Christians had a custom of disguising themselves as hinds, or old women, at the beginning of January. Whereof there has been offered the following lunar explanation : "The old woman and the hind here evidently represent the witch or ugly woman of winter ; and inasmuch as the winter is, like the night, under the moon's influence, the disguise of a hind was another way of representing the moon" (!)

But if one creature could be pious, another could be the contrary, and the unhappy bat was looked on as distinctly irreligious, its shrill notes being taken for blasphemies. Consequently the French and Sicilians would manifest their piety by catching bats, and torturing them, burning them, or nailing them to small crosses ; a custom which naturally made it blaspheme all the more, and fully corroborated the charge which supported it.

From similar motives of piety it was once the custom in France every St. John's Day, with anthems and hymns and priestly processions, to throw twenty-four live black cats into a large fire, kindled in the public square by the bishops and clergy. No worse, after all, than burning heretics—and in fact heretics or Protestants they were thought to be, just as witches and black cats were thought to be instantaneously convertible into one another. A peculiar dread still attaches in the Monferrato to black cats, from the belief that the animals are in reality not cats but witches. And in German at least the connection between cat and heretic is tolerably clear. The origin of the word *katze*, a cat, has baffled Grimm himself, but the word *katzer*, *ketzer*, a heretic, is an admitted derivative from the humbler word. What was the connection ? Simply that wrong-minded people like the Albigenses, Waldenses, and even the Templar knights, were popularly credited with worshipping a black cat, and for that reason were denominated *ketzer*.

For the ultimate meaning of our common names of the animal world philologists search for the most part in vain. We can carry words like the French *loup*, a wolf, back to the Latin *lupus*, but there we are stopped. The French *sanglier*, a boar, is derived from the Latin *singularis*, because of the supposed solitude-loving habits of the animal. The French *ours*, a bear, is obviously from the Latin *ursus*; though as a sample of the myth-making tendency as applied to verbal derivation the following French explanation is worth giving: "Du temps que Dieu vivait sur la terre, un homme caché dans un bois voulut lui faire peur, et écria brusquement Oche. Dieu lui dit: 'Tu seras comme tu as dit.'" (Oche ours!)

Closely connected as mythology and folk-lore are thus shown to have been, it is difficult or impossible to say in any given case whether the superstition is derived from the myth or the myth from the superstition. The usual method of interpretation deduces superstition from mythology, making the latter the primary starting-point. But it is often quite as likely that the custom was there first, and that the myth made use of already existing customs; for instance, that the horse figured conspicuously in legend, from the horses that drew Indra or Phœbus to Pegasus; the winged steed of Bellerophon, because it had long been an object of worship or superstition, is at least as likely as that it became an object of worship or superstition because it figured so conspicuously in legend. The horse is thickly set in folk-lore. In parts of Germany a horse's head may still be seen over the doors of cattle stalls or about the houses, a custom which survives among ourselves in the luck attaching to a horse's hoof. This, perhaps, dates from the custom of our ancestors, mentioned by Tacitus, of keeping white horses in sacred groves at the public expense and exempt from toil, and forecasting the future from their neighings. A horse's neighing always presaged victory to a warrior, as his silence presaged defeat, and the French anticipated disaster at Agincourt from the fact of their horses not neighing on the eve of the battle. A horse's hoof under a child's pillow is a preservative from convulsions; a horse's teeth are a safeguard against toothache; and houses at which they shy are threatened with calamity.

So with regard to the animals, birds, fishes, and insects which play such leading parts in so many of the tales of the gods and heroes, there is no reason to look for any more abstruse explanation than the fact that they were already fully accredited by popular superstition with the powers in those stories displayed by them. If Phœbus trying to win Daphne, Psyche to recover Eros, and Boots to find the

enchanted princess, are assisted by bears, wolves, ducks, swans, eagles, or ants, why should we suppose, with Sir G. Cox, that "all these are names under which the old mythical language spoke of the clouds, or the winds, or of the light which conquers darkness," rather than that such assistance on the part of the animal world entered as a natural ingredient into stories of the gods, like the service done by the jackal to the sun in South Africa, or the aid given by the woodpecker to Manabozho? Beautiful princesses, guarded by dragons in enchanted castles, whence they are rescued by wandering heroes, may of course refer, as we are told, to the rescue of Aurora from the night by the sun; but if in former times it was customary for the Scandinavians to secure their women from the assaults of their enemies in rude castellated forts on the tops of high rocks, surrounded by a wall often called by a word denoting a serpent or a dragon, is it not more likely that this accounted for the stories than dreamy allusions to the night as a dragon?

When we recognise the fact that our own European peasantry still construct mythology in the old-fashioned way, and cling, in spite of science, to the older views of things, we shall have less difficulty in believing that Greeks and Hindus originally constructed their mythology in very much the same way without that constant reference to the struggle between light and darkness which we have been taught to associate with their memory. We may wonder how it could have come about that native Americans should have regarded the robin as a boy, changed into that form from over fasting; that the Germans should look on storks as transformed men, or on squirrels as disguised girls; that the Norsemen should have thought Odin, their supreme deity, capable of transformation into an eagle or a snake when he wished to fly away or creep through a hole; that the Greeks should have seen nothing absurd in the changes of Zeus into a bull or a swan, nor in deities like Apollo and Athene watching the combat between the Greeks and Trojans from the tops of beech trees in the form of vultures. It is only possible to account for such insipidities by assuming that ideas of the sort enter naturally into men's minds at a certain early period in their development. An old Somersetshire mole-catcher once gave the following account of the mole in perfect good faith: "It was a proud woman, sir, too proud to live on the face of the earth, and so God turned her into a mole and made her live under the earth; and that was the first mole." And he appealed, in support of his theory, to the hands and feet of a mole as plainly those of an original Christian.

Ideas of this sort, involving the belief in the quasi-humanity of

the animal world, have not yet passed away from us. Scarcely a village in Switzerland is without its belief in some mythical beast, horse, or cow, of ghostly and unearthly character, which is the form assumed by some wicked celebrity of former days at the close of his or her mortal career. For instance, a certain *Ammann* of Brugg once cheated the commune out of 500 guildens, and was condemned to wander in animal shape for as many years; therefore, let all beware of meeting him in the form of cat, dog, ox, or calf, which he assumes at Christmas time. French peasants exorcise rats by writings on bits of paper suspended on trees, just as if they could read and understand. "Rats, male and female, I conjure you in the name of St. Gertrude to depart to the plain of Rocroi;" or else the rats are bidden to leave the peasants' corn and to seek drink and food in the cellars of the *curé*. Not yet quite extinct are the old worshipful feelings with regard to animals which led a bishop of Prague to say in the eleventh century, *Nequaquam bestiam aliquam pro deo colere debemus* ("we should on no account worship an animal as a god"), a remonstrance which clearly shows that a great many worthy Christians then did so.

These feelings of actual community between man and the rest of the animate world could scarcely at any time be otherwise than fertile in the production of legends and myths. If our own time, with all its education, still abounds with or produces them, how much more productive of them must the world have been thousands of years ago! From the conception of ghostly animals of human origin, or of real animals which, in spite of appearances, might be either men or gods, what limit could there have been to the possible absurdities of mythology? Or must we, instead of resorting to so simple an hypothesis, still continue to deduce every myth and custom of olden times from the poetical imagery in which our contemplative ancestors are supposed to have been habitually representing to themselves the conflict of the sun with the clouds, or its course from rising to setting?

J. A. FARRER.

ROSSLYN, HAWTHORNDEN, AND BEN FONSEN.

OF all the many pleasant places which can be seen in the course of a short drive from Edinburgh, none can exceed in beauty, grace, and interest the old chapel of Rosslyn Castle, and the romantic glen of Hawthornden, on the brink of which it is perched. The place is accessible by railway, and as it is barely six miles by the high road from Edinburgh, there is a constant supply of brakes and other carriages, starting in rapid succession between breakfast and tea-time, from the Register House and Post Office, at the eastern end of Princes Street, near the foot of Calton Hill.

The road from Edinburgh to Rosslyn is dull and uninteresting ; at all events it would be so were it not for the fact that for the first two or three miles we are in full view of Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat, and that for the rest of our journey we have the noble line of the Pentland Hills as our companion. We pass along through a succession of gentle ups and downs, between stone walls, and past the gates of one or two private parks, till we reach the sixth milestone, when we turn sharply to the left down a rather narrow by-road, and, almost before we are aware of it, we find ourselves in the village—for I can hardly call it the town—of Rosslyn. Yet so numerous are Scottish tourists in the long summer days, and so constant is the tide whilst the fine weather lasts, that several inns and an hotel have sprung up here, where refreshment can be had for both man and beast.

Close by the hotel stables we see the walls of a well-kept churchyard, and on turning a corner in the road we are face to face with perhaps the most exquisite specimen of the Decorated or Edwardian style of Gothic architecture in the three kingdoms. It is very small—not a quarter the size of Fountains or Tintern—scarcely half the size of the Cathedral of St. David's or Llandaff ; it has no central or western tower, so that it looks maimed and imperfect ; but in the minute elaboration of its mouldings and carving, as shown in its pillars, its windows, and its other details, it is wholly unlike anything else in England or in Scotland.

The fabric consists of a single nave and side aisles, with a rather small apsidal chancel, which forms the burial-place of the St. Clairs, lords of Rosslyn. The chief entrance is on the north side. Tradition says that this chapel was designed at Rome, and that in order to execute it in the most costly and perfect style the very best of workmen were chosen by the founder, who gave each of them a dwelling-house, together with high wages, according to his abilities. This founder was William St. Clair, Earl of Caithness and Orkney, who is said to have been buried in the choir. On his death it was completed by his son Sir Oliver St. Clair, whose mother, the Lady Mary Sutherland, was descended from the blood-royal of Scotland, her great grandmother, Jean, having been the younger daughter of Robert the Bruce.

There is a curious story told respecting the erection of this chapel ; but as a similar tradition exists respecting the great rose window in the Cathedral of Rouen, it may safely be set aside as imported from abroad at a time when the intercourse between France and Scotland by sea was constant. The story is that the master-mason, to solve some difficulties which arose in the execution of his task, went to Italy for instruction, and that during his absence one of his apprentices designed and executed the very elaborate carving of the pillar at the north-east end of the church, so beautifully that his master, on his return, struck him on the head with a hammer and dashed out his brains. The guide who shows the chapel points, in support of the story, to portraits of the master-mason and the apprentice carved in stone on brackets in the wall ; but it is to be feared that this is merely a fanciful interpretation, and can be accepted only with many a "grain of salt."

The wreaths of foliage and flowers which twist spirally around the fluted column are in the boldest possible relief, and its base is covered with an endless wreath of carvings, consisting of dragons and other fanciful monsters, whose interwoven tails stand out quite detached from the surface. It is probable that the name "Prentice's" is a corruption from the "Prince's" pillar, and that it bore that name on account of the pre-eminence of its carvings. So exquisite are these carvings that they may really be compared to fine Brussels lace. Upon the capital of the pillar are the story of Abraham offering up Isaac, and a man blowing bagpipes, while another man lies beside him. On the architrave which joins it to another and smaller pillar near the entrance to the sacristy, with his face to the east the visitor may read the caustic legend, '*Forte est vinum ; fortior est rex ; fortiores sunt mulieres ; sed omnia vincit veritas.*'

There were once several very fine monuments in this chapel, and one or two of them still remain—that of George, Earl of Caithness, who died in the reign of James V. ; and one supposed to belong to Alexander, Earl of Sutherland, grandson to King Robert the Bruce. He is represented in armour, in a recumbent posture, with his hands on his breast as in the act of prayer ; at his head is a lion *rampant* on either side ; at his feet crouches a greyhound. Near the third and fourth pillars is a large flagstone covering the opening which leads to the family vault, in which the barons of Rosslyn for many centuries have been laid to rest. Sir Walter Scott writes, using the pardonable exaggeration of a poet,

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold.

And he is even more in error when he writes :

Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panopiy.

It is quite true that, so long as the old faith prevailed down to the days of the Stuarts,

Each St. Clair was buried there
With candle, with book, and with knell ;

but the number of bodies of earls of the old line that lie in the chapel is not more than ten ; and it is a fallacy to assume that they are or were “uncoffined” ; for, when of late years the burial-place has been opened for the reception of one of the present line of the St. Clairs, Earls of Rosslyn, the contrary was seen to be the fact. It is stated in the “*Beauties of Scotland*” that ten barons of Rosslyn lay buried there in 1806, and that the vault is so dry that their bodies have been found entire after eighty years, and as fresh as when first buried.

“These barons,” writes Mr. Hay in a MS. preserved in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, “were buried of old in their armour, without any coffin. . . . And the late Roslin, my godfather (grandfather to the present Roslin) was the first that was buried in a coffin, against the sentiments of King James the Seventh, who was then in Scotland, and of several of other persons well versed in antiquity ; to whom my mother, Jean Spottiswood, grand-niece of Archbishop Spottiswood, would not hearken, thinking it beggarly to be buried in that manner.”

Be this, however, as it may, there is little doubt that William St. Clair, the founder, and his successors, kept great state while they lived

at Rosslyn. An old writer observes, "He kept a great court and was royally served at his own table in vessels of gold and silver, Lord Dirleton being his master-household, Lord Borthwick his cupbearer ; and Lord Fleeming his carver ; in whose absence they had deputies to attend, viz. Stewart, Laird of Drumladrig ; Tweedie, Laird of Drumerline ; and Sandilands, Laird of Colder. He had his halls and other apartments richly adorned with embroidered hangings. His princess, Elizabeth Douglas . . . was served by seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvets and silks, with their chains of gold and other ornaments ; and she was attended by two hundred riding gentlemen in all her journeys ; and if it happened to be dark when she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings were at the foot of Blackfriars Wynd, eighty lighted torches were carried before her." Little wonder that, when such state was kept in its castle, the town of Rosslyn "waxed very populous owing to the great concourse of all ranks and degrees of visitors that resorted to this prince at his palace of the Castle of Roslin."

Of this once magnificent building only a part remains, and that is not in a fit state to be inhabited, though one or two rooms are fitted up for the keeper, who shows the place to strangers. It crowns the steep banks of a peninsula formed by the river Esk, much as Durham Cathedral towers proudly over the banks of the Wear ; and the only access to it is over a narrow bridge of stone, which is still entire. Its situation is most romantic, on a lofty rock, which rises almost out of the bed of the river, its sides being covered with trees of natural growth. Most probably the castle was built when William St. Clair, or de St. Clere, a son of one of the comrades-in-arms of William the Conqueror, obtained a grant of this barony from Malcolm Canmore. Natural stronghold as it was, still there is very little mention of it in history till we come down to the reign of James II. (of Scotland), when we find Sir William Hamilton confined there for engaging in the rebellion which the Earl Douglas had raised against that king. In 1554 it was burnt by the army of Henry VIII., along with Leith and Craigmillar.

About half a mile from Rosslyn, in a glen on the banks of the Esk, is situated the romantic mansion and demesne of Hawthornden, long a seat of the Drummond family. The banks of the river hereabouts consist of broken precipices which assume all sorts of fanciful forms ; and almost every spot on which a tree can stand is covered with wood, so that in summer time it is difficult to see across the valley. The river, which is almost inaccessible from above, winds

among the precipices, like the 'Tees at Barnard Castle and Rokeby, over a bed of broken rocks ; and at intervals the massive corners and summits of these rocks rise up like giants amid the wealth of foliage. So thickly covered, indeed, with wood is this glen, that Peter Pindar, when he satirized Dr. Johnson for his visit to Scotland, remarks :

He went to Hawthornden's fair scene by night,
Lest e'er a Scottish tree should wound his sight.

The path which leads from Rosslyn Castle down to Hawthornden lies on the opposite side of the river, and its course is through a series of woods and open lawns alternately. The house of Hawthornden is on the south side of the Esk, and close by it is a series of caves, cut curiously in the sides of the rock. Tradition has it that they were the abodes of a primitive race of Pictish kings ; one cave is called the King's Gallery, another the King's Bedchamber, and a third the King's Guardroom. Dr. Stukely, in his ignorance, has accepted and approved this story ; but it is far more probable that they are simple robbers' caves, or else that they were made as places of refuge during the long and destructive wars between the Picts and the Scots. A little way off from the larger caves is a smaller one, in which Drummond of Hawthornden, the Scottish poet, is said to have composed many of his charming verses. It was in these caverns that the famous Sir Alexander Ramsay—who performed so many exploits during the contest for the crown between the Bruce and Balliol—was wont to lie concealed. Here he was attended by the young warriors and gallants of the day, who considered it a necessary part of a soldier's education to have been a member of his band for a time at least ; and thence he used to sally forth from time to time in order to attack the English, who then held possession of Edinburgh. The caves, it may be added, are clearly not natural, but hewn out of the solid freestone rock. Adjoining them, on the top of a lofty cliff, is a seat which commands fine views of the river and its leafy banks.

But Hawthornden has other associations than those of war and strife, and Dr. Samuel Johnson is not the only stranger of literary repute who has visited them ; for it was to this beautiful and peaceful retreat that Ben Jonson came to spend a holiday in the country with his brother poet, Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1618 ; and, happily, we have a tolerably exact record of the conversation which took place between them as they sat at ease on its grassy banks or roamed through its bowers and woods. " Here," observes a writer in the *Mirror* for 1844,¹ " here it was that the two bards gave themselves up to a social

¹ Vol. II., New Series, p. 106.

discussion of the merits of their literary contemporaries ; and here we obtain the best 'present tense view' of 'rare old Ben' that time has spared. Here we find him speaking of his own plans for the future, and exhibiting his labours past." From Drummond's report of what passed we learn that Jonson proposed writing an epic poem entitled "*Heröologia ; or, the Worthies of this Country roused to Fame*"; that he condemned Dr. Donne for writing what he called "blasphemies," and considered that he deserved hanging for "not keeping accent." Here he spoke of Shakespeare as "having wanted art," and laughed at his shipwreck at Bermuda ; cursed Petrarch for "reducting verses to sonnets," which, he said, were like that tyrant's bed where some who were too short were racked, others too long cut short. Here, too, he read aloud the preface to his "*Arte of Poesie*," founded on Horace's "*Art of Poetry*"; sneered at Beaumont for loving himself and his own verses too much ; described Sir Philip Sidney as "no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoiled with pimples ; narrated his own love affairs ; the pranks played on him by young Raleigh, who went to France with him ; and furnished a startling picture of royal vanity in old age." According to him, "Queen Elizabeth never saw herself in a true glass after she became old." This he explained by saying that those about her painted her, and "sometimes would vermilion her nose." Flattery, indeed, was carried still further with her, for, said Ben, "About Christmas she always had dice that would throw sixes or fives (not knowing they were so prepared for her) in order to make her win, and esteem herself fortunate"—thus putting or keeping their royal mistress in good temper. Here, too, it is supposed that Jonson gave to Drummond his stinging epitaph on the Earl of Leicester—

Here lies a valiant warrior,
Who never drew a sword ;
Here lies a noble courtier,
Who never kept his word.
Here lies the Earl of Leicester,
Who govern'd the Estates ;
Whom earth could never living love,
And the just heaven now hates.

The fruits of Ben's visit to Hawthornden present matters even more curious than these criticisms and verses, as witness the ludicrous picture of himself which he sent to Drummond, describing his "mountain belly" and his "rocky face," and his "hundred of grey hairs," not one of which seem to have attracted the admiration of the fair lady of whom he apparently became enamoured whilst wandering among the groves and glens of Rosslyn and Hawthornden.

SCIENCE NOTES.

ETHICS AND CLIMATE.

POLITICAL economists are unanimous in condemning one of the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount—that which exhorts the listeners to take no heed of to-morrow, but to consider the example of the lilies and the fowls of the air, and follow their provident example. This is unquestionably in direct opposition to all the established laws of our political economy.

But is *our* political economy an universal science, or is it only the economics of the temperate zones? This is a question that, so far as I know, has never been discussed beyond the passing allusion to it which I made in one of my notes of December last (on the “Future of the Negro”), and in my essays on “The Philosophy of Clothing,” published in *Knowledge*.

The primary reason for the duty of thrift is that *in our latitudes* the earth only yields its fruits during a part of the year, and therefore we, like the bees, the squirrels, &c., have to make stores of food and other material produced by annual harvests. In tropical countries, and to a certain extent in such sub-tropical regions as Palestine, there is little or no necessity to “gather into barns,” as it is there quite possible to have a daily harvest by arranging a suitable succession of crops. There are practically no seasons there—the summer is perennial—seed-time and harvest all the year round.

In considering the subject we must remember that man is naturally a tropical animal. His nearest relations and probable ancestors are anthropoid apes, found only in the tropics. All tradition points to his tropical origin, and the oldest remains of human work displaying advances in civilisation demanding a long period for its evolution are tropical or sub-tropical.

A SUGGESTION TO HOP-GROWERS.

WE continually hear sad news concerning the failure of the hops in Kent, and consequent loss to the growers. I am not learned in the nature of the disease which blights this plant, but venture, with

my customary presumption, to suggest a remedy or rather a preventive.

When in Norway I was surprised to see hop plants flourishing under very severe conditions of climate, and coming to maturity in the course of a miserably short summer. It is well known that the seeds of plants which are grown at the coldest possible climates in which they can ripen are superior to those which are reared under conditions of climatic luxury. The Goths and Vandals who overpowered and supplanted the luxurious Romans came from the north, and the best blood of Europe is derived from the Vikings of Scandinavia.

Let our Kentish hop-growers therefore try the experiment of introducing these vegetable Vikings, the Scandinavian hops, in our rich and comparatively genial gardens, and thereby learn whether the plants raised from these vigorous productions of the north are able to resist the parasites that overcome the luxuriously enfeebled natives of our warmer climate.

THE FUEL OF THE SUN.

IN the October number of the *American Journal of Science* is a paper by Mr. O. W. Huntingdon on the "Structure of Iron Materials." His investigations led him to infer that "the occurrence of large masses of native irons occluding hydrogen gas, and containing nickel, cobalt, phosphorus, sulphur, &c., implies a combination of conditions which the spectroscope indicates as actually realised in our sun, and in other suns among the fixed stars, and the most probable theory seems to be that these masses were thrown off from such a sun, and that they very slowly cooled, while revolving in a zone of intense heat."

I arrived at the same conclusion more than seventeen years ago, as may be seen by reference to Chapter XIII. of "The Fuel of the Sun."

This is but one of a multitude of incidental testimonies to the soundness of my explanation of the origin and maintenance of solar and stellar heat and light, or, as in this case, of the minor ramifications of the main theory.

I intended ere this to have published an appendix including the particulars of these confirmations, but find that my notes are so extensive that they will demand another volume as large as the original work for their statement and discussion, and thus its publication has been postponed.

I never expected that my bold venture would *at once* be admitted to the sacred precincts of orthodox science, and, accordingly, have

waited patiently for growing recognition. My position in 1870 was well expressed in a greeting from my genial friend, John Brough, then so near to his far too early end: "Have read your book. Sorry for you. Have spoken to lots of fellows about it. The astronomers say that the astronomy will do, but there is something wrong in the chemistry; the chemists say that the chemistry is all right, but there must be something wrong in the astronomy. Between the two you are nowhere."

Such being the case in 1870, it is encouraging to read in 1886 the following in the concluding portion of the address of Mr. W. Crookes, the President of the Chemical Section of the British Association: "Outside of this space of free atomic matter would be another shell, in which the formed chemical elements would have cooled down to the combination point, and the sequence of events, as graphically described by Mr. Mattieu Williams in 'The Fuel of the Sun,' would now take place, culminating in the solid earth and the commencement of geological time."

SMALL-POX IN SWITZERLAND.

THOSE who are crying so loudly for the abolition of compulsory vaccination should seriously study the results of the experiment recently made in Switzerland, where, as with us, individual liberty is held so sacred that any attempt to infringe it at once creates violent protest. Such a protest compelled the legislators of the Republic to abolish the compulsion in 1883.

The following are the results. In 1881 the number of deaths from small-pox per 1,000 deaths from all causes was 7; in 1882 it was 0; in 1883 it reached to 8; in 1884, after compulsion ceased, it rose to 11.15; in 1885 to 52; and in the first eight months of 1886 to 85 per 1,000.

These are serious numbers, especially when we consider that for every death there are several who have suffered seriously and have recovered, so far as remaining alive is concerned, but among these some are blind and many are miserably disfigured.

Of course it may be argued that the figures above quoted indicate the approach of an epidemic in 1883, and that the subsequent increase of deaths was merely a continuance of the progress from 0 to 8, which took place between 1882 and 1883.

My own suspicion is that the difference between 1882 and 1883 was due to evasion of the law, such as would naturally occur when the agitation had attained sufficient magnitude and success to show that an abolition of the law was imminent.

From what I am told, the people of Leicester are trying a similar experiment, which will doubtless bring about a similar result. Then will follow a small-pox panic and wholesale revaccination.

MISDIRECTED CHEMICAL RESEARCH.

ON more than one occasion I have recorded examples of the hideous names which unfortunate students of modern organic chemistry so frequently encounter. Here is another, "pentamethyldiamidodithiodiphenylamindiodomethylate." The father of this charming chemical bairn is Dr. Albert Maasen.

As a further example of what a would-be chemist has to endure, I may quote some facts recorded by Dr. Carrington Bolton in *The Popular Science Monthly*, viz., that the twelve principal chemical societies of the world have an aggregate membership of 8,781, and that the papers published in the transactions of these societies (excluding pharmacy and physics) occupy annually about twenty thousand pages. All these papers are supposed by *their authors* to describe important scientific discoveries.

No one has yet determined the proportion of these papers that are ever read, or need be read, by anybody excepting the author and printer. About five per cent. is my estimate. This leaves about a thousand pages per annum that are really worth notice.

There is a rather serious danger connected with this. The ringing of molecular changes in organic compounds is such a purely mechanical rule-of-thumb business that an unscrupulous aspirant for chemical fame might easily describe any number of such performances and the new compounds obtained without touching a beaker or a balance, or even learning to perform an organic analysis. As nobody would take the trouble to verify his results, or even to read his account of them, he would easily escape detection.

I need scarcely add that the above remarks have no intended or possible application to researches in organic chemistry which are made in pursuit of a definite object, whether that object be the elucidation of any stated point in chemical philosophy or the obtaining of a predetermined useful result.

This well-marked exception points to the method of abating the growing chemical nuisance and averting the danger of fraud. Let all random organic-compound mongering be pooh-poohed, and only such well-defined researches as indicated above be published by chemical societies. This would have the double effect of checking

the growth of chemical folly and stimulating the growth of truly scientific chemical research.

VOLCANIC MANURES.

THE following results of analyses, by L. Ricciardi, of ashes and lava from the Mount Etna eruption of May last are interesting:—

	Ash	Lava
Silica	49·33	48·45
Chlorine	—	traces
Phosphoric Acid	1·07	0·88
Alumina	15·45	15·42
Sesquioxide of Iron	3·41	2·36
Protoxide of Iron	10·12	13·20
Oxide of Manganese	0·36	0·42
Oxide of Chromium	0·08	0·13
Lime	10·03	11·12
Magnesia	3·56	4·87
Potash	1·78	0·91
Soda	4·49	2·93

In the course of a walk from Rome to Naples and Calabria, and a subsequent walk from Messina to Catania, *viâ* the flanks of Mongibello, or “the beautiful mountain,” as Etna is locally named, I was much interested in observing the wonderful fertility of all the country that was well within the reach of large supplies of the ashes or dust from either Vesuvius or Etna, and was reminded of early reading about the demoralisation of the army of Hannibal when camped on the luxuriant plains of Capua.

The above analyses of the ash or dust, and of the lava, explain it all. Remembering that a very little phosphoric acid in the soil goes a long way, and the same with potash, the proportion of these fertilisers in the ash is very considerable, and it is curious to note that it is greater in the ash than in the solid lava.

If the erupted matter which has covered so large an area of New Zealand is equally rich in its fertilising effects it may be regarded as compensating for the destruction of the pink and white terraces and other picturesque features of a barren region.

The surprise so commonly expressed on hearing of the persistence of the villagers of such places as Torre del Greco, Torre del Annunciata, &c., in returning to their old quarters, and rebuilding their old homes after repeated destruction by the ashes of eruptions, is intelligible when we understand that these people are peasant pro-

prietors, and that the dust which crushes in the area roofs of their cottages, and ruins the existing crops, covers the whole area of their holdings with a most valuable top-dressing of rich virgin soil.

The abundance of iron oxide explains the blackness of the great lava streams of Etna. This is by no means a general feature of lavas, as anybody may learn at once by examining an ordinary commercial sample of pumice. Some of the ancient lavas of Vesuvius are remarkable for their whiteness. The modern lavas are nearly as black as those of Etna.

CAVERNS AND EARTHQUAKES.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY, Professor of Mining and Mineralogy, Royal College of Science, Dublin, has recently published an alphabetical catalogue of the earthquakes recorded as having occurred in Europe and the adjacent countries, arranged to serve as a basis for an earthquake map of Europe. This follows his previous catalogue of earthquakes for the British Isles, in which the data are reduced and represented graphically in an earthquake map, which shows that, during the period embraced, Ireland has been less subject to earthquakes than England and Wales.

This fact is worthy of note in connection with one of the causes to which earthquakes have been attributed. It is cited as producing mild or minor earthquakes, *i.e.* such earthquakes as occasionally agitate these islands.

The agency in question is the undermining of strata by the subterranean action of water (such as the solution of limestone by the free carbonic acid of the water), and the subsequent subsidence of the undermined rocks. My object in writing this note is to call attention to a fact too much overlooked, *viz.*, that Ireland is remarkably and excessively undermined in this manner.

The island is a sort of basin with an approximately flat bottom, the edges of the basin being mountains, forming, on the west and north-west coast, a magnificent series of rock walls with estuaries or fyords between them; while on the other sides the summits of the basin-edge mountains are further inland and slope more gradually, a difference probably due to the action of the great Atlantic billows, which in the course of ages have washed away the western slopes, as at Slieve League, where they have sliced the mountain perpendicularly from its summit, forming a cliff 1,972 feet high, and slightly overhanging (I dropped a stone from the summit, which fell upon the beach below without striking the wall on its way).

The flat bottom of the basin is mountain limestone, undermined with a multitude of caverns, of which curiously little is generally known. One of them certainly (probably many others) is incomparably larger and finer than any of the much more famous caverns of Derbyshire and Yorkshire. The one to which I specially refer is the Mitchelstown cavern, ten miles from Fermoy station and six miles from Mitchelstown. I spent above two hours with Tim Mulcahy, the intelligent peasant-farmer upon whose holding is the entrance, in exploring this cavern, passing from one great chamber to another, below which the subterranean river could at places be heard, but arrived at no termination or indication of any. Tim told me that he had travelled there for twelve hours, but neither he nor anybody else had ever reached the end of the series. For aught that is at present known it may be as large as the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky.

Subterranean rivers abound in Ireland, some of them apparently unknown to outsiders, and undescribed in books. The Gulf of Ayle, near Galway, is an example. I heard of this by accident, drove from Westport to its lower mouth, partially explored the tunnel, and described it in the fourth edition of Murray's handbook, but have met with no other account of it. I should far exceed my limits if I were to attempt any description of the undermining of the neighbourhood of Cong; the subterranean route by which the waters of Lough Mask communicate with those of Lough Corrib; the ridiculous failure of the canal that was cut at great expense to connect the lakes, and when finished was found to be incapable of holding water; all that flowed into it descending to the cavernous depths below.

My own belief is that all such caverns or other undermining due to the degrading action of water must collapse long before they become of sufficient magnitude to produce any sensible earthquake results by the crushing down of the superincumbent strata. The "Horse's Discovery," as it is called, near Cong, presents an example of this. Here the strata above have sunk, leaving a great depression which displays the subterranean river course; other similar places of collapse are shown in the neighbourhood. Daddy Hole Plain at Torquay is another example. An old church standing immediately above was destroyed at the Horse's Discovery in the same manner as buildings are wrecked over the coal-pits of the Black Country or the salt mines of Cheshire, but nobody has described these sinkings or their accompaniments as earthquakes.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

HISTORY BY CARICATURE.

WHEN once the fact is recognised that it is the people whose history is to be written and not that of its governors, the caricatures of an epoch will be seen to be of more service to the historian than almost any other accessible documents. A hundred years hence a file of *Punch* will give a more vivid idea of our dress and manners, of the life we live, of our social condition, and of our political history, than a file of the *Times*. The revenge of the people upon its oppressors has from the first taken the form of satire, and almost all we know concerning the grievances of the people is drawn from this class of literature. Very sad is most of it to read. When the pencil came to aid the pen greatly augmented vivacity was necessarily afforded, and the most vivid idea of the last century that we can form is obtained from lampoon, caricature, and other similar works. It is a happy idea of Mr. Grego, in his "History of Parliamentary Elections in the Old Days,"¹ to collect the principal caricatures which survive concerning elections, and with the aid of letterpress to give a detailed and an annotated account of the scenes that were formerly witnessed. In the designs of Hogarth, Rowlandson, Gillray, Cruikshank, H. B., Seymour, and other caricaturists, abundant matter is supplied, and the book Mr. Grego has written is not only pleasant and amusing to read and enviable as a possession, but a genuine contribution to our self-knowledge.

MR. GOSSE AND THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW."

WE have mollified our manners of late as regards criticism, as well as other matters, and the voice of censure in organs once celebrated for their capacity to bite is now, like that of Bottom, so "aggravated" that it "will roar you as gently as any sucking dove." Now and then, however, the world is startled to find that our politeness is not more than skin-deep, and that the desire to crush a

¹ Chatto & Windus.

rival or an adversary makes a man forget the amenities in the midst of which he has lived. I must go back to the article in the *Contemporary* on what was called "The Fleshly School of Poetry" to find a literary assault by which the public has been so stirred as it is by the attack of the *Quarterly Review* on Mr. Gosse. I do not wish to compare the two feuds, which have indeed little or nothing in common. Nor do I propose to go far into the dispute between Mr. Gosse and his assailant. Mr. Gosse's lectures I have neither heard nor read, and a sentence stripped of its context is not necessarily the same thing as it appears in its original shape. I own, however, to thinking that the *Quarterly* reviewer seeks to prove too much. Confusion between the translator of Ariosto and the author of the "Oceana" in a man with the most elementary knowledge of English literature is scarcely more conceivable than confusion between Pope the poet and Pope the actor, or between Fuller the Church historian, and his namesake the Baptist. It belongs to elementary information. To suppose Mr. Gosse, moreover, unfamiliar with the "Arcadia," is to charge him with a kind of ignorance such as has never yet been imputed to a man of letters. Accusations of this kind must of necessity fall off. To a certain measure of carelessness Mr. Gosse pleads guilty, and the charges he accepts, or does not attempt to refute, may be held to represent the measure of his culpability. His position in letters is prominent, and the temptation in some minds to attack a man so placed is apparently great. It would, however, have done more honour to letters, which both profess, had the attack been less purposely cruel. Practically I know neither disputant. To one I have spoken three or four times, to the other, I think, not at all. As one then concerned rather in the honour of letters than in the subject in dispute, I wish the *Quarterly* article had been different in tone. I cannot conceive what impersonal motive can induce one writer to assail a fellow-writer, and with so much apparent animus. Literary quarrels are acknowledgedly amusing to the outside world. Literary men are not more pugnacious than others. The weapon they use is, however, exceptionally dangerous. A caricature, by an artist like Hogarth even, loses in time its sting. It is the writer only whose recorded opinion survives. It is not always, moreover, in the great session of the ages that the critic is justified and his victim condemned. All the cleverness and malignity of Pope could not write down Colley Cibber as an ass. Men, however, who follow a profession such as letters, which should be ennobling, and who wield a weapon such as the pen, should learn not to become gladiators in an arena surrounded by grinning and pleased spectators.

LOG-ROLLING.

THE accusation of log-rolling, on which the quarrel between Mr. Gosse and his reviewer is based, is frequently brought, and has little significance. Men have always belonged more or less to schools, but the schools have been small and rarely very influential. When they have been otherwise, protest has been of little importance to arrest their development. To go back no farther than French Renaissance and post-Renaissance literature, there has been more than one group of poets which has been denominated the *pléiade*, the members of which have praised each other in the fashion in which Gower, Lydgate, and Occleve praised Chaucer. No harm came of it, however, and Chaucer and Ronsard remain on the level, different in the two cases, to which they are entitled. The great movement of Romanticism in France did its work, though its members were as much log-rollers as any men belonging to a *coterie* who now live. The pre-Raphaelite brotherhood lived down all attack, and informed subsequent English literature and art with a soul which for a time both had seemed to lack. It is very well to cite a pitiful body such as the Della Cruscans, which the savage irony of Gifford slew. Gifford did but blow out a rushlight; he did not extinguish a conflagration, nor was he a man capable of so doing. It is a better sign when men, such as the Shakespearean dramatists, append to each other's works commendatory verses, than when poet sneers savagely at poet, and author and critic waste their time in imputation of base motive. On the whole, the spectacle furnished by those participating in this quarrel is the reverse of edifying.

CRITICS AND AUTHORS.

ONE other question comes to the front or comes in course of the discussion. Is it true that the men who criticise bad books are those who write bad books? To this, again, the answer of any unprejudiced observer who "knows the ropes" is No. Rarely, indeed, is the critic the author of the most important works. For the writing of histories leisure, such as the ordinary reviewer does not possess, is demanded. It is known that our Gibbons and Grotes are men of means and leisure. The temptation, moreover, to the working man of letters to write to order a book into which he knows he cannot put all his best, is great. I deny, however, that any of the men assailed in connection with this lamentable quarrel has written a bad book. I am not of their set; am uninterested in their fortunes; and know that they are capable of defending themselves, and need no advocacy

of mine. Some of them, however, have produced books which no other man was capable of producing, and the mass of their work is good. When, moreover, a man outside all cliques and circles comes before the public with a work which is really great, such as the "Etienne Dolet" of Chancellor Christie, to which I have more than once referred, is the influence of cliquedom opposed to him? Is he opposed by existing interests, or is he even the victim of studied neglect? There is no writer of value who will answer any of these questions in the affirmative, though there are enough of crotchety theorists who regard as attempted boycotting the ignoring of their efforts, which is generally an outcome of pity and disinclination to hurt.

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND THE UNIVERSITIES.

THE one beneficial lesson to be derived from the entire discussion has been pointed out by many writers interested in University teaching, and by none more clearly than by Professor Huxley. It is that the establishment, under the name of literature, of professional chairs of philology is a fraud upon letters. Fine service is done by our Skeats and other writers in the same field, and the elevation of philology into a science is due to their zeal and erudition. Few of us are, however, practically concerned with Middle English, and ignorance concerning Mæso-Gothic is not yet a reproach. It is, none the less, a satire upon our University teaching that a man may quit either University equipped at all points, yet knowing next to nothing of the literature that is our national boast. While directly opposed to those who would restrict the study of the dead languages, I think it high time that the living language we all speak should be studied side by side with them. Were it not for the fact that a youth of intellectual aspiration and capacity picks up for himself a knowledge of English Literature, a state of affairs such as exists at the Universities would long ago have been seen to be discreditable. Every man of taste finds irresistible attraction in the study of Defoe, Goldsmith, and Fielding, and a portion of Swift. To youth the Shakespearean dramatists open out a veritable land of enchantment, and that is a prosaic mind which, with opportunities of study, does not scrape an acquaintance with Chaucer, Spenser, and Sidney; does not learn to love Herrick, Milton, and Dryden; and does not make some incursion into those vast tracts of literature which a hundred years ago were an unexplored forest, but which are now mapped out and rendered *carrossable* to their inmost recesses.

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